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WEEK ENDING AUG. 28, 1926

5c Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

Back No.
CHECKIN
OPY

Beginning a Thrilling New Serial —

"THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET"

by

ELMER DAVIS

The boy in the picture was gilded to represent the Age of Gold for a 15th Century pageant in which he was to triumph over the Age of Iron, represented by the mailed figure. At the end of the pageant, the child died as a result of clogged pores

Out of a Gilded Boy's Fate Came a Lasting Beauty Truth

Pores Must Be Kept Clean— and a Clear Soap Does It Best

When De Vinci gilded a boy from head to foot, he little knew that the boy would die — or that his death would reveal the real truth about skin care.

But the boy did die—because his pores were clogged with paint.

Even today some women do not realize how vital to beauty and health it is to keep pores thoroughly clean, and how few soaps there are that can perform this delicate task.

Of course, you cannot expect ordinary toilet soaps to do this; they're too coarse.

So well informed women choose Jap Rose, so pure you can see through it.

Because of this extreme purity the fragrant ingredients blend perfectly with water. Hence they can enter, stimulate, cleanse and pass out of tiny pores that coarser soaps clog. The result is a clear skin, healthy and vigorous.

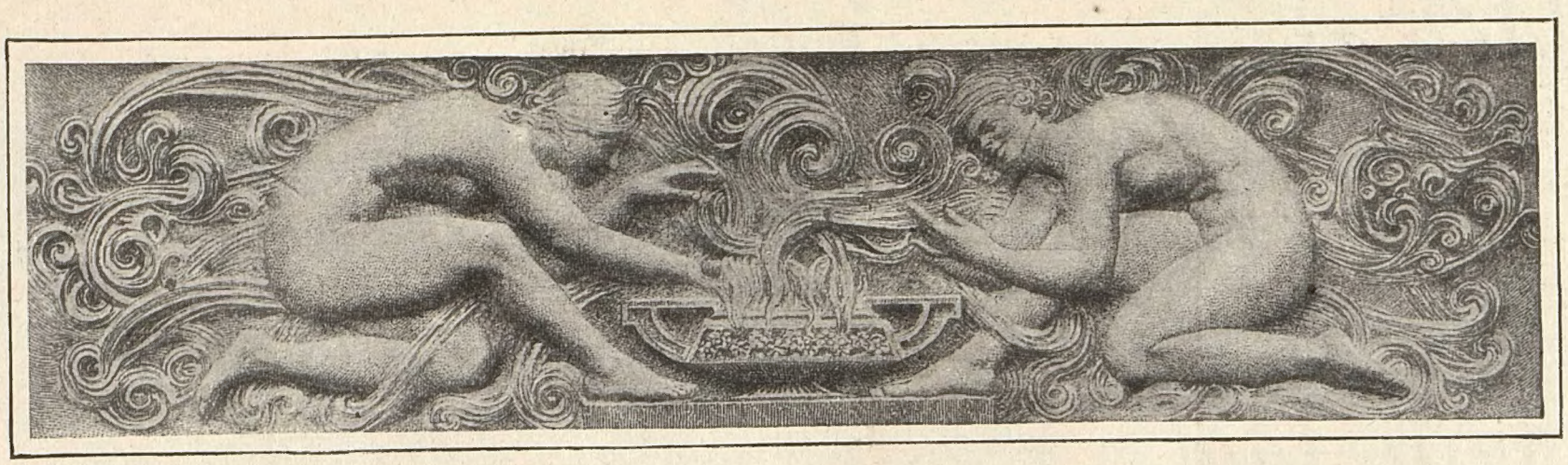
The temporary tingle that follows its first use tells you that it is bringing your skin new health and freshness; that the two tonics it contains are making it soft and lovely.

Accept No Substitutes

JAP ROSE SOAP

The Clear Soap for Clear Skin

Men boast about the wonderful Jap Rose lather that gets the dirt off quickly, and, like women, they say there's nothing like it for shampoo; leaves hair clean, soft and fluffy



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Only a powder of perfect quality, of infinite fineness, can withstand the effects of summer heat and moisture and keep the complexion smoothly clear. COTY Face Powders *show their perfection under summer sun. Delicately soft, truly toned, they give the fresh loveliness which is a delight to behold. Of the same velvety perfection,* COTY Talcum *assures the fragrant exquisiteness of the body.*

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"ROUGE"
A booklet illustrated by
CHARLES DANA GIBSON
mailed upon request

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714 Fifth Avenue, New York.
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

Address "L. M. 8-28"

What COLOR *do you feel today?*

(A CURIOUS QUESTION)

CURIOUS? Yes. . . . Silly? Not in the least. Mysterious perhaps, but we *do* "feel" different colors. When sad, we feel "blue"; when happy, we feel rosy, glowing, bright. All true, isn't it?

But—and here is the startling thought—how do we *look*. We are judged by that! At golf, for instance? Cheeks too pale, costume neutral, the impression is *depression*. If in reality your mood is gay, the gayety *seems forced*. You *do not look the part*.

Or, again, if you feel deliciously tranquil, how sadly at variance with your true mood are too bright and robust colors. Your whole day may be spoiled simply because you *do not look the color you feel*.

So we come, convincingly, to the reason for the *new mode* which is rapidly changing the rouge preferments of America's cleverest women.

It is the most exciting vogue in years—using rouge to *express one's moods*.

Princess Pat developed this fascinating theme of *mood expression*—by delving deep into the mysteries of color psychology. But *you* can experience all the results without troubling about scientific explanations.

Try it. Suppose you feel that uplifting inner urge toward gayety. You feel brilliant, vital, alive, eager. You want desperately to have that mood register, to evoke quick, understanding response in others. Then *look the part*. Use Princess Pat Rouge Vivid. Watch the mirror. See how the wonderful new *color note* is instantly achieved. It is so "just right" that you get a complete new thrill from your own reflection in the glass. But the point is that you'll *thrill beholders as well*.

And the soft, delicate effect of Princess Pat Medium! Ah, that is for the hour and occasion when dreams mist o'er realities and "beckon romance softly." It is the shade that gives the rich, warm creams and pinks of a "peaches and cream" complexion. Its *color note* is serenity, cool, soft serenity, like moonlight silvering a breathless lake on a still June night.

For those fuller, glowing moments when rich, natural color is your desire, use Princess Pat English Tint, the famous orange shade more imitated than any other rouge in the world—but never successfully. English Tint changes on your skin, blending of its own accord to the exact color note required by your own complexion tone *at its natural best*.

Think, Milady. You choose your frocks with vast care so that they may express *you*. Your choice of rouge is *even more important*. For a brilliant costume with a neutral rouge is terribly discordant. Similarly, a soft, pastel gown with a brilliant rouge is disharmony. You invest heavily in gowns — why not make the investment yield fullest beauty?

It costs no more to have the three wonderful shades of Princess Pat on your dressing table — because they last *three times as long as one*. So follow this new vogue. You can readily *imagine* its fascination; but actual results will far transcend anything you can conceive.

NOTE: *Color harmony between lips and cheeks should be exact. With VIVID Rouge, use VIVID Lipstick; with Medium Rouge, or English Tint, use Princess Pat NATURAL Lipstick.*

FREE So that you may know for yourself the remarkable effect of Princess Pat Rouge—we will take pleasure in sending you a sample free.

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AUG. 28, 1926

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A Weekly for the Whole Family

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE DRAFT—*An Editorial*

The recent death of Robert Lincoln calls to mind a significant happening of his early life.

Imagine, if you can, what would have happened in the United States in 1917 if the President had had a son twenty-two years of age who remained in college while millions of sons of other men were being drafted as cannon fodder. Then try to imagine what would have followed had the President written to General Pershing asking him to find a nice safe staff job for the son.

New York Herald-Tribune photo

The Lincoln family in 1865.

Evidently times have changed, and our political and individual consciences have reached a higher plane. In 1865 President Abraham Lincoln wrote to General Grant, saying:

"My son, now in his twenty-second year, having graduated from Harvard, wishes to see something of the war before it ends. I do not wish to put him in the ranks, nor yet to give him a commission to which those who have served long are more entitled and better qualified to hold. Could he, without embarrassment to you or detriment to the service, go into your military family, with some nominal rank, I, and not the public, furnishing the necessary means? If not, say so without hesitation."

General Grant evidently saw nothing wrong with the suggestion, as Robert Todd Lincoln was commissioned Captain on Grant's staff, was present at the surrender of Lee at Appomatox, and rode into Washington with the first definite news his father received of the collapse of the Confederacy.

The naive wording of Lincoln's letter shows he thought the request right and reasonable. He carefully avoids suggesting putting his son on the pay roll or giving him rank over others His plain statement that he did not want the boy in the ranks reflects perhaps what the boy's mother had to say.

In 1865 the President's son was tacitly exempt from draft. While the President was summoning hundreds of thousands of other men's sons to face Southern bullets, and the people were singing "We are coming, Father Abraham," his own son was safe in cloistered Harvard. Oddly enough, there seems to have been no criticism, even from the parents of other boys.

J. P. Morgan, Elihu Root, thousands of sons of the prominent and the wealthy of the North, escaped the draft or hired substitutes to fight for them. There was some talk of injustice, but not much, except in a case such as that of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the poet, in whose stead the gifted genius, Fitz-James O'Brien, went to war. O'Brien died from wounds in a hospital. Perhaps little would have been said, even then, had not Henry Clapp written: "Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who was shot through Fitz-James O'Brien's shoulder."

America's sense of duty to country is on a higher plane now. Contrast the letter of Lincoln with the actions of Theodore Roosevelt and his four sons, all of whom rushed to arms at first call. In the World War the sons of prominent and wealthy men were among the first to answer the call. The few cases of young men of that class striving to evade the draft or to find safety-first jobs aroused quick resentment. The war emptied the colleges before the draft came.

Fighting no longer is the job of the vassal or the mercenary. It is the business of the whole nation, rich and poor, and of women as well as men. Our Americanism and patriotism have improved, and our sense of political and national duty is higher than it was in Lincoln's day.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

She Broke a Lance with Life

ROSITA FORBES, world-famous woman explorer, opens her heart in a document that will hold you spellbound. In it she tells how she fulfilled her daring vow to achieve "excitement and knowledge, sensation and experience" and shows us how we can make our lives yield a rich harvest of romance and adventure. It's called: SHE BROKE A LANCE WITH LIFE.

When a curate jumps through a window he may find himself in a bathtub or on a hot stove. But P. G. WODEHOUSE lands his jumping curate in a still more interesting situation in his priceless tale: MULLINER'S BUCK-U-UPPO.

NORMAN S. HALL tells us just the things we've wanted to learn—and couldn't—about THE BIG PARADE. His article will make you feel you've lived through the making of that movie masterpiece.

And you'll find a further big installment of WAR BIRDS—that sensational diary that everybody's talking about. Also another great chapter of JIM JEFFRIES' story.

August 28, 1926 LIBERTY Vol. 3, No. 17

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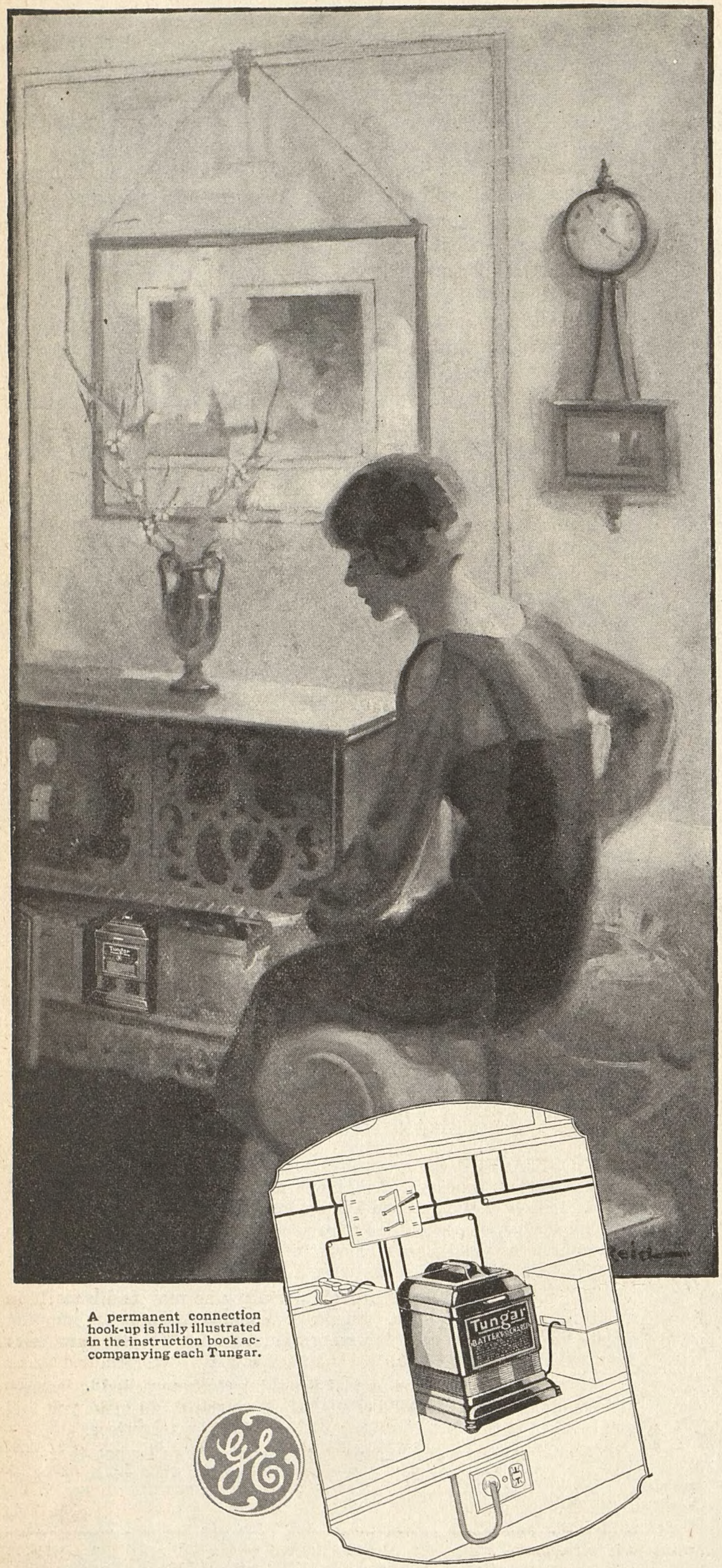

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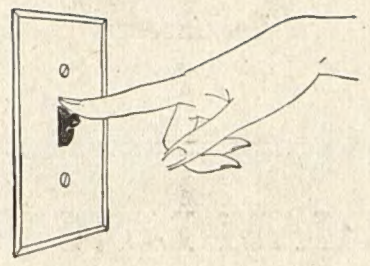

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60 cycles—110 volts

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BATTERY CHARGER

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

The GIRL Men Don't Forget

A MAN in a bathing-suit leaned outboard, his genial face trying to turn at once white with horror and pink with chagrin.

Pictures by
LESTER RALPH

A Reckless Quest for Love Leads through Intrigue and Adventure to the Verge of Disaster

Beginning a New Romantic Serial

By ELMER DAVIS

OFF the stern and rock-bound coast between Magnolia and Gloucester, a white-painted float rode at anchor. And on it a girl in scarlet jersey and black trunks—a girl named Doris Kaye, who had once rated herself a considerable person—lay face downward, the sunshine soaking into her body and black depression soaking into her soul.

She knew she ought to be happy, alone in the salt air and windless sunlight. She should have put off the worries of shore life with her clothes, and forgotten the annoying contrast between thirty-dollar dresses and $300 gowns. In a swimming-suit all women were equal; or, rather, a swimming teacher with a figure as good as hers was considerably more than equal. But presently she must go ashore and put on a thirty-dollar dress——

"Ugh!" said Doris. "I hate it!"

Not that anything was going to happen to her ashore. That was the trouble—things had stopped happening to her.

The returning breeze chilled her bare limbs. She sat up and saw tiny whitecaps feathering the sea. In the middle distance a becalmed catboat was slowly gaining way.

Too cold to stay here in the wind. She stretched out on her back, lay sprawled with every muscle limp, then sat up slowly and stared at a white cloud rushing down on her—the outspread sail of the catboat twenty feet away!

She scrambled to the edge of the platform.

"Look out, you poor idiot!"

A man in a bathing-suit leaned outboard, his genial face trying to turn at once white with horror and pink with chagrin. He tugged at the tiller. Just in time, the catboat

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET
Continued from Page Seven]

swerved, scraping the float, and Doris' shingled black head ducked under the boom as it swept across the platform.

"Sorry!" he gasped in passing. "Didn't see you. The sail——"

"You ought to be sorry, with a whole ocean to turn around in."

But she was smiling as the catboat skimmed away; for she had seen that he was a Yes Man.

To Doris that term had a special meaning, or had had in her fiery teens. Men she met she divided at sight into Yes Men and No Men—the ones she might be interested in, more or less, for longer or shorter, for better or worse, and the ones she could never possibly be interested in at all. . . .

She rose, staring. The catboat had put about and was coming back. Curious! She'd never seen this man before and he couldn't know he was a Yes Man. Once they had read it in her eyes; but the eyes told no stories now. Yet he was coming back—the first man in years who had come back to her.

She stared—and the tricky wind died once more. The catboat slowed and stopped. Winds always died, Doris mused, when they were bringing her anything. But this time it was just as well. At twenty-nine she no longer got much amusement out of casual Yes Men; and it would be awkward explaining to Mary Rodney, chatelaine of the house whose red-tile roof lifted above the pine woods of the shore, that she had let herself be picked up at sea. She stood poised on tiptoe, then dived as silently as a javelin.

If she had looked back she might have seen that he had gone overboard and was swimming after her. But she didn't look back; she swam on, rapidly, rhythmically, at a pace that mocked his desperate pursuit. Hardly had he passed the float when she scrambled ashore, at the foot of the long wooden stairs that led up over the heaped bluff rocks, and started up the steps with easy, untiring resilience.

If she had looked back she might have seen the catboat capsize as the fitful wind returned once more—might have seen him pause reflectively and then start the long, cold swim back to Magnolia rather than come ashore and follow her up the steps. But she didn't look back.

For, in her solitary sun-soaked musings on the float, Doris had decided that she had already wasted too much of her life in looking back.

II

ON the terrace before the red-roofed house Mary Rodney was waiting, her bright blonde serenity the perfect foil to Doris' black and scarlet. Tempest and Sunshine, their friends had called them in the old days—which, Doris reflected, as she trotted across the lawn, was just about what they were. Ask Sam Rodney—he knew.

"How's the water?" Mary asked. "Cold? Well, you would go in——"

"Have to do something to keep myself tough when you dandle me in the lap of luxury. I'm not used to breakfast in bed, woman. Six months of this and I could never earn my living again. Did I get any mail?"

"No, but there's a telegram. I sent it up to your room."

"My semiannual telegram, eh? Probably from Mrs. Standiford."

"The United Fruit Standifords?"

"People you never heard of, my dear—the butter-and-egg Standifords of Duluth and Sands Point, Long Island. She wants me as a tutor for her little girls—we don't call it governess because I'm known to have seen better days. Heads like little lumps of ivory—I had them at the school, last year. Tutor *them?* Not yet, if I know anything."

"I'd better get some clothes on; then we'll see if Mrs. Standiford has thought up any more convincing arguments. I might sink my pride for another fifty dollars a month."

Doris cast an absent glance at the telegram on her dressing-table as she passed through an enormous bedroom whose furnishings cost as much as she earned in three years, and into a marble and plate-glass bathroom. Doris loved luxury, but it had been years since she had had any luxury of her own.

Though, of course—the memory drew a slow smile as she stepped into the shower—this luxury would have been hers if she had said the word Sam Rodney had so wildly begged her to say eight years ago.

Poor old Sam!

KEITH LANCEFIELD turned, abrupt and demanding, on the brigand chief.

Mary's brows puckered in a faint frown of concern that Doris had learned to know so well and hate so bitterly.

"You might like it, you know; it would be a change, and you might——"

"Meet somebody who'd marry me? No, my dear—no hope. My friends are always bringing up suitable bachelors to look me over; but they all feast their eyes on the show window and pass on."

"What nonsense! Plenty of men would like to marry you."

"Strange nobody ever says so—except Arthur, of course. And I can't say that his semiannual offer does much for my self-esteem."

"Well, if he's the only candidate, it's your fault. Doris, you aren't going to let that—that other affair tie you down forever?"

Doris shrugged, and the shrug turned to a shiver.

SHE had refused him, as she had refused others, in stubborn loyalty to a memory and a hope.

To cheer him up when he came back from training camp, she had introduced him to Mary; and it was Mary who married him before he sailed for France—and Mary who now schemed to find a rich husband for poor Doris—but in vain.

She shut off the shower, and presently was examining herself in the full-length triple mirror as she might have examined an automobile engine that had broken down.

Well, this engine seemed as good as ever—a face better than most faces, a body of springy steel. Yet men who would once have wanted her turned aside.

She looked into her own somber gray eyes

and read the answer. The engine was as good as ever, but the spark was gone. Eyes that had once said "Come hither," now said, "Pick out the nearest exit."

She threw a wisp of rose satin over her shoulders and picked up the telegram from the dressing-table.

CLEVELAND O AUGUST 10 8 43 A
DORIS KAYE C/O MRS. SAMUEL RODNEY
MAGNOLIA MASS
SAILING FROM NEW YORK ON BERENGARIA NOON TOMORROW FOR TWO YEARS SERVICE IN EAST AFRICA ON LEAGUE OF NATIONS MANDATE COMMISSION WILL YOU MARRY ME NOW OR NEVER DONT WANT TO GO WITHOUT YOU BUT CANT STAY AT HOME WITHOUT YOU ANY LONGER AT YALE CLUB NEW YORK TOMORROW MORNING IF YOU ARE INTERESTED
ARTHUR FOX

"Now or never." *Arthur!* The humblest worm turns at last.

Arthur was a No Man, the original and typical No Man. But marriage, after all, was a serious business in which the crazy kind of love seemed as often a hindrance as a help. And Arthur, good old solid Arthur, would never miss the spark.

But she was sparkling with excitement as she came down to lunch.

"You never looked better," Mary told her.

"Thanks. I'm open to congratulations, my dear. I'm going to be married tomorrow."

"Oh, Doris! Not——"

"No," said Doris, trying to be jaunty and wrathfully conscious that she sounded merely defiant. "As far as I know, he's still as heavily married as ever. No, my dear; I'm about to become Mrs. Arthur Fox."

"Oh, *no!*" Mary wailed.

SO would they all who knew her—and knew Arthur.

"Oh, yes," said Doris firmly. "Here's the war bulletin. Look it over at the table. I'm hungry."

"Of course you're hungry," Mary consoled her. "Hungry and chilled from your swim. You'll be rid of this crazy notion after luncheon."

Lunch over, Mary faced her with stern resolution.

"Now, Doris—tell me it's all a joke."

"Why should it be? I won't be the first woman who married a man she's laughed at. If he can stand it, I can."

"You couldn't stand it. He's simply too stodgy."

"I'll liven him up," Doris promised. "Arthur has plenty of stuff, if he only knew how to use it. He's got a first-rate law practice in Cleveland—or had. I suppose he's thrown it up now to make sure that the natives of East Africa are treated right. That's Arthur, you know — he'd throw away his career for what he thought was his duty."

"Duty! He says he can't stay here without you. That's blackmail."

"Well, he'd be pretty lonesome without me in Africa."

"You wouldn't go out there with him!"

"If I marry him I'll certainly go where he goes. If saving humanity's our job, we'll do it. I'd rather save humanity than be a governess."

"WELL," said Mary, "if I didn't have anybody left but Arthur, I'd advertise. But you don't have to. There are other men——"

"These men you drag up to look me over? Yes, I could probably get one of them, if I worked over him. Do you know why I'm taking Arthur instead? Because he wants me. I don't have to be sold to him, like a bond issue to a syndicate of bankers."

"Yes; but it makes me furious to think that you'd take Arthur after you refused Sam. Good heavens, Doris, leave me some pride in my husband!"

"Oh, in those days I could pick and choose; but I wouldn't pick and I didn't choose, so now I take what's left. Other women have had to do that—why shouldn't I?"

"Because you're different," said Mary fiercely. "Nonsense to say he's all you can get. Men have always wanted you. You're a girl men don't forget."

"A girl men don't forget," Doris repeated. "Much good that's done me!"

Ten years since she had promised Keith Lancefield to wait till his wife divorced him. And she was waiting yet. And he had called her—she smiled mirthlessly—his sealed garden, waiting for his return. She had been that, in effect. Men looked over the walls, rattled the lock; but, Yes Men or not, they never really got in. But Keith had been no sealed garden through those ten years—more like a public playground. She had been trying of late to forget him; she might succeed if she married Arthur.

"I'd better pack a suitcase," she said, rising. "Mind if I leave my other things here? I don't know what one wears in East Africa, but, whatever it is, I can probably buy it on my way through Paris. Let's see—there's a good train from Boston to New York at four——"

"There are trains clear up till midnight," said Mary firmly. "And the Owl at one A. M. You wait. I won't let you do this crazy thing till you've talked it over with Sam."

So Doris told Sam the whole story after dinner, as they strolled on the terrace among the clumps of hydrangeas, pale in the dusk.

"You're crazy," Sam growled. "Why, you don't love him!"

"Don't be childish, my dear. I'm twenty-nine. I've been in love."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET]
Continued from Page Nine

"Yes, you've had it—had it hard. You mustn't take second best."

She could laugh at that with genuine affectionate amusement.

"Why, Sam, nearly everybody takes second best—and they're lucky. Second best is the best there is—it doesn't have to live up to impossible expectations. I thought everybody who was grown up knew that."

"It's good enough for most people. Not for you."

"What else is there for me?" Her voice was brittle. "Keith? I've waited ten years. He said his wife didn't believe in divorce; but, just the same, you know, Sam, he could have done something if he'd tried hard enough. Anyway, that's all over. I haven't seen him for three years."

"No, but if you did——"

Doris shivered. "Not much chance," she sighed. "He came up to Swampscott last month to lunch with the President, but he didn't come on to Magnolia. He'd travel three hundred miles to see Cal Coolidge, but he wouldn't travel ten miles farther to see me. Why should he? We were crazy about each other when I was nineteen and he was forty. But now he's fifty. Think of it—fifty! His daughter was married last winter. No wonder he's lost interest in me. Nothing lasts forever. He's probably preparing to meet his God."

Mary and Sam wished her luck, when they saw she meant it. They wanted to take her down to Boston in a car and put her on the train; but she withstood all their persuasion.

"What's the use? Nothing's going to happen to me. I'll take the train from Magnolia and you two can see me off at the station.

"THANK God that's over," she sighed, as the train pulled out of the Magnolia station and she settled down on the dusty plush seat, her black suitcase propping up her feet and a magazine on her hunched knees. The attitude was more like a schoolgirl's than a school-teacher's, but it was a point of pride with her never to look like a school-teacher in vacation time.

She opened the magazine and idly glanced at the leading article. It was by a famous actress, and it was headed: Fall in Love for Your Health—I Do. Good advice, Doris considered.

Her fingers flipped the pages of the magazine. No famous actress was needed to teach Doris Kaye about falling in love. What could she read on the way to Boston? The name she had been trying to forget leaped up at her in heavy black type:

FIGHTING THE DOPE SMUGGLERS:
SECOND ARTICLE
By Keith Lancefield

She hadn't even known what he was doing. With the thought came an aching depression. Though, of course, you never could tell what Lancefield would do next, for he was a soldier of fortune. Two lines from Madame Butterfly told his story:

> The Yankee adventurer, o'er all the world,
> Scornful of danger, seeks amusement or profit.

There had been more amusement than profit in his career, but "scornful of danger"—that was Lancefield.

Just out of college, he had fought with Cuban insurrectos before Doris was born. He had been a sergeant of Rough Riders and a captain in the Boer Army. He had been a personal friend of Roosevelt and of the Kaiser, of Kitchener and of Yuan Shih-Kai.

He had been everywhere, known everybody, seen everything that had happened in the last thirty years, and helped to do most of it. Two things only seemed beyond his power—to get rich and to persuade his wife to divorce him.

Doris' fingers locked and twisted. "Fall in love for your health." If love was the exhilarating episode that happened once a year, that made your eyes sparkle and your feet tread lightly and your self-esteem expand, that left you contented and comfortable and ready to settle down to work again—if that were love, what was this? Why pin the same name on troubles as different as whooping cough and a barb in the flesh?

Her barb was out now, but the wound ached still. And if, by some wild chance, Lancefield should meet her tomorrow morning before she married Arthur—well, she knew what she meant to do and ought to do; but what she would do she didn't dare to predict. Not even now.

And all because a foolish girl of seventeen had climbed over a wall.

A MOUNTAIN in Macedonia, with a distant glimpse of the blue Ægean. A reckless, eager girl, who had insisted on coming out with her father to see what the Balkan wars had left of his tobacco business. (It wasn't much, though it took three years more to make the ruin so apparent that he killed himself.)

Doris spared a regretful sigh for that girl, who was afraid of nothing because she knew nothing, who believed that with courage and a clean heart you could walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death and fear no evil.

Bored and restless, she had ridden alone

HE had meant it only as a perfunctory gesture, but her response had been simple and unquestioning and complete.

into the mountains that afternoon, while her father was busy in the town below—had ridden in secret, for he would never have let her go alone, so close to the new Greek-Bulgarian frontier. Officially the war was over, but between Greek village and Bulgar village, between farm and farm, the war still went on.

Doris knew that; but she knew also—it was the first article of her creed—that there never lived the comitadji or brigand, ogre or dragon or evil spirit, who would dare touch an American girl.

So she rode all afternoon through an empty, fear-stricken countryside, and came back toward the sea by a road that brought her, suddenly, on a deserted village, blackened and gutted and bullet-scarred. Beyond it a long wall ran beside the road, with a gray-green olive orchard stretching up the hill behind it, and the tile roofs of a farm back among the trees. And as she rode past she heard, from beyond the orchard, the scream of a woman.

Instantly she had jumped off her horse and was scrambling up to the top of the wall. Astride it, a shout stopped her. At the angle of the wall stood a man with a rifle, a man in fez and jacket and ballet skirt, who waved his arms at her. She hesitated. Then the scream came again and she jumped down, inside the wall.

Chased by the sentinel, she ran through the orchard, toward the scream—and suddenly came out before a farmhouse where a group of ballet-skirted men stood, with leveled rifles. Against the wall, bound and helpless and grim, leaned two men, a woman, and a young girl. And in two bounds Doris sprang in front of them, her arms outstretched, her few Greek phrases forgotten as she shouted: "No, no! Not the women! You shan't kill them! American girl——"

They stared, these men to whom a girl in riding-breeches was a sight as strange as a man in ballet skirts would have been in Boston; and then a tall grinning man with drooping mustaches snapped an order, and two of his followers jerked her aside. With eyes closed, she shuddered convulsively as a volley rang out.

Presently, in French as halting as her own, one of the comitadjis began to interpret his commander's explanations. A Bulgarian family, spies for Rayeff the comitadji; they had brought his band down on the Greek village up the road. Legitimate reprisal.

THEN he began to question her: American girl? Miss Kaye? He nodded; the Kaye Tobacco Company was well enough known. Questions to the sentinel. With a shudder, Doris gathered, as the leader grinned, that he had learned that she was alone.

And then suddenly the party was drifting off toward its waiting horses, and two men had seized her arms and were dragging her along. To her furious sputtered question the interpreter responded, with a grin:

"You are being abducted by Rayeff the Bulgarian comitadji."

"Bulgarians?" Doris flared.

"You're Greeks."

He grinned, and she understood—too well. The abduction of an American girl by Bulgarian brigands meant American warships off Bulgarian ports, demanding instant satisfaction. But the trick could work only if the American girl herself never came back to tell the truth.

Wildly she screamed, but without hope. In all that country there was no one except Doris Kaye whom a woman's scream could lure into climbing over a wall.

She screamed—and a horse stumbled on the stony hillside. It pulled up, clattering, as a slim blond man jumped off—a man in riding-clothes, wearing the monocle that was already famous on five continents—a man of her own people and her own class, who flashed her a reassuring smile before he turned, abrupt and demanding, on the brigand chief.

A few curt sentences, a grinning, shamefaced informal salute from the comitadjis, and he was walking off with her, leading his

horse—back to the road, to her horse, to the town and safety.

And as they walked he was explaining. She had interfered with an act of vengeance perfectly correct, according to local ethics—even as to the women. Lucky she hadn't been shot too. Insane to think she would be safe in this troubled region without an escort.

How had he got her out? Oh, he was deep in the Greek imperialist movement, well known in these parts, with an authority that even brigands acknowledged. His name was Keith Lancefield.

She remembered all this afterward, but it went over her head at the time. Even the name, the famous name of Keith Lancefield, hardly impressed her. She didn't care who he was, for that first moment had told her what he was—the One Man.

HE had taken her down the mountain to the edge of the town; and there he had left her, to return to business of his own in the unsettled interior—left her and kissed her goodby. He had meant it—she knew this now—only as a perfunctory gesture; but her response had been simple and unquestioning and complete. If he had asked her to go with him then, wherever he was going, she would have gone. As instantaneous and irresistible as that.

But he hadn't asked her. She knew, now, he hardly thought of her. It hadn't really begun till two years later, when they met on a liner coming home from Bordeaux, with the fear of submarines and the recent memory of the Lusitania to give them a tonight-is-the-end-of-the-world feeling.

But she must stop pawing over the dry bones of a past that was dead and buried. She turned, instead, to his article on the dope smugglers, and in two minutes was absorbed in his story.

For he felt things so keenly; he was a crusader always. When she had heard his autobiography in bits as they strolled the deck of the darkened liner back in 1915, she had felt as if he were a hero of legend—Byron or Lancelot. A weary crusader, now.

But no wonder he was tired. He had been crusading for thirty years. Doris knew now that his judgment wasn't as good as his heart—sometimes he had crusaded on the wrong side. She knew all his weaknesses. But she didn't care.

With all his faults, there had never been anybody like him.

But the train was rolling over a bridge and into the North Station. Doris threw away her magazine and tried to tell herself that the gesture was symbolic. She picked up her black suitcase and went down into the dressing-room. A telegraph-office desk caught her eye. She leaned over it, musing, then the stub pen rasped across the pad:

ARTHUR FOX,
Yale Club, New York:
Expect you Hotel Kenroy at nine tomorrow morning.
DORIS.

Now why, she asked herself furiously, as she dropped the change into her purse, hadn't she said outright that she'd marry him? Why had she left it to inference?

So she wrote another telegram, to the principal of her school—"Please accept resignation—taking up residence abroad"—and climbed into the taxi that would take her to the New York train with a comfortable sense of finality.

The clock in the South Station stood at 11:25 when Doris came into the brightly lit waiting-room and set her suitcase down before the ticket window.

But she had to wait her turn, and while she waited her eyes roved idly till they caught the eyes of a tall young man in gray staring at her. Why not? Doris was used to being stared at. Let him stare. No harm in looking so well that you gave pleasure to strangers.

But it wasn't a stranger, exactly. It was the man whose catboat had almost run her down this morning. And he was coming toward her, with an uncertain propitiatory smile.

"Well!" she murmured. "The villain still pursued her."

And she didn't feel like being pursued. Not tonight. She was tired and hot and nervous, with the beginning of a headache and a general vague discomfort which she blamed on the weather (since otherwise she would have had to blame it on the prospect of Arthur). Unreasonable to let all your irritation focus on the nearest object, but——

THE gross, red-faced man peered down at her and lit up with a grin of triumph.

"You don't know me, of course—" he was beginning.

"I certainly don't," said Doris inhospitably. "And I never shall."

Could he have seen in her eyes that morning that he was a Yes Man? If he had, then was the time for action—before the wind died, before she went ashore and got that decisive telegram.

"But," he was protesting, "we know the same people. I've heard all about you——"

"Oh, have you? I suppose I ought to be flattered at still being heard about, but—didn't you hear that I draw the line at being picked up?"

"But I've just missed meeting you about four times in the past——"

"Then this makes five," said Doris, with unreasonable fury. "The past is dead and buried. Go away."

She moved to the ticket window, where her turn had come at last. "Section to New York on the midnight, please."

But the ticket agent was talking to someone behind him. Again she had to wait. She looked back—yes, the man in gray was going out, thank goodness. She hated him—and wouldn't admit that she hated him, partly, for being late. Silly! She couldn't waste any more time, even on a Yes Man.

Another girl came up and set another black suitcase down beside hers—a girl who breathed hard, whose eyes searched the waiting-room—in vain. As the ticket agent came to life at last, she shoved past Doris with a desperate:

"Drawing-room to New York, and *step* on it."

"Needn't step on me," said Doris, getting her feet out of the way of the newcomer.

A sullenly pretty face stared at her, frantic with fear. Doris had been as scared as that herself, once or twice; and she knew how it felt. She drew back.

"Go to it," she said amiably.

But the ticket agent thought otherwise.

"First come first served, ladies; you both got plenty of time."

While he made out Doris' ticket the other girl fidgeted uneasily, looking, looking.

Doris put away her change and ticket and picked up the bag at her feet as the other crowded up eagerly to the window. Too hot to go aboard just yet. She lugged the suitcase across the waiting-room and sat down on one of the high-backed benches. Glancing back, she saw the other girl snatch up her suitcase and start toward the door.

DORIS thought she could read the story: She'd expected to meet somebody who had failed her, and a girl whose own man was sure to meet her tomorrow could afford a little sympathy.

The other girl stopped, looked across at Doris, took one step toward her—then swept the room with another glance and turned hastily toward the farther exit.

Doris peered cautiously around the back of her bench and saw a man coming down the row, surveying one bench after another—a gross, red-faced man, doubtless the irate husband; a man any girl was lucky to escape. Well, the other girl had escaped him; she was out of sight. Doris settled back on the hard bench, smiling.

The gross, red-faced man peered down at her and lit up with a grin of triumph. A large, square-toed foot set itself on her suitcase.

"Well!" said the red-faced man. "We missed Harry, but we got you."

Who was this man who felt so sure Doris was the girl he was looking for? And what were the strange contents of the suitcase? Why was the other girl so frightened? These and a dozen other thrilling questions are answered in next week's installment.

War Birds

THE Savoy in London was a wonderful sight. Women in evening gowns, soldiers on leave, airmen, sailors, marines.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The thrills, fears, loves, hates — all the emotions of many lifetimes crowded into a few brief months—make this intimate diary of an air fighter a unique document. It breathes the spirit of America's gallant youth, that laid its sacrifice before the god of war. The author, shot down in combat, never revised his work. It comes to you fresh and spontaneous.

[The author of the diary had gone to Stamford with a few of his cronies to watch English cadets flying solo for the first time.]

PART THREE

November 18.

We all went out to the airdrome to see the fun. I guess there were about thirty of them in all. The squadron was equipped with D. H. Sixes, which are something like our Curtiss planes, except they are slower and won't spin, no matter what you do to them.

The first one to take off was a bit uneasy, and an instructor had to taxi out for him. He ran all the way across the field, and it was a big one, and then pulled the stick right back into his stomach. The Six went straight up nose first and stalled and hung on its propeller. Then it did a tail slide right back into the ground.

The next one did better. He got off and zigzagged a bit, but instead of making a circuit he kept straight on. His instructor remarked that he would probably land in Scotland because he didn't know how to turn.

Another one got off fairly well and came around for his landing. He leveled off and made a beautiful landing—a hundred feet above the ground. He pancaked beautifully and shoved his wheels up through the lower wings. But the plane had a four-bladed prop on it and it broke off even all around. So the

The UNCENSORED DIARY *of an* AMERICAN AVIATOR *in* FRANCE

Pictures by
WILL FOSTER
and
CLAYTON KNIGHT

pupil was able to taxi on into the hangar, as both wheels had come up the same distance.

He was very much pleased with himself, and cut off the engine and took off his goggles and stood up and started to jump down to the ground, which he thought was about five feet below him. Then he looked down and saw the ground right under his seat. He certainly was shocked.

Another took off fine, but he had never been taught to land and he was a bit uncertain about that operation. He had the general idea all right, but he forgot to cut off his motor. He did a continuous series of dives and zooms. A couple of instructors sang a dirge for him:

> The young aviator lay dying, and as 'neath the wreckage he lay
> To the Ak Emmas around him assembled these last parting words did he say:
> "Take the cylinder out of my kidney, the connecting-rod out of my brain,
> "From the small of my back take the crank-shaft, and assemble the engine again!"

There were a lot more verses but I can't remember them.

We thought sure he was gone, but he got out of it all right and made a fairly decent landing—but not where he had expected.

The next one didn't know much about landing, either. He came in too fast and didn't make the slightest attempt to level off. The result was a tremendous bounce that sent him up a hundred feet. He used his head and put his motor on and went around again. He did that eight times, and finally smashed his undercarriage so the next time he couldn't bounce. Then he turned over on his back. The C. O. congratulated him and told him he would probably make a good observer.

They finally all got off and not a one was killed. I don't see why. Only one was hurt, and that was when one landed on top of the other. The one in the bottom plane got a broken arm. I got quite a thrill out of that.

A flying-field is not at all what I expected it would be like. They all seem to do pretty much as they please, go where they please, and fly when they please. The chief occupation seems to be passing the flowing cup.

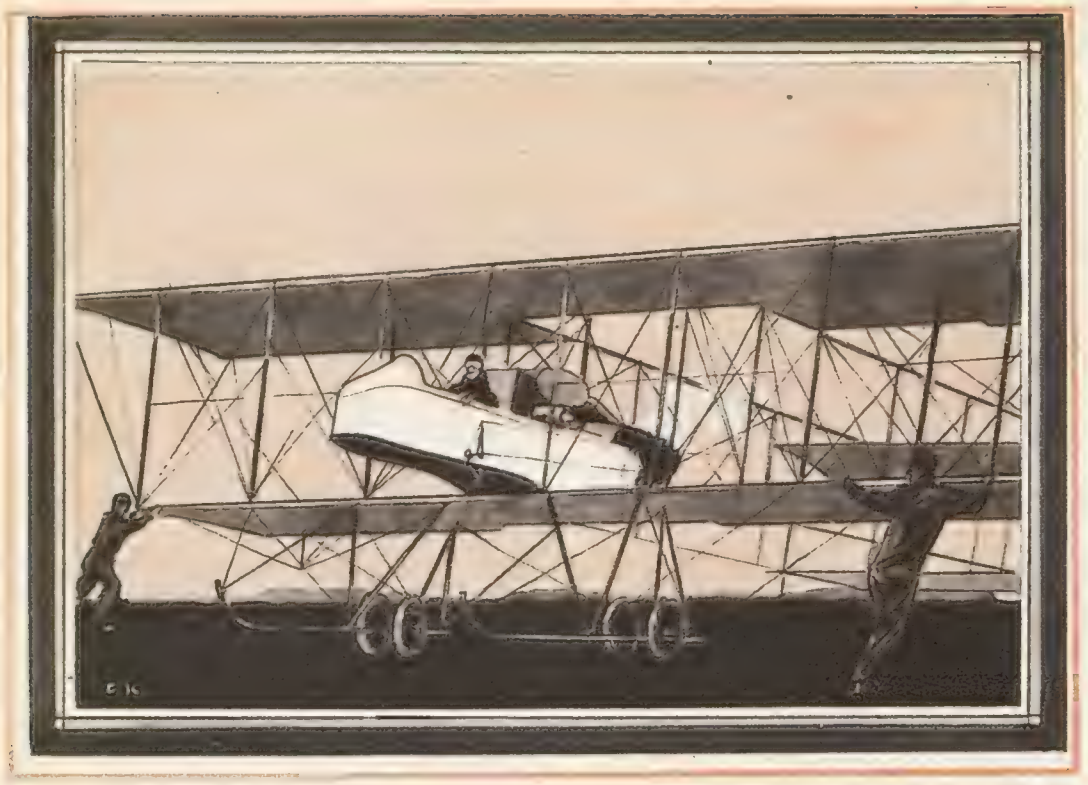
November 19.

Cal, Curtis, Brown, Fry, and I are ordered to Thetford to learn to fly at last. This is the final bust-up of the Italian detachment. I am lucky to get a good gang. I had Ken, but I swapped him for Curtis. Fry said it was just like swapping horses.

November 20.

I went to Stokes Castle this afternoon for lunch and stayed for tea. I think this has been the best day I have spent in England. I met a Mrs. Chapin out there from Louisiana.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



An old "shorthorn" Farman, better known as a "Rumpty." In this type, many American pilots got their first bird's-eye view of the ground.

[WAR BIRDS
Continued from Page Thirteen]

She is a sure-enough Southern aristocrat and I am proud of her. She reminded me of Gramma. She dominated the whole table at dinner and was so interesting and made everyone feel at home.

She took me to her room and showed me the picture of her old home in Louisiana. It was an old Italian villa on the banks of the Mississippi. I certainly enjoyed talking to her. It was like a visit home. I wonder if I will ever see the Mississippi again. It flows through another world, like the River Styx that Springs talks about.

The castle was a wonder, too. It was full of old paintings and relics—some of them a thousand years old. There was a picture by Rubens of a woman kissing Christ's feet. The library was about forty by eighty and lined with books and relics. The best part of the place was the grounds, about three acres, I guess.

We leave for Thetford tomorrow at eight-thirty, and at last I am really going to learn to fly. It's over six months since I enlisted to fly, and I am not sorry they are past.

November 20.

ARRIVED at Thetford via Peterborough and Ely. We had about four hours at Peterborough and went to see the cathedral. It's the most magnificent thing I have seen so far. I saw where Mary, Queen of Scots, was buried before her body was moved to Westminster.

Thetford is not much. We are going to start on Rumptys, as these Henry Farman planes are called. They say that you test the rigging by putting a bird between the two wings. If the bird gets out, there's a wire gone somewhere. They are so unstable that they never go up except when the air is very smooth. No one flew today except Roberts.

These old shorthorn Farmans are awful-looking busses. I am surprised they fly at all. We have the same sort of wild kids here for instructors that we had at Oxford, only more so—wilder and younger. I was told that they kill off more instructors than pupils in the R. F. C., and from what I've seen I can well believe it. I have a Captain Harrison for an instructor. He seems to be a mere kid. He's about nineteen and is trying hard to grow a mustache. Classes are a joke.

This is real country here. The fields are bigger and rougher. I like it better, too. This is Norfolk—I wonder if the jacket originated here.

Cal and I are posted for early flying tomorrow. He just came in and said in a shaky voice, "Well, let's get ready for our last sleep." The fool plays bridge all the time for the good of his soul. While he's playing I usually do my writing on this thing. Fry is in the same room with us and is terribly funny.

November 25.

Just returned from my first leave. I went down to London to get my teeth fixed. It cost me forty pounds. These teeth of mine certainly are expensive, my sweet tooth being the worst.

London is a town after my own heart. I stopped at the Savoy. I tell you, it is a wonderful sight to sit in the dining-room and see all the women in evening gowns, all the soldiers on leave—airmen, observers, artillerymen, infantrymen, sailors, and marines. It's a wonderful sight. Think of the sacrifice laid at the feet of the God of War!

Today I saw my first scout machine, a Sopwith Pup. It's the prettiest little thing I ever laid my eyes on. I am going to fly one if I live long enough. They aren't as big as a minute, and are as pretty and slick as a thoroughbred horse. Tiny little things, just big enough for one man and a machine gun.

It snowed today and it's as cold as a banker's heart. The wind is rattling the stovepipe. I guess I'd better turn in.

December 6.

I HAVE been flying for three days and Captain Harrison says I can solo tomorrow if it's calm. I tell you, it's a great life. I am absolutely ruined for anything else. I wish I could describe it. The thing most surprising to me is the feeling of absolute safety. I have put in two hours and twenty minutes in the air and I would have soloed this evening if it had been calm enough.

I have been to London again. I went to Murray's night club with the Chinless Wonder. Cal and Fry joined us at the Court later, where we had a suite. Then I took the Wonder to a dance we heard about at the Grafton Galleries.

I saw Jake Stanley, who was down from Stamford. He told me a funny story. Springs and Kelly went to a dance after a party the staff officers gave to the Americans. Kelly didn't want to go home and threw a bicycle at Springs, which missed him.

Then Kelly sat down on the side of a ditch and said, "If you want me to go home, let's see you take me."

Every time Springs would try to pick him up, Kelly would push him in the ditch. Kelly would make two of Springs and can push him all over the place.

About that time Jake came by, and Springs called for help. They decided that the best thing to do was to knock Kelly out and then carry him home peacefully. So Jake got behind him and put his hands under his arms and lifted him up on his feet. Then Springs got in front of him and tilted Kelly's head back and adjusted his jaw to just the proper angle and hauled off and took a terrific swing. Just as he swung, Kelly's feet slipped and instead of landing on the jaw, Springs hit Jake on the nose and they all went over in the ditch.

May Dorsey was going home with a big package of his own, and saw Springs hit Jake, and thought there was a fight on and jumped on Springs. Before he knew what was happening, Springs had a black eye and Dorsey was working on the other one.

Then Springs got on top of Dorsey and nearly killed him. He was bumping his head on a piece of cement when they pried him loose.

A couple of bobbies came up and helped Springs get Kelly over his shoulder, and then he carried him home quietly.

I met Dora at Murray's and had lunch with her the next day. She is very pretty and witty and smart. She came up to Thetford and brought another girl with her. Fry called her the Long, Lean, Lanky Devil. We had dinner and they caught the eleven-thirty train back to London. The landlady at the Bell Hotel refused to take them in at the indecent hour of ten-thirty.

January 1, 1918.
London Colney, Hertfordshire.

This is New Year's Day. I haven't written

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

The first American cadet killed at Stamford plunged to instant death when a wing broke off as he came over the top of a loop.

Fine tomatoes, yes-but only Campbells chefs can make them taste so good!

Broad, sunbathed fields of luxuriant vines, laden with choice tomatoes. Thousands and thousands of acres under strict cultivation, yielding their harvests to make the most famous tomato soup in the world.

Never before has the tomato been nursed and developed to such perfection. Yet with all this care to obtain the tempting quality from the fields, your favorite tomato soup would not have the flavor you like so much, unless it was blended with all the skill and deftness of Campbell's French chefs.

What tonic, appetizing flavor in Campbell's Tomato Soup!

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This exacting method of preparing the young meats selected for Puritan, slowly and naturally diffuses the rich, meat juices without forcing or hurrying. The result is like tree-ripened fruit, compared to artificial ripening.

You will be delighted with Cudahy's Puritan Ham. It is so easy to prepare; you do not need to parboil. Puritan ham stands high in food value and necessary muscle and tissue building elements; and is so easily digested.

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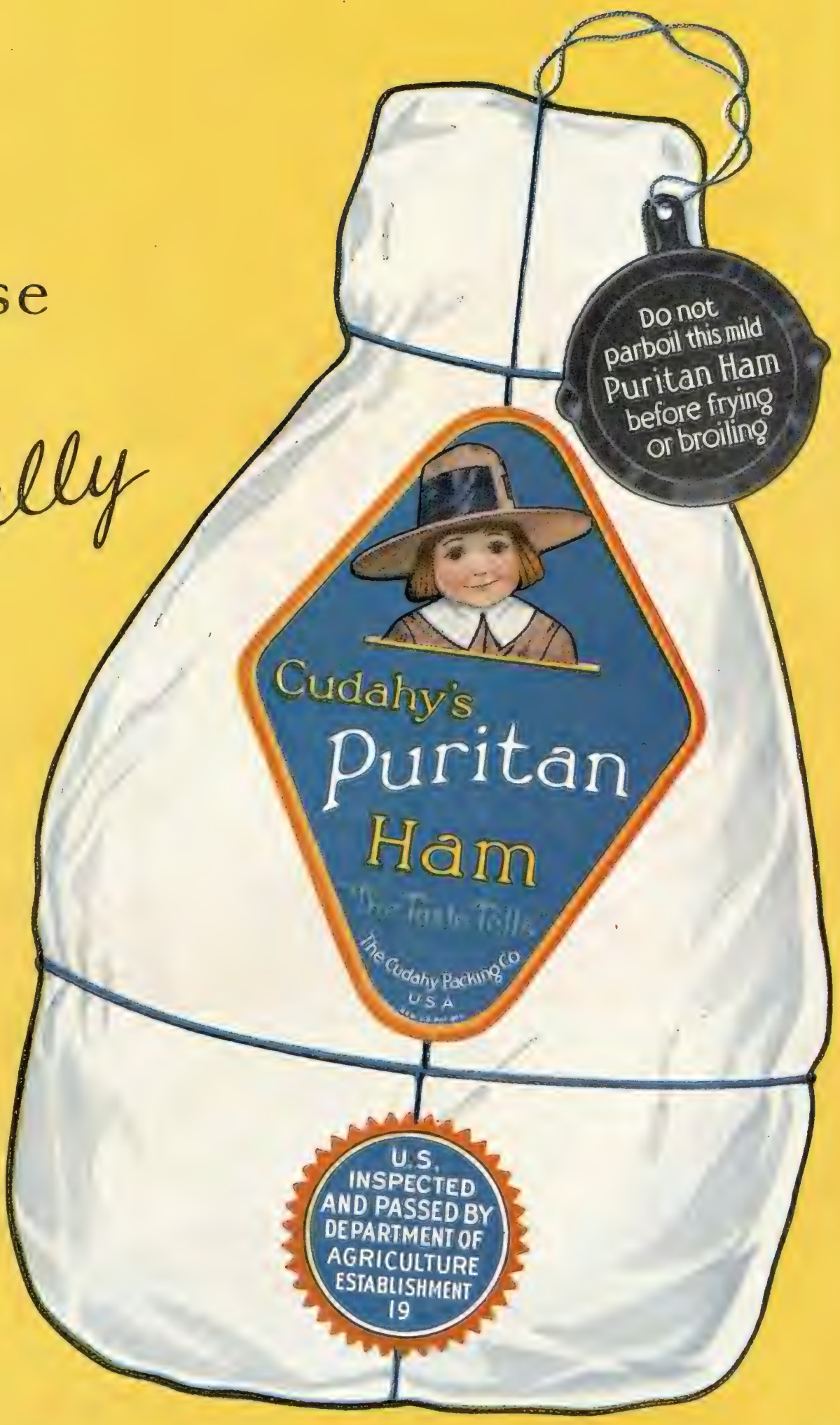


[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

up this diary for quite a long time—nearly a month—and many things have happened.

I have done my four-hour solo on Rumptys and am done with them forever, thank God. I have done two hours on Avros. They are entirely different and I have to learn to fly all over again.

We had four days' leave in London before we left Thetford. Cal and I finished the same day and came to London together. Cal rolled into a Roman dugout on his last landing and I thought sure he was killed. Fry wrote off a bus by pancaking from 200 feet.

We met Jim in London and had a wild party. Jim is living there now and is attached to Headquarters. After the show we had Beatrice Lillie and the entire cast of Cheap up in our suite at the Court and they brought along Lord ——— ———.

Cal salaamed before him and shook hands and said, "Hello, God." He was much shocked. That was the first lord I ever met. They all got to fraternizing among themselves, so we split up.

Cal has fallen in love with a sweet little thing called Peggy. She is very pretty, but that's the best I can say for her.

We have been posted to London Colney, which is the greatest place yet. It is only twenty miles from London and they have Pups and Spads and Avros. There's no discipline or wind-up at all. One class a day in machine guns and one in wireless, but we know more than the instructors and nobody cares whether we go or not. We go to London when we please. There are only two Avros for about thirty of us, so we will be here for some time. Americans are not popular with the C. O. and adjutant. I guess they've got a good reason to dislike us.

It seems that the U. S. Army has bought a lot of Curtisses at home for primary training planes and they are building a lot of planes like Sopwith Pups, but they don't want to build any Avros if they can help it. So they sent orders over to take the best men that finish on Curtisses and put them on Pups without letting them go up in Avros.

SPRINGS and De Gamo were the first two to finish on Curtisses, so they sent them down here to be used as experiments.

The C. O. and adjutant said it would be plain murder and refused to let them have Pups. There was a United States lieutenant here named Gaines and he forbade them to try it. The London Headquarters called up and told them to go ahead anyway. The C. O. ordered them off the tarmac and said he was fed up on funerals and the United States Army would have to conduct its own executions. A British general came over and backed up the C. O., so they compromised by sending Springs and De Gamo back to Stamford for further instructions.

The C. O. at Stamford got sore as a boil and said there was nothing more he could teach them on Curtisses and that they were ready for anything. The adjutant at London Colney tried to put it off on the two of them, so Springs and De Gamo wrote a letter and said they were always willing to do it and were ready at any time and had been ordered off the tarmac at London Colney, but they were still ready to try it.

There was a big row over it, and the adjutant caught hell for not carrying out orders. Then the Paris Headquarters sent over orders that they were to loop and spin Curtisses and then be put on Pups anyway—the worst that could happen would be two funerals.

Don't these non-flyers love us! What are a couple of aviators more or less?

Up at Stamford, Springs and De Gamo were duly ordered to go up and loop and spin those ancient crates. They couldn't get any of the instructors to go up and show them how to do it. They knew better! Besides, the orders came from American Headquarters and the British didn't approve them. But up they went and looped and spun anyway.

Springs did ten loops in succession and landed. Ainsworth went up later in the same machine, and was coming over the top of his loop when one of the wings broke off. He was killed instantly. He's the first of the American cadets to go. I'm afraid there'll be many more before the Kaiser is pushed over backwards.

The C. O. at Stamford refused to permit any further foolishness, and Paris backed down and sent orders over for De Gamo and Springs to stop all flying until it could be decided what form the experiment would take. So they had to sit around for a month "doing nothing" while everybody else was going on. De Gamo is instructing on Sixties, and Springs is ferrying. A great system we have. Everything we have had to do so far has been messed up. I'll guarantee our noble commanders will kill more Americans than Germans before it is over.

But what can you expect when they promote the jackasses on seniority and put men in charge of important technical affairs just because they have spent their lives doing infantry drill in the Philippines and transferred to the aviation section a week ago to get a soft berth and more pay? Why should they worry about mistakes? They aren't the ones that get killed. An order from the adjutant general can't make a pilot out of a quartermaster.

Last night Cal and I and four English officers went to a dance at an insane asylum. Cal became fascinated with a charming young Welsh nurse.

Dora and the Long, Lean, Lanky Devil were out of luck when they tried to get into the Bell Hotel at 10:30 P. M., so they had to go back to London.

An Avro warplane after a crash. The author and his comrades learned much about flying from practice with this type of aircraft.

January 3.

THERE'S a U. S. Lieut. here who certainly is looking for trouble. He enlisted the same time we did, but he did his flying first and got out of going to Ground School and got his commission right away. He's quite impressed with his exalted rank and makes us all salute him continuously just because the government hasn't kept its promise to us and we are still cadets.

The English can't see any difference between us and it makes him foam at the mouth. He was an instructor at home and has done 200 hours on Curtisses. But he's no good on Avros. Two instructors turned him down and he's got to have a lot of dual. I wish they'd send him up in a Pup as an experiment!

Machine-gun class is awfully boring. Kent Curtis draws pictures of everything in his notebook. One of the lecture headlines is, "The tripping of the lock." Instead of taking down the lecture, Curtis drew a picture of it. The next paragraph is headed, "The depression of the seer." He drew a picture of an old soothsayer looking into a crystal ball and biting his nails. Then he drew a picture entitled, "The care of the piece," and another, "The return of the fusee."

The sergeant caught him at it and got mad and reported him to the C. O. The C. O. had him up on the carpet and made him bring the notebook. He nearly died laughing. So for punishment he made him draw the same pictures on the walls of the office. Now every time a general comes over to inspect, they get

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

Presenting the New Chrysler "50" At $750

Quality Standardization
Built as only Chrysler builds—under the great Chrysler plan of quality Standardization—group manufacture in Chrysler's vast plants by one manufacturing organization where all the gigantic Chrysler facilities and resources are utilized to give greater value and finer quality.

Value
Never before, at this price, have you been able to get so many features, such great operating economy, such astonishing value. Quality materials and expert workmanship, plus Chrysler genius for fine manufacturing give this car its astonishing value.

50 Miles per Hour
Speed with comfort. No rattle or shake or shimmy. 50 miles per hour—and the easiest, smoothest miles you ever had in a four.

5 to 25 Miles in Eight Seconds
Chrysler "50" gives you brilliant, flashing Chrysler pick-up—far finer than any car of equal price.

Economy
25 miles to the gallon—thanks to engine improvements and scientifically accurate gas distribution. Here is thrift—practical thrift that has never before been accomplished with such performance results—thrift that proves Chrysler quality, engineering skill and value.

Full-Sized All-Steel Bodies
Chrysler "50" is a full-sized car. Nothing cramped or skimped in its strong all-steel bodies. Seats are wide and easy. Every detail is planned to give you the finest riding and greatest comfort.

Beauty
Each Chrysler "50" is a beauty. Each extra generous in quality details, in fineness of finish and fitments. Striking in color and line. Each is a Chrysler—and that means the finest, the most alluring style.

A Four of Highest Quality *and* Value—of Sensational Chrysler Performance.

The new Chrysler "50" is the fourth and final step in Walter P. Chrysler's gigantic Quality Standardization plan of building four quality cars to supply the four greatest motor markets—*under one name, by one manufacturing organization, in one group of plants, and economically marketed by one unified distributing organization.*

With the introduction of the Chrysler "50", Chrysler quality and value now reach the millions who have long wanted the advantages of Chrysler performance, engineering skill, fine workmanship and long life in a lower priced car.

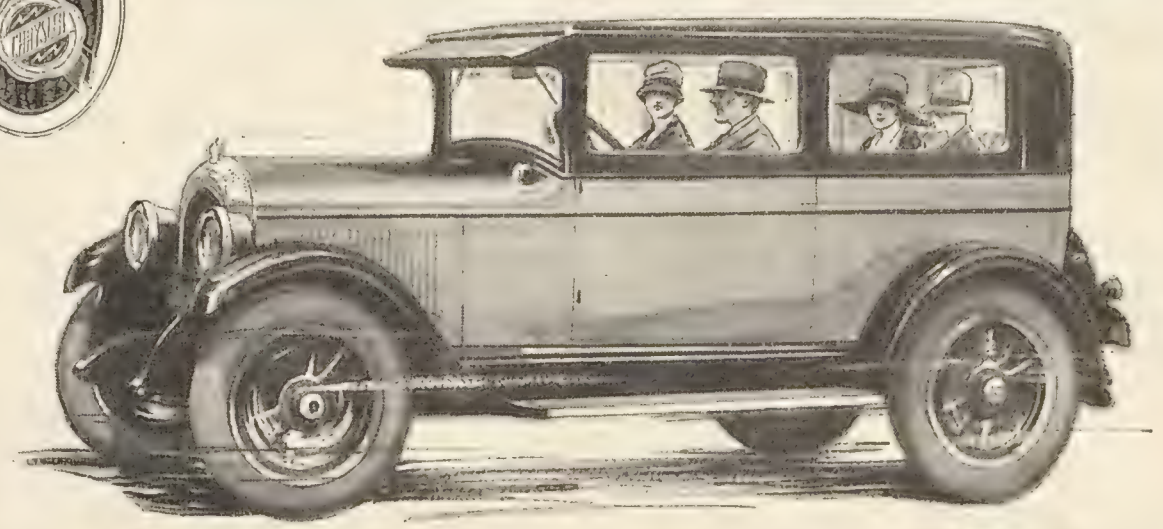
It is designed to accomplish savings so pronounced, to give you size and power and comfort and long life so much greater that you will not want to consider any other car in the same price class.

Chrysler dealers now have the "50". See it. Ride in it.

Sedan $830 · Coupe $750 · Coach $780

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO



New CHRYSLER "50"

FINEST OF FOURS BUILT AS ONLY CHRYSLER BUILDS

Chrysler Model Numbers Mean Miles per Hour

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

in the office and get to laughing and there's no inspection.

January 12.

Springs and De Gamo showed up today. They were as welcome as the measles. The adjutant will probably file their flying wires. The experiment is all off and they are to fly Avros if they ever get a turn. Springs looks bad and says Kelly had been getting his revenge for that party in Stamford. Joe Sharpe was killed over at Waddington on a D. H. 6. There was a fine fellow for you.

January 14.

YESTERDAY was washout day, so we all went into town and threw a party at the Court. The traveling is so congested over the week-end that the flying corps takes its holidays during the week and works on Sundays.

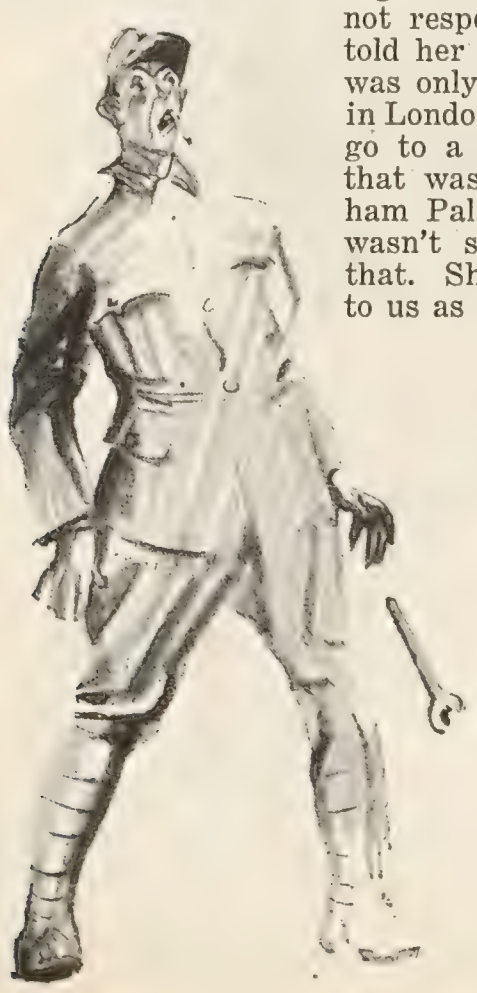
Dud Mudge had a funny crash over at Northolt. He was up on his first solo in a Rumpty and lost his head coming in and flew right into the side of a hangar. The nacelle came on through and pitched Dud on the floor. A mechanic was at work in there and was smoking, and he was so frightened at being caught smoking in a hangar that all he could do was to stammer and make excuses while poor Dud lay on the floor with a broken arm.

The engine was full on outside and the throttle was on the inside and before anybody could get to it, the Rumpty slowly pushed the side of the hangar in and the roof fell on top of it. No one could get to the throttle then, and it ran until the cylinders overheated and froze up. It must have been a funny sight to see that box kite pushing madly at that hangar and then jumping on top of it.

Hash Gile cracked up a Curtiss, but didn't get hurt. His instructor had bawled him out for not getting his tail up when he was taking off; so the next time he started off he pushed the stick forward up against the dash and held it there. His tail came up and kept on coming. It got higher and higher and still Hash kept the stick forward. The poor old Curtiss did the best it could and turned a forward somersault. When they fished Hash out of the wreckage he was still holding the stick forward.

January 20.

We all went into town and tore off a rasparass party at the Court. Everybody was there for dinner. Springs' beauty nearly broke up the party. She got mad when he started drinking, and then got insulted when some other girls came in to join us. She said she couldn't be seen with such girls—they were not respectable. I told her that there was only one place in London she could go to a party and that was Buckingham Palace, and I wasn't sure about that. She referred to us as "your uncouth friends" and made Springs take her home.



DUD MUDGE flew a Rumpty into the side of a hangar and was pitched out of his seat to the floor. A mechanic smoking inside was so scared he could only stammer.

January 24.

I'm feeling pretty much at home in the air now. But after doing very many vertical banks I feel rather sick and dizzy. If tomorrow is a good day, I am going up to 10,000 and shut off and spin down and see what happens. I am quite good at spinning, but it makes me a little sick. I guess I'll get over that, though, and I think a lot of it is due to the castor oil from the motor.

Springs, De Gamo, Nathan, and Barry have all finished Avros and gone on Pups. Barry and Springs crashed the first time, but got away with the second try.

Dora and another girl, who was so big that Fry called her a Handley-Page, came up and had dinner with us at the Peahen Inn at St. Albans. They went back on the eleven-thirty train. There was a snowstorm and we had to walk back the five miles. Fulford and Fry insisted they were going to sleep in the snow, so we left them in a big drift.

I am afraid that this diary will not be of any value as an historical document. I don't write it the way I date it always. Sometimes I don't get a chance to write in it for a week or so, and then I take a couple of hours off when Cal is playing bridge or it's raining, and then I go back and write it up properly. I'm getting so I really enjoy writing it. It makes me realize how lucky I am. And some day it will be my greatest pleasure to read it over. Maybe some day I'll read parts of it to my grandchildren and tell them all about the war.

We went into London again last night—Captain Pentland, the wild Australian, Fry, Cal, Springs, and myself. We went down to Jim's hotel for dinner. Then we all went to the Flying Corps dance at the Grafton Galleries. The whole flying corps was there, with a good sprinkling of our crowd. All the American cadets manage to cluster themselves around London. We spent the night at Jim's hotel and caught the seven-thirty train back.

Jerry Pentland and Springs stepped into the St. Pancras Hotel, opposite the station, for something to eat. They couldn't get any service, so Jerry put Springs in the dumb-waiter, where he promptly went to sleep. Some maid on the top floor pressed the button, and up went the waiter. Jerry got scared and started up the stairs and climbed six flights. The maid started to put some dishes in and saw Springs and let out a yell and pressed the down button just as Jerry burst in. Down went Springs, with Jerry in hot pursuit. The dumb-waiter got stuck in the basement and they had a time getting Springs out of it. The manager wanted to turn him over to the military police, but Jerry swore that he was Russian and Springs quoted a little Latin and the manager saw all the eagles on his buttons and believed it and let them catch the train without any further argument.

I saw little Halley and Newt Bevin and Matthiesen at the Savoy.

January 28.

I TOOK my altitude test today. I went up through thick clouds to nine thousand five hundred feet and damn near froze. The bus was covered with ice where it had been touched by the clouds coming up.

The sky up there was the bluest I ever saw, absolutely glassy blue, with just a few cirrus clouds about five miles up, snow white, and this beautiful snow-white plain of clouds beneath me.

I felt awfully lonely. I could see, I know, at least a hundred miles.

I saw another plane about ten miles away and I thought it was a bird at first, but it started spinning and I knew it was a plane.

I spun down and came out of the spin in the clouds. It was the nastiest sensation I ever had. I didn't know whether I was upside down or not.

At last I got into a straight dive and came out of the clouds at 150 miles an hour, right over the airdrome.

Death struck ruthlessly into the ranks of the cadet flyers. But training for the "circus of death" also had its humorous side. Gayety and tragedy mingled in the exciting lines of the aviators. London show girls and staid British hostesses vied in entertaining them. Continue this thrilling narrative in next week's LIBERTY.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little STARS

How Thirteen Beauties Every Year are Rocketed into the Hollywood Sky

TOP to bottom, Mary Astor, Colleen Moore, Vera Reynolds, Mary Philbin, and Dolores Costello.

An Article by

ROSALIND SHAFFER

WHEN Mary, the beautiful extra girl, opens her inch-long eyelashes of a sunny Hollywood morning, her first thought is more than likely to be of her chances of election as one of the thirteen Wampas baby stars. Sipping the daily orange juice (warranted anti-fat), she rapidly thumbs through the newly arrived Standard Casting Directory. Ah! There is that last picture of her. She views with satisfaction the record of her last engagement: "Mary Maydew, last appearance as the Buttered Muffin in Red-Hot Mommas."

The chances of Mary Maydew are, incidentally, about thirteen out of 500 for election. Yearly the Wampas, which is the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers, selects thirteen from the ranks of younger girls who show most promise of success in pictures.

These gentlemen, known variously as press agents, exploitation experts, etc., have as their business the purveying of the picturesque truth and fiction that make motion-picture celebrities what they are in the eyes of the public. Small wonder, then, that their choice, which has been made yearly for the last five years, has embraced such celebrities as Colleen Moore, Bessie Love, Evelyn Brent, Dorothy Mackaill, Clara Bow, Olive Borden, and Dolores Costello. These Wampas of the prolific typewriters, who know their Hollywood inside out better than the millionaire magnates, are truly "some pickers."

Hollywood, like the rest of America, has progressed considerably, what with bootleggers, architects, foreign lecturers, and artistes on tour, since 1922 when the first annual picking of Wampas peaches began. The self-conscious days of 1926 had not yet loomed. One of the favorite Hollywood "Way Back When's" is the story of Bessie Love (one of the first baby stars) and her dinner party celebrating her first big contract. Behind Bessie's brand new butler came Bessie's mother, complaining in Texas accents about the soreness caused by unaccustomed balancing on wax floors! A maid ushered the guests to the first landing, where a second conducted them upstairs, to be met by a third, who announced that Miss Love was in the bath with two maids, dressing, but would be with them soon.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt says:

"....together they constitute as simple, swift and effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered"

The shimmer of white taffeta, the daring of black velvet in this exquisite period Lanvin frock, conspire to heighten Mrs. Vanderbilt's exotic beauty

THE lovely younger women of society have learned that even in the proud bloom of youth it pays to keep the lamp of beauty filled and trimmed.

Listen, for instance, to Mrs. Vanderbilt:—"Youthfulness is the real pot of gold at the end of every woman's rainbow. *How to keep it*, how to achieve it is her goal."

Mrs. Vanderbilt's beauty is like a star—cool, white, apart. Now it glows; now flashes; and now "like a flower, hangs furled." It is unexpected—thrilling.

Add to this beauty youth, a vivid personality, charm, mature experience, and you have Mrs. Vanderbilt.

As Miss Gloria Morgan she "danced at court" in the great capitals of Europe—where her father was prominent in diplomatic circles. Then her brilliant marriage into one of America's most celebrated families, followed by the birth of a lovely baby girl.

Marriage, motherhood, houses in New York and Newport—responsibilities have only increased Mrs. Vanderbilt's conviction that beauty, however youthful, must have wise care. So at twenty-two she is wiser in the ways of keeping her beauty fresh and undimmed than many a woman at forty.

The TWO CREAMS *which cleanse, tone and preserve your delicate skin*

THUS she enlarges on her theme:—"Pond's Two Creams are such a wonderful help to this coveted end—they cleanse the skin, keeping it fresh and firm. And they protect it, too, giving it a velvety finish. Together they constitute as simple, swift and as effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered."

Care for your skin as follows, daily

Whenever your skin needs cleansing use Pond's Cold Cream. After you return from an outing and always at night before retiring, pat it generously over the surface of your face, throat, hands. Let it stay on a few moments that its soft fine oils may sink down, down into the skin's deep cells, forcing out all dust, dirt and face powder.

A soft cloth or facial tissue removes all cream and pore-deep dirt. To make doubly sure, pat fresh cream on again. Remove once more. Finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice.

If your skin has been exposed to sun and wind or if it tends to dryness, after the bedtime cleansing pat on more Pond's Cold Cream and leave it until morning. It smooths out all the unlovely little lines, brings you supple and fresh to start the day.

After every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, except the bedtime one, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream thinly. It vanishes, leaving an exquisitely smooth surface, a translucent loveliness.

And now for your powder. Whisk it on and see how beautifully it lies and lingers! You won't forever have to be daubing your nose in public.

And go out, now, without apprehension for your skin. Laugh at the wind. Turn your nose up at the sun. They cannot harm you—spared, protected, as you are by this delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Buy and try Pond's Creams. See for yourself that Mrs. Vanderbilt speaks truly when she says "They constitute as effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered."

Among other women of beauty, high birth and social prestige who have praised the Pond's method of caring for the skin are:

HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA
THE PRINCESSE MARIE DE BOURBON
THE DUCHESSE DE RICHELIEU
THE LADY DIANA MANNERS
MRS. WM. E. BORAH
MISS ANNE MORGAN
MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS
MISS ELINOR PATTERSON
MISS CAMILLA LIVINGSTON

Free Offer *Try Pond's Two Creams, free! Mail coupon for tubes of each and instructions for using.*

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. H
155 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

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736 *The Book of Hosiery*

AT the bend of a woman's knee the stocking must now reveal its smartness, if it is to fulfill the imperative need of the day. We have made this remarkable number 736 to exactly satisfy that insistent demand. *It is pure Japanese silk clear to the top.* And in a brilliant variety of modish shades, it now comes to you. Sheer and tenacious is this new Ser-fon, a service weight stocking that is skillfully reinforced where reinforcements are needed. It is *smartness* made practical.

No. 736

retails in all of the better shops and stores for only $1.95 a pair.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

PHOENIX

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

Hollywood, then, had not become sophisticated, and was suffering from the effects of its first coat of gold paint.

THE first selection of Wampas girls was more or less a family affair. The girls were tickled to

UPPER left, Claire Windsor; center, Dorothy Mackaill; right, Laura La Plante; below, Mary Brian.

sell tickets, hang the lanterns for the first Wampas ball, and see about the ice cream. What a famous family those first thirteen Wampas girls of 1922 turned out to be can be judged from the list of their names:

Bessie Love — Katherine McGuire
Helen Ferguson — Lila Lee
Colleen Moore — Maryon Aye
Mary Philbin — Jacqueline Logan
Pauline Starke — Louise Lorraine
Lois Wilson — Claire Windsor
Patsy Ruth Miller

In sharp contrast to the coming-out party of the first thirteen was the pretentious Wampas ball of 1926. The lucky thirteen of the current year were introduced on a huge stage, as the central figures of a revue no less costly or effective in lighting and props than Ziegfeld's own Follies. A regal blare of tubas heralded each baby star as she came forward to take her bow. Later in the night, 5,000 pairs of feet danced the serpentine in the confetti-strewn ballroom. Five jazz bands enlivened the carnival crowd. Dinner was served until two in the morning to thousands of merry-makers who crowded the flower-decked balconies.

The succeeding crops of Wampas baby stars follow, 1923 carrying some famous names:

Ethel Shannon
Betty Francisco
Pauline Garon
Derelys Perdue
Kathleen Key
Helen Lynch
Eleanor Boardman
Margaret Leahy
Jobyna Ralston
Laura LaPlante
Dorothy Devore
Evelyn Brent
Virginia Brown Faire

Lucille Ricksen, twelve-year-old leading woman, was on the list for 1924:

Clara Bow — Carmelita Geraghty
Hazel Keener — Julanne Johnston
Gloria Grey — Blanche Mehaffey
Elinor Fair — Margaret Morris
Ruth Hiatt — Dorothy Mackaill
Lucille Ricksen — Alberta Vaughn
Lillian Rich

Marion Nixon also was selected as a 1924 baby star, but, due to inability to be present at the San Francisco ball of the Wampas, withdrew in favor of Lillian Rich.

The 1925 names are less celebrated:

Betty Arlen — Madeline Hurlock
Anne Cornwall — Violet Avon
June Marlowe — (LaPlante)
Dorothy Revier — Evelyn Pierce
Ena Gregory — Duane Thompson
Natalie Joyce — Olive Borden
Joan Meredith — Lola Todd

Mary Brian was chosen also, but, as with Marion Nixon, could not be present at the ball and June Marlowe was chosen in her place.

Many of the 1926 names are already famous:

Mary Astor — Dolores Del Rio
Marceline Day — Dolores Costello
Sally Long — Vera Reynolds
Mary Brian — Joan Crawford
Fay Wray — Edna Marian
Janet Gaynor — Joyce Compton
Sally O'Neill

A survey of why these girls were chosen as starlets will cast some light on their subsequent success, mediocrity, or failure.

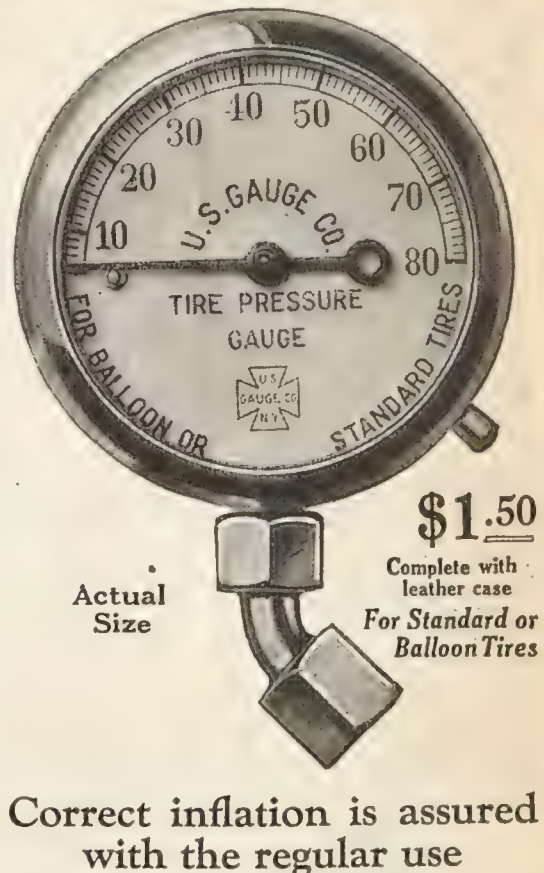
The first and obvious reason for selection is demonstrated ability. Unfortunately, not all the sixty-five elections can be so explained. Dolores Costello, however, is an example of a girl selected for merit. This daughter of the famous Maurice Costello, stage hero of a generation ago, and then the first great picture idol, inherits her father's gifts, and needed only the opportunity to prove it in The Sea Beast.

In many cases, however, other factors besides pure merit count. Influence of various sorts may be brought to bear on the election of candidates.

ONE freak election was that of Betty Arlen, in 1925. She was the wife of Louis Golden, a Los Angeles theater executive. She had worked only a few weeks in pictures, as an extra. Mr. Golden, however, controlled a large theater circuit in southern California in which the Wampas ball was exploited. Betty was elected.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Your BALLOON TIRES will Give Full Mileage and Riding Comfort ONLY when CORRECTLY INFLATED



Actual Size

$1.50
Complete with leather case
For Standard or Balloon Tires

Correct inflation is assured with the regular use of the rugged
U. S. TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE
Guaranteed Accurate to the Pound

Handy to Use
Easy to Read
Fits All Wheels
Unbreakable Crystal

At your dealer's or sent direct

UNITED STATES GAUGE CO.
44 Beaver St. New York
308 W. Randolph St. Chicago

Makers of Pressure and Vacuum Gauges
All Sizes and Types for Every Purpose

U.S. TIRE GAUGE

Shall I do it?

AS a big business executive, making decisions became almost second nature with him.

But this case was a problem. Young Allen, the president's son, had come into the business on a flat, make-good basis.

Still, as a salesman, he wasn't making good at all. Folks didn't like him.

Finally, Simpson, his immediate superior, discovered why.

Now what was the thing to do: fire him or discuss the matter? He didn't know what to do.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy. — *Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Studio politics and personal logrolling always cast an important vote. There is much of "you vote for my girl and I'll vote for yours." The pressure on the Wampas boys is terrific, for what is harder to do than award the Golden Apple? Paris tried it and the siege of Troy lasted ten years. Some of the Hollywood wars are still going on.

Many fledgling stars arrive via the Wampas for the reason that they are under contract to a large studio. This is logic, for a girl who has passed muster at a big studio and who will be backed by the resources of the studio, usually achieves note.

Famous actors sometimes lend a helping hand to eager aspirants. Douglas Fairbanks contributed largely to the naming of Mary Astor, who was with him in Don Q prior to her election, and who has recently played with Barrymore in Don Juan.

Successive roles with Harold Lloyd made Jobyna Ralston star material.

Marshall Neilan handed fame to little Chotsy Noonan, rechristened Sally O'Neill. She was dancing at the Cocoanut Grove when Mickey and Blanche Sweet (Mrs. Neilan) singled her out to be cast in the role Mary Pickford was to have played in Mike. Thus the daughter of Judge F. T. Noonan of Bayonne, New Jersey, burst into twinkling stardom at sixteen.

Fairbanks chose Julanne Johnston, a pretty New York stage dancer, to play the Princess in The Thief of Bagdad, and this role is still her outstanding claim to fame.

John Barrymore chose Dolores Costello at the Warner studio as his leading lady in The Sea Beast, and from that vehicle she stepped to stardom in Mannequin, LIBERTY'S $50,000 prize story by Fannie Hurst, filmed by Famous Players, and in Bride of the Storm, a J. Stuart Blackton picture.

JUNE MARLOWE achieved celebrity as the leading woman for a dog, the famous Rin Tin Tin. Success in several Rin Tin Tin vehicles elevated June to stellar altitude.

Lillian Rich also was leading woman for a canine actor, Strongheart.

Being a sister of a celebrity has proved a pleasant lane to the heart's desire of several beauties. Violet Avon, born LaPlante, is a sister of Laura LaPlante. Marceline Day, of the 1926 group of stars, is sister of Alice Day, Mack Sennett beauty. The real name of the Day sisters is Newlin.

LEFT to right, Jobyna Ralston, Alberta Vaughn, Marion Nixon, and Pauline Starke.

The nebulæ from which these typical Mary Maydews emerge is colorful and varied.

A considerable number are recruited from beauty contests. This American fad has sent a deluge of blithe and expectant winners to Hollywood.

They find Hollywood disinterested and cynical, already overflowing with beautiful women seeking jobs. So there are beauty winners from Eastern States rustling pork sandwiches at Henri's rotisserie. An actress not long ago divorced from a famous actor husband, and herself a celebrated "looker" in a once famous feud with the late Barbara La Marr, is jerking soda at a Boulevard drug store. The fascinating winner of Long Beach's celebrated red-headed beauty parade carries a tray of cigarets at a cafe.

Sixteen per cent of the sixty-five Wampas stars came as beauty-contest winners to Hollywood and pictures.

Lois Wilson won a beauty contest in Birmingham, Alabama. A trip to Hollywood, and one role in a picture was her prize. Then no more roles; crackers and milk. Lois was too proud to go back home. She stayed and won out.

Joyce Compton won a beauty contest in Los Angeles. First National sought her out.

Mary Philbin and Gertrude Olmsted came to Hollywood from the same Elks' convention beauty contest in Chicago. Mary was a find of Von Stroheim, who selected her for Merry Go Round and she became a baby star. Gertrude missed Wampas selection.

Hazel Keener was acclaimed the most beautiful girl in Iowa in a beauty contest conducted several years ago by Antoinette Donnelly.

Clara Bow won a beauty contest in New York in which the judges were Charles Dana Gibson, Howard Chandler Christy, and Neysa McMein.

Joan Meredith won a contest staged by a Los Angeles newspaper.

Helen Lynch was victor in a contest at Billings, Montana.

Claire Windsor was chosen queen of the Potlatch in Seattle.

Mary Astor so struck the artistic eye of Charles Albin, New York photographer, that he sent

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Champion X exclusively for Fords — packed in the Red Box

60¢ Each

SERVICE

The service rendered by Ford cars and trucks and Fordson Tractors is well matched by the service of dependable Champion Spark Plugs, which have been standard Ford equipment for 15 years. Dependable Champions render better service for a longer time but to insure continued maximum power and speed in Ford engines be sure that you install a full set of Champions at least once a year.

All Champion Spark Plugs are of two-piece, gas-tight construction, with sillimanite insulators and special analysis electrodes.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo, Ohio

Avoid pain by seeing your dentist in time

Don't stay away from your dentist until pain drives you to him. At least twice a year go to your dentist for thorough mouth inspection. He will keep your teeth and gums healthy.

Pyorrhea seizes

4 out of 5

Remember that four out of five who pass the age of forty, and thousands even younger, contract pyorrhea through carelessness. These are dental statistics.

But you can be the lucky one out of five if you will exercise ordinary precaution. Let your dentist inspect your mouth at least twice a year and brush teeth and gums twice a day with Forhan's.

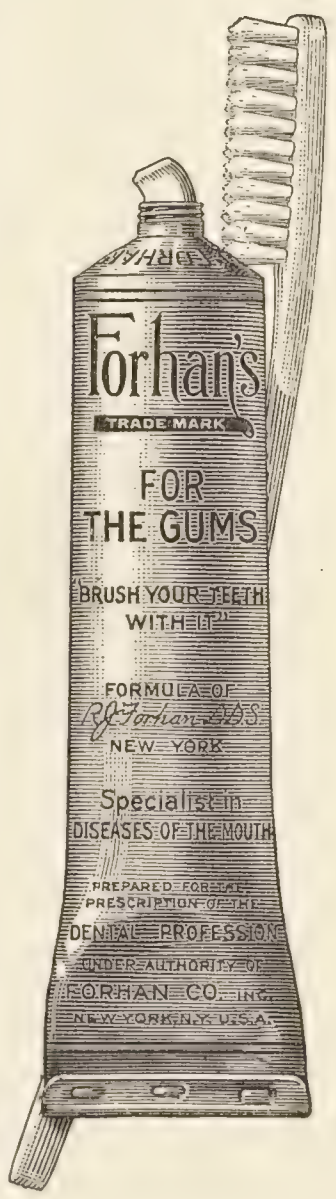
Pyorrhea steals upon you like a thief in the night. First come tender bleeding gums. Then gums recede and teeth loosen in their sockets. Poison seeps through the system, often bringing on neuritis, rheumatism or worse.

If you already have pyorrhea see your dentist for treatment and start using Forhan's. If you still are free from this scourge, brush your teeth and gums regularly with Forhan's as a wise precaution.

If used regularly and in time, Forhan's checks or prevents pyorrhea. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which dentists use in their treatment of this infection.

Forhan's firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. This pleasant tasting dentifrice cleans teeth thoroughly and wards off decay. Start using Forhan's at once. At all druggists'. 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. Forhan Company, N.Y.



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE · · *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

[TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STARS Continued from Page Twenty-five]

her to Hollywood heralded as an exceptional beauty. Alberta Vaughn won a "funny-face" contest, and everyone knows that a girl with a comic face is not interesting unless she is pretty, too.

Twenty-two per cent of the Wampas stars came from the stage.

Dorothy Mackaill was a dancer in the Casino de Paris, Paris; in the Follies of 1921, and Frolics of 1920.

Marion Nixon played in vaudeville in Minneapolis.

Dorothy Devore was a vaudeville star of some magnitude before entering pictures.

JOBYNA RALSTON, whose uncle, Judge John T. Raulston (Jobyna spells her name without the "u"), presided over the Scopes evolution trial in Tennessee, had been in musical comedy.

Julanne Johnston had been a stage dancer in New York.

Lillian Rich had been a dancer and in musical comedy and played leading lady with Harry Lauder in Three Cheers in London.

Elinor Fair had been a stage dancer in San Francisco.

Jacqueline Logan had been one of the Sextette in the revival of Floradora, and jumped into the Follies. Jackie holds the distinction of being the only ex-newspaper woman to be chosen a Wampas star.

Joan Crawford, then known as Lucille Le Seuer, had been in Innocent Eyes, the Passing Show, and the Winter Garden.

Madeline Hurlock was plucked off the Century Roof.

Sally Long had been in Kid Boots and the Follies.

Dolores Costello had been in vaudeville as a child, and was taken from George White's Scandals by Harry Warner and put under contract.

Dorothy Revier was a dancer at Tait's in San Francisco.

Margaret Morris was in stock in Minneapolis.

Blanche Mehaffey was in the Follies.

Evelyn Brent had been a London stage hit.

Child stars recruited eight per cent of the Wampas number.

Lila Lee, known as "Cuddles" Edwards when she was three years old, and for some years after, played with Gus Edwards. Her real name was Appel, daughter of a North Side Turner hall proprietor in Chicago.

Gloria Grey is another Gus Edwards child star.

Ruth Hiatt was a child star with the Lubin company in San Diego.

Lucille Ricksen, born Ericksen in Chicago, played roles since she was two years of age. She played in the old Essanay Company in Chicago and then with the Goldwyn Company, until she was known as the world's youngest leading woman, at twelve. She died at sixteen.

Dolores Costello played child parts, though never as a lead or a star.

Not a great many of the sixty-five chosen have attained full-fledged stardom. Eight are stars without question: Colleen Moore, Mary Philbin, Laura LaPlante, Evelyn Brent, Olive Borden, Dolores Costello, Vera Reynolds, and Patsy Ruth Miller.

Dorothy Devore has been starred in comedies, as has Alberta Vaughn.

Clara Bow is shortly to be starred by Lasky's, and everyone is waiting to see if her recent adventures with the athlete-poet, Robert Savage, will affect her career.

A "star," as nearly as one can define it by common Hollywood consent, is an actor or actress who brings people into the theater on his or her name alone. The star is most important, even more important than the story. Thus it can readily be seen that few occupy stellar rank in the full sense of the term.

What the Wampas boys really meant when they called their proteges "baby stars" was stars in the popular interpretation; that is, well known and successful players. Their choices amply fill this order.

The marital log of these Hollywood best bets is interesting. Twenty-one of the sixty-five girls have been married. Seven are divorced. One, Claire Windsor, has been married twice. Only one, Sally Long, has had more than one child. Sally has two. Only five children, so far as can be learned, grace the twenty-one marriages. If it were up to the children of the present Wampas stars to perpetuate talent in the movies, the screen would be a lost art by 1946.

None of the Wampas girls made matches with wealthy husbands. Almost, without exception, those who wed after starting on a film career marry men in the picture or stage business.

The large majority of screen girls marry actors because they are almost the only eligible men with whom they come in contact. There is no romantic stage-door Johnnying at a studio. Neither is there the direct personal appeal from the silver sheet that there is over the footlights.

Hollywood is not a town of wealthy persons. The eligible young men are all in pictures. Another angle is that, in the eye of the lorgnetted mamma, a picture girl does not rate as high socially as a girl of the legitimate stage.

MANY girls have not fulfilled their early promise because of financial inability to wait for important parts. Once a girl starts taking roles in independent productions, she is practically doomed in her chances of big-time engagements.

But with many picture girls, the necessity of keeping money coming in cannot be ignored.

Estelle Taylor, in spite of consistently impressive work, waited eight months in idleness to get her recent role in Don Juan. Imagine Mary Maydew being able to do that and keep herself in attractive frocks!

THE END

For Ten Thousand Dollars

A Lover's Tongue Is Tied by His Bank Balance

A Short Story by
JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

Pictures by JOHN HAELEN

DUANE THOMPSON was about to lose Virginia. It was—to Duane Thompson—a heart-cracking business, because he knew she could never be replaced.

He loved her as hard as you could love anyone; certainly no one else could think about her so long or so often, and the certain knowledge that she was slipping away from him was—well, what was the use of anything?

It was simply a question of money; but in New York money was the important part. It wasn't that Duane Thompson wasn't doing well. He was doing very well—remarkably well. He was on the staff of the *Continental Weekly,* he was paid $300 each for major articles, and he was doing two and sometimes three pieces a month.

His bank book showed a total deposit of $8,800 for the year 1924. Not bad for a youngster of twenty-five, hey? But his average balance, as the vice-president of the bank had grimly pointed out to him at the end of the year, was something like $200.

"It is customary for our depositors to keep a monthly balance of five hundred dollars, Mr. Thompson."

You see, the thing was, young Thompson had a mother out in Bellingham, Washington, and a kid sister in school, and he divided his checks with them. His father, a man who did not believe in life insurance, died after Duane came East.

Thompson's career, despite the vice-president's opinion of his thrift, had certain commendable aspects. A graduate of the public schools of Bellingham, he had worked his way through the State University by tending furnaces, cutting lawns, and pinch-hitting at the post-office during the Christmas rush.

In his senior year he won a traveling scholarship in journalism. It was for $1,500, and for one year only; but to the boy from Bellingham, who knew how hard it was to earn a dollar, this was largesse. Besides, it took him away from Bellingham and gave him his chance at the wide, wide world outside.

She sent him a snapshot of herself in beach costume at the Lido in Venice.

It was at one of the weekly affairs of the English-Speaking Union of London that he met Virginia Pancoast. She was abroad with her mother for the summer. She lived in East Orange, New Jersey, and she was about the best-looking girl Duane had ever seen. He was instantly bemused by her trim, shingled head and her small, evenly cut features. She was very young—not more than seventeen.

Something about his clean eyes and shy grin drew her. They found it easy to talk to each other. When they danced after dinner, they were both conscious of an unusual excitement in proximity.

When he told her that he was going to work in New York at the end of his scholarship, she explained that East Orange, by tube and bus, was less than an hour from the city. So they parted with solemn assurances that they would see each other in the fall.

Under the enchantment of that first meeting, Duane wrote formal letters to Virginia, and in the course of things she sent him a snapshot of herself in beach costume at the Lido in Venice. Duane couldn't help noticing her long straight, aristocratic legs and her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Happy Faces

Men tell us this makes shaving a morning joy

Please accept a full 10-day tube of this olive-oil-containing shaving cream that corrects 5 mistakes of old-type shaving soaps

GENTLEMEN:—Here's a shaving cream made by experts in skin care that softens the toughest beard in one minute, that leaves the skin as soft and fine as if a lotion had been used. It ends the use of lotions, as unnecessary.

Men by the thousands are quitting old-time shaving soaps for it. One of its chief ingredients is a fine olive oil. 80% of its users were won from rival preparations. Consider what that means.

May we send you a tube to try? We worked some 18 months perfecting it. Made up and discarded 130 different formulas before we found the right one. It excels in many ways any shaving soap you have ever tried.

Five mistakes corrected

1. *Lather too scanty.* Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit, just one-half gram, suffices for a shave.

2. *Slow action.* Palmolive Shaving Cream acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that makes a hard beard wax-like, soft.

3. *Dries on face.* The lather of Palmolive Shaving Cream maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4. *Hairs lie down.* That is due to weak bubbles. Strong bubbles are essential to support the hairs for cutting. Palmolive bubbles are strong . . . they hold the hairs erect for the razor.

5. *Skin irritation.* The palm and olive oil content of Palmolive Shaving Cream leaves the face in fine condition. Men like the after-effects.

Let us prove this

We ask your permission to prove these things—to send you a tube to try. We are masters of soap making. One of our soaps—Palmolive—is one of the leading toilet soaps of the world. We have worked hard to excel in a Shaving Cream.

Will you do us the kindness to mail this coupon?—for your sake and for ours.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.

3343

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1226. The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

Please print your name and address clearly

Suppose he said "I love you," and

[FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

beauty of person; and he grew breathless at the thought of attaining to such superior loveliness.

In New York, Duane caught on on the staff of a morning newspaper at forty dollars a week. At first he lived in a single room in a downtown Y. M. C. A. Later he went into some furnished rooms on Twelfth Street with two other young newspaper men.

When he went to East Orange the first time, he was a little dismayed at the size of the stone house, and he felt foolish walking up the long bluestone driveway by himself. But Virginia was so delightfully friendly toward him that he soon became unconscious of the width of the social gulf between them.

For some reason Virginia made him talk well, and his bright, quick conversation, his boyish enthusiasm, and his eager Western manner made him a refreshing, if not a distinguished, figure at the Pancoast table.

Virginia Pancoast went to the theater with Duane on the occasions when she came into New York to stay overnight with her aunt on Park Avenue. Once, during the spell of Mary Rose, he groped for her hand in the darkness and she suffered him to hold it during the rest of the play. After that it was tacitly understood that he could hold her hand in the theater after the curtain went up.

BUT that was as far as Duane dared go with Virginia. He was desperately in love with her, but he could not tell her so.

Suppose he said "I love you," and Virginia should say "Yes"? How, in heaven's name, could he go on? You couldn't leave a declaration hanging in the air like that. But what could he say? Something about an engagement, or marriage, or something? The next question would be "When?"

and Duane had no idea when that could happen. Simply to say "I love you," would bring on a whole train of questions that would reveal the sorry fact that he was a penniless reporter and in no wise competent to undertake marriage.

In spite of the fact that Virginia probably surmised the exact state of his circumstances, he would have perished rather than admit them to her. If he only had something—a rich elderly uncle or a distant inheritance—some dim prospect of money of which he could speak in a vague way. It was pretty embarrassing to confess that you didn't have a

Virginia should say "Yes"? How, in heaven's name, could he go on?

thing—not even one extra pair of trousers.

His newspaper cohorts, hardy spirits, counseled him to speak up in this wise:

"Look here, darling: I love you and I suspect that you entertain a certain fondness for me. Now, the fact is, I've spent all my time so far in acquiring an education which will, later on, bring me in good returns, I hope. At the moment, however, I'm at the bottom of the ladder and my salary is exactly forty dollars per week. I can't ask you to marry me on that, because it wouldn't, I'm afraid, keep you in fresh garters, even if you don't wear them any more. If you'll wait till I write a novel or something and get twenty-five thousand dollars for the movie rights, everything will be rosy. But I can't tell how soon that'll be, and in the meantime we're missing a lot of happiness just when we're keenest to enjoy it. Now, why doesn't your father——"

All she had to do, you see, was to throw her lovely arms around his neck and whisper her dearest wish into his ear, and Popper would reach for his check book forthwith.

But Duane Thompson was of more sensitive stuff, and he couldn't, in any circumstances, have inaugurated such a bald piece of business. All he could do, for the moment, was to hold her hand wistfully. His only hope, as he saw it, lay in his ability to advance himself within a short time.

He tore into his job with tight-lipped resolution. He moved away from his two newspaper friends. One of them was inclined to get drunk—accidentally—two or three times a week, and the other had a casual habit of borrowing money that he but infrequently returned.

Duane took a single room in an Allerton House uptown—quarters less haunted by bootleggers and uproarious visitors; bought a rebuilt typewriter for twelve dollars; and, since he didn't report to his paper till noon, enlisted in a morning stenography class.

He covered his assignments with a dash and vigor that caused the veterans to smile at one another, and he never left the field till he was certain he was in possession of the last scrap of information. He wrote special features for the Sunday Magazine Supplement and odd human-interest stories for the second news section—"The Passing of the Old Bowery," "The Last of the Sea-Going Hacks," etc.

HIS graduation to the staff of the *Continental Weekly* came about in an accidental way. A Mr. Horace Lyons had announced a huge and unexpected endowment to a backwoods girls' college, and Duane was sent to get a statement anent the reason and purpose of the gift. The interview took a conversational turn. Mr. Horace Lyons, growing expansive, related to the young reporter the series of struggles that brought him up from obscurity to wealth and prominence.

When Duane read over his shorthand notes, he discovered that here was an unusual story of achievement, chock-full of dramatic incident, and not without inspiration for the youth of the nation. It was, in fact, a more striking story than many he had read in the magazines.

He asked Mr. Lyons whether he had any objection to his writing the story of his business career and submitting it to one of the larger publications. Mr. Lyons, who, like most self-made men, enjoyed a secret pride in his success, graciously assented, provided he could see the story before it was published.

Duane went to the Public Library, got out half a dozen back copies of the *Continental Weekly*, and examined the structure of the articles. He arranged his own story upon this pattern, and posted it, with a silent prayer, to the editor, on bond paper, faultlessly typed.

Three days later he received a letter from the editor, asking him to "drop into this office some time when you are up this way. I should be glad to talk to you about your article."

Duane went to see him that same day.

The editor, a silver-haired, kind-voiced man, of sixty, asked Duane a number of questions about himself, told him that he had sent in an astonishing story for a beginner, said that he thought he could use it—with a few minor alterations—and ended up by asking if he cared to undertake another. He would pay $200 apiece for them, he said, and increase that price later on. He gave Duane a short list of persons, any one of whom, he said, was a suitable subject for the magazine.

When Duane had done six interviews in a row, all acceptable, Worthington suggested that he drop newspaper work and write exclusively for the magazine. He offered him a desk in the editorial rooms and a regular berth on the staff. So Duane left the ill-paid ranks of the news-gatherers and his name began to appear regularly in the pages of the *Continental*.

He had been there a year and had saved $3,000 when his father died. He immediately set out on a long, dreary journey across the continent to be with his mother. He stayed to find that his father, a small contractor, had left no will and no insurance. His sole bequest to his family appeared to be a scattering of debts. Even the house, Duane discovered, was not wholly paid for.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Adding to Human Happiness

It's a great thing to be able to take pleasure in work.

WRIGLEY'S adds a zest to work or play.

It helps with the world's work—it contributes much to the world's pleasure.

Time passes faster—your interest is keener—your nerves are steadier, with WRIGLEY'S to help.

It's a boon to smokers—and to those whose work is hard and exhausting—relieves parched throat and hot tongue.

Wrigley's aids appetite and digestion, helps to keep the teeth clean and white. It allays thirst.

Best of all—the cost is small.

Only the best of ingredients are used

Sealed in a wax wrapper retaining its full flavor and goodness

G89

[FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS]
[Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

Duane cleared off the debts and arranged to buy the house for his mother on an extended series of payments. He would have stayed on if there were any hope of supporting his mother and sister from any job he could get in Bellingham. But since there wasn't, and it seemed a pity to break off a promising career in New York, he returned, with countless assurances of his intention to send money back to them every month.

Back in New York, he found that of his brave $3,000 there remained but a few scant and timid hundreds. Try as he would, he could not again accumulate a balance. He never bought a new book or a theater ticket or took a taxi without a twinge of guilt. His mother might want that very dollar for some little need! To spend it on himself or to salt it away in the bank against his marriage appeared now to be utter selfishness. That his mother or his sister should want for anything, now that they were totally dependent upon him, was unendurable to him. Yet every dollar that went West put Virginia another hour, another day, another week farther away from him.

Duane, frantic in his helplessness, cast about for some solution. If he could write a novel or a play—but he dared not interrupt the stream of his articles for a week, lest he fall behind. His only hope was to go on, to get his mother's home paid for, to write faster, and to improve his prices. A slow business in the course of which, he foresaw, Virginia would be irretrievably lost.

Still, he stuck to his typewriter with dogged determination. He earned during that year, as the vice-president of the Park National Bank had already pointed out, $8,800. But his balance was so trifling that it was hardly worth the bank's while to carry it.

On his visits to East Orange the ever-present consciousness of his own impotence hung like a pall over him, depressing his usual high spirits and checking his quick spontaneity, the very traits that endeared him to Virginia.

THE frequency of his encounters at the Pancoast house with Bradley Stevens, a youth of Virginia's set, and the recurrence of his name in her conversation, told him of an increasing friendship—a friendship that must inevitably displace his own. And Duane had to stand numbly by and watch it happen.

On a morning when Duane was most troubled in his mind the girl at the desk brought in a card:

MR. SYDNEY WEINSTEIN
The Flexible Glass Co.
Sales Promotion

Duane rose wearily. He knew what that meant: an enterprising sales promoter come to suggest the head of his company as the subject for an achievement article. The Chief had been shunting most of those fellows in his direction lately.

Mr. Sydney Weinstein, a slight, rapid-speaking individual with calculating eyes and an immediate intimacy of manner, sprang into the purpose of his call. It was, as Duane had surmised, about the president of the Flexible Glass Company, Mr. Frederick Totten. Mr. Weinstein assured Duane that Mr. Totten was in complete ignorance of his, Weinstein's, visit.

"He's a modest man, Mr. Thompson, a *very* modest man. Shy. Won't speak about himself. Hates the idear of personal publicity. But an expert interviewer like yourself could draw him out. Because he's got a remockable story. A *very* remockable story!"

"In what way?"

"Didn't have a nickel! Not a nickel! Not a dime! And now look at him. One of the biggest bizzness men in the country——"

"But what makes his story any different from the usual business success?" cut in young Thompson brusquely. "What is there dramatic or informative or inspirational about it?"

"WELL, I tell you, Mr. Thompson, I believe posi*tively* if his story was printed it would be a help to young men all over this country."

"And also a great help to the Flexible Glass Company," Duane reminded him tersely.

"He had only a little education, see," continued Mr. Sydney Weinstein, unabashed, "and his father died, and he got a job in a glassworks to support his mother. And he got an idear about glass you could bend. He fixed up a little laboratory in his attic at home and made experiments.

"Got to be a nut; spent all his spare time and money on it. Stopped people on the street to tell them about it. Talked to cabdrivers and postmen and streetcar conductors—anybody who'd listen. Then he'd borrow maybe five dollars or ten dollars or a dollar and give them an I. O. U. for a share of stock in the company he was going to form. He went around like that for years. People thought he was crazy. Those slips of his are scattered all over Jersey.

"Now," said Mr. Weinstein, with a conclusive flourish of his hand, "he's president of the Flexible Glass Corporation, and all those fellows that listened to him are going to be rich."

"The Flexible Glass Corporation?" Thompson queried. "I never heard of it."

"It's new," explained Mr. Weinstein. "We just incorporated."

"Well," said Thompson, "we have in the magazine, as a rule, only living Americans who are outstanding successes in their particular fields—men of assured position and established standing——"

"But Mr. Totten is firmly established! He dominates the whole field. He is revolutionizing the glass trade!"

"How exactly?"

"He has invented a glass that's just as transparent, just as white, and just as durable as ordinary window-glass. But listen, now, it's non-shatterable, it's non-inflammable, and you can bend it. Think what that means to the motor-car industry! It will replace every windshield and window in every car in America, because it removes the danger from splinter and jagged edges——"

"But don't you see, Mr. Weinstein, that he's not a suitable subject for us at present because these things haven't yet come to pass."

"But in a year——"

"Well, then, why not come back in a year and we'll talk about it again."

Mr. Sydney Weinstein's manner underwent a change. He glanced about the anteroom as if to assure himself that no one was following the conversation.

"Do you own the second serial rights to your articles?" he asked directly.

Thompson looked at him sharply. This Mr. Weinstein knew more about the writing business than he had thought.

"Why, yes," he admitted.

"You've sold them before?"

"Yes," Duane recollected, "I resold a couple of my pieces to English magazines."

"Well, now, I tell you"—Weinstein's voice dropped a note lower: "If you write up Mr. Totten, the company would buy the second serial rights from you."

"But your Mr. Totten's not yet qualified——"

"We would pay you ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand dollars!"

"Sure," said Weinstein; "it would be worth that to us."

"But——"

"Think it over," suggested Weinstein as he got up and walked to the elevator.

TEN thousand dollars! Thompson's hands rested abstractedly on the spacebar of his typewriter as he contemplated what he could do with ten thousand dollars.

First of all, it would take care of his mother; second, it meant that he could marry Virginia.

Twenty-five hundred would buy the house his mother was in now, and, with the money he would continue to send her every month, she and his kid sister would be fixed.

He could get that little cottage out on Long Island for $4,000 down probably—the one with the weather-beaten shingles and the sloping roof that Virginia had exclaimed over the day they motored past in Stevens' car. It had a funny, old-fashioned fence around it, and a rustic turnstile, and a lot of lilac bushes. It was only a couple of hundred yards from the beach and ten minutes from the golf course.

He could get one of those new two-tone sport roadsters with the rumble seat, four-wheel brakes, balloon tires, and bullet lights for $500 down and only about $100 a month for a year. Say, boy, couldn't you nip in and out of New York in that!

There would be money enough for membership in the Country Club and the Beach Club. Over the week-ends they could golf and swim. Virginia would like that; she was always running around in a sweater and a sport skirt.

Duane began to examine, in his mind, the ethics of the Weinstein offer. After all, Weinstein *did* have a legitimate subject. Old Totten evidently had a remarkable story. In fact, it was perfect, except for the fact that Totten hadn't yet quite gone over the top.

He'd resold a couple of his pieces to English magazines for $250.

He had a right to sell them to anybody, didn't he? *Didn't* he?

It was only a few weeks before that Worthington had called him to say: "Look here, Thompson, I'm tired looking up subjects for you. You know what sort of men are suitable for us. Rustle around and pick your own candidates. Don't suggest a man's name unless you are sure he is sound financially and morally. Even if you undertake an interview and turn up something in the course of it that makes you at all suspicious, drop it at once. You see, Thompson, we've got a circulation of three million now."

OLD Worthington was proud of those figures; he had built up the magazine from 200,000 to 3,000,000 in fifteen years, chiefly on personality articles.

"Figuring five readers to each copy—one to the average family—means that fifteen million people read the *Continental Weekly* every month. It's the greatest single moral force in this country today!

"Not a paragraph, not a drawing, not an advertisement goes into this magazine that isn't subjected to the closest scrutiny. One off-color fiction story, a single disreputable character appearing in this magazine, would do us irreparable mischief. It would everlastingly shake the confidence of our readers.

"Another thing, Thompson. You will be approached, no doubt, from time to time by persons wanting to buy their way into the magazine. Some of them are simply unscrupulous, and others are just ignorant. They believe that all of the interviews that appear in the magazine are paid for.

"I don't need to tell you, of course, that you can't accept a fee of any kind from the men you interview.

"Sometimes a man who likes what you have written about him may offer you a little present of some kind, purely in a friendly spirit of good will. Of course you can't accept."

"I did take a cigar once," Thompson confessed.

The Chief smiled.

"I knew I didn't have to tell you these things," he said, "but I think it's a good idea to call 'em to mind now and then."

But in this case, Duane argued with himself, wasn't he selling something he owned and that he had a perfect right to dispose of?

Supposing it *wasn't* an arrangement that you would shout from the housetops? Well, there were sealed chapters in the careers of every man he knew. Besides, it was no good applying back-country scruples to New York. Why, you got liquor from the policeman on the corner, you bought tickets from speculators, you bribed waiters, doormen, and ushers, you broke the law surreptitiously a dozen times a day.

And, after all, no one would ever know of this transaction. It would be quite as private as that between an editor and an author.

Ten thousand dollars meant Virginia. And after he had Virginia what else mattered? Without her he saw himself plodding wearily down an empty corridor of years, thinking only of what might have been.

Poor Duane! He struggled with specious arguments to justify his taking that money, and he knew in his heart of hearts that he had no right to it—that it was money unearned. Yet to give it up meant to give up

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IT would take care of his mother; it meant that he could marry Virginia.

FREE
10-Day Tube
Mail the Coupon

Teeth made white
—glorious, gleaming!

Your gums like coral to contrast them when the film that clouds and endangers them is combated in this way

Please accept 10-day tube to try

THOSE dazzling clear teeth that add so immeasurably to one's personality and natural charm are the results, according to authorities, of correct care.

Millions have found them in this new way. Dental authorities urge it. Dull teeth thus are largely overcome. Gums are firmed and given a healthy, coral color.

Now a test is being offered. Just mail the coupon.

Film—that's the trouble

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, cause pyorrhea.

Mere brushing won't do

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

Removes that film. Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums to a healthy coral tint. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
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[FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS Continued from Page Thirty-one]

Virginia, and he couldn't quite come to that.

Well, he'd go to see Totten anyway; see what kind of a man he was; investigate the company. If the story stood up and the corporation was sound, there was no reason why he shouldn't write it.

Old Totten's story was all that Weinstein had said—the tale of a man who had fought away his youth and middle years for an idea, and won—in his gray days.

Duane wrote the story in his office, on a Monday night and at a single sitting. He put it away in the top drawer of his desk. He would turn it in in the morning. Yes, he would! He would! He would!

HIS eyes were burning, his fingers twitching from his long siege at the typewriter. The black lines on the white foolscap wavered and broke in his tired vision. He was conscious of a stabbing headache and dry lips. He walked uncertainly toward the water-cooler. The paper cup shook in his hand. He went back to his office and sat down uncertainly. His head came forward on his desk.

Worthington, with a white face, was looking at him queerly. At his right sat the managing editor. The advertising and circulation managers were both in the room.

"About that Totten article," Worthington was saying in a brittle voice. "I want you to tell us the exact circumstances under which you wrote it."

They handed him a morning paper. On the first page, in the left-hand column, under a big headline, was an account of the collapse of the Flexible Glass Company. Following the discovery of a flaw in the patent, it said, the promoters had disappeared with a sum estimated at $5,000,000, raised in a stock-selling campaign. A campaign in the hands of high-powered salesmen, and based upon an article in the current number of the *Continental Weekly* describing the invention and future of the new glass——

"How did you happen to undertake the article?"

"Why—an officer of the company came and suggested Mr. Totten's name——"

"Did they, did he, offer you any inducement to write the piece?"

"No-o."

"Did you have any transaction with the company outside of the interview with Mr. Totten?"

"They bought second serial rights from me."

"Second serial rights! Under what terms?"

"For ten thousand dollars."

THERE was a horrible silence. Worthington spoke.

"Thompson," he said, in a slow, tired voice, "I don't need to tell you now that you have undone in one day what it took me fifteen years to build up. Maybe we'll survive this. Maybe we won't. Maybe we're done. But one thing's certain," he said, "and that is that *you* are done. You've sold out your magazine for ten thousand dollars. For the protection of other magazines and newspapers, we're going to have your name blacklisted. You'll never sell another piece—under your own name. Now please leave this office and never come back."

Someone was shaking Duane's shoulder. "Good heavens, Thompson, you out all night? Fine time to sleep!"

Duane raised his head from his desk to find his office flooded with morning sun. Gibson, the managing editor, was shaking an admonitory finger at him.

"The Chief wants to see you," he said, "when you're conscious."

The moment Gibson was out of the office, Duane jerked open the top drawer of his desk, pulled out a manuscript, and tore it into a thousand pieces.

Then he straightened his tie and strode in to see the Chief.

"Sit down, Thompson," said old Worthington, smiling. "I have just come from a directors' meeting. I told them that I wanted to step down. I'm tired, Thompson. The magazine needs young blood. It is understood that Gibson is to have my place, and I have recommended you for the managing editorship.

"I told the directors that you were a young man of the highest moral integrity and that the magazine was safe in your hands. The salary would be fifteen thousand a year and a stock membership——"

Virginia!

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Stretching Them Out

Little Willie had been kept home from school for a few days on account of the arrival of twins, and his father was writing his excuse. "Hey, Pop!" Willie exclaimed, struck with a sudden inspiration. "Just tell teacher about one little brother this time an' next week I'll stay home again an' you can tell her we got another one."—MRS. PEARL KANE, 507 W. 8th St., Newport, Ky.

* * *

Her Time Was Limited

Little May, having fallen into a mud puddle, presented herself before her mother—a woeful spectacle.

"And that nice, clean dress on, too!" exclaimed her mother.

"But, mamma," sobbed May, "I didn't have any time to change!"—J. M. R., Zephyrhills, Fla.

* * *

Did Mother Take the Hint?

Three-year-old Betty came running into the house, exclaiming:

"Oh, mother, I smell candy!"

Her mother gave Betty a piece of candy and, after eating it, the child said:

"Mother, I didn't know I could smell such a small piece."—A. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

MAN O' WAR *and* His Dynasty

The Results of Scientific Horse Sense and Woman's Intuition

An Article by
SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

A GREAT horse; a great woman; a great State: Man o' War; Elizabeth Daingerfield; Kentucky!

From those beautiful and priceless stallions whose pedigrees and records were chalked on the walls of desert tents by their Arabian masters, down through the ages to Man o' War—culminating glory of a dozen centuries of search for the perfect horse—man has loved, bred, and watched the racing thoroughbred, studied and bred him again.

As a running machine, no horse that ever lived comes in the scope of comparison with Man o' War. As a sire, reproducing in his progeny the qualities that won the world's admiration, he is approaching the pinnacle of his breeder's fascinating experiments.

These experiments are twain: to sponsor horseflesh that shall break all track records and to identify his brood as the most notable gold-winning horses of all time.

The annals of the turf are replete with the chronicles of Man o' War's marvelous performances from barrier to finish stand. This narrative will disclose the manner in which he is justifying the paddock ambitions of Samuel D. Riddle, his owner, and of Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield, universally conceded to be the authority par excellence on blood lines and breeding.

For, with only three crops of his get on the tracks of America, and only nine years of age himself, six of which he has passed in the stud, he has despatched to the barrier about a dozen racers, which have earned in two years more than $365,000. One of his fillies sold for $55,000. This, added to the $249,465 that Man o' War won in his twenty-one starts, brings his racing value to Mr. Riddle to $658,263.

If we regard the fees that the great stallion has earned—about forty mares a season for six seasons at $2,500 a stand—we begin to appreciate that $1,258,263 is a pretty handsome return on Mr. Riddle's original investment. He paid Major Belmont just $5,000 for Man o' War as a yearling!

It is well to fix firmly in mind, before we pass on to the mysteries of blood lines, that Man o' War may easily be in stud for the next fifteen years, adding to his annual fees the constantly mounting earnings of his yearly crops—to say nothing of what his progeny and their get will win in paddock after they, too, retire from the tracks.

MAN O' WAR, the Wonder Horse, and Miss Daingerfield, the Wonder Woman who is his monitor.

It was at once a lucky and an unfortunate thing that Man o' War fell into Mr. Riddle's hands. From the viewpoint of the strictly racing enthusiast, it was hard lines: because if the horse had been permitted to run at top speed he unquestionably would have shattered every world's record. And he would surely have captured more purses than any other horse if he had been entered until, say, he was seven or eight years old.

Except for one race, when he was so handled at the barrier that he was beaten, and one contest, when he ran John P. Grier off his feet and practically killed the latter's usefulness under a jockey, Man o' War won his twenty races leisurely, cantering far ahead of the field under a heavy pull.

It was Mr. Riddle's orders to his riders that they win—but refrain from straining the great horse. Thus from the standpoint of genuine love of the thoroughbred and of scientific curiosity as to what an unequaled stallion may accomplish in the stud, it was a lucky thing that Mr. Riddle got him.

As a result of this exemplary sportsman's attitude, the world, for the first time, is to learn what it never has had a chance to find out because of the greed of owners who

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your camera writes better letters than you, so—*picture it!*

An old proverb says "One picture is worth a thousand words" and when it comes to letter writing you'll find that's the truth.

"What shall I say?" is easily answered. When you fix up the house or buy a new car, go to a beautiful place or have the gang over for the day—take pictures!

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[MAN O' WAR AND HIS DYNASTY]
Continued from Page Thirty-three

had an unbeatable animal in their colors. That is, will a horse that has never been overtaxed and is in full possession of his youth, vigor, and health make a greater sire than a great horse that has been raced out and then removed to the breeding stall?

It still is a bit early to answer this question with definiteness; and there are so many amazing and little-understood aspects of this delicate matter of thoroughbred eugenics that it will be several years before we can know whether Mr. Riddle was correct in his theory that the greatest sire is he who fathers his offspring while in unexhausted command of all his glorious qualities.

Thus it is that down in the lovely, hospitable blue-grass region of Kentucky there is a charming laboratory for this kindly millionaire's experiment with the horse he loves: Faraway Farm, eight miles northwest of Lexington on the old Russell Cave Turnpike.

There Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield, breeding savant without peer, is in full charge of Man o' War and all his affairs. An extraordinary woman, she has approached middle age with just one love and only one thought—the improvement of racing stock. By birth and prior circumstance and by her zeal an expert, she is further equipped with the unswerving purpose and the intuitions of her sex to direct the handling of her ward.

HER father, Foxhall Daingerfield, was a Virginia barrister and brother-in-law of James R. Keene, Wall Street wizard and turf enthusiast. Mr. Keene asked Daingerfield to take charge of his Kentucky stud, and from 1893 until his death twenty years later the Virginian held undisputed title as the world's premier breeder.

Monument to a great predecessor of Man o' War near Lexington, Kentucky.

At her father's knee until he lay in his coffin, his daughter was his confidant, his companion, his shadow. When he passed on, his mantle fell on broad shoulders amply able to wear it—with the added advantage that she was a woman with a woman's inscrutable thoughts, her inspired tangents, her baffling logic, and her unerring conclusions!

So I asked her to talk to me about blood lines; and she did. An eagle of a woman in the aloofness of her profound knowledge and in her utter disregard of things that usually encompass a woman's horizon, she talked patiently and at length and as clearly as she could to one so uninitiate as I.

As she talked we sat in her little office at the foot of the lane that runs to the main stable and gazed out across the blue grass toward the chestnut statue of wondrous beauty that is Man o' War. He was standing motionless, golden sheen of silken skin revealing the curves and shadows of muscles and sinews and tendons that eloquently bespoke his puissant splendor.

SO hot the royal blood in him that his rounded haunches were lather, his great neck arching under its rippling mane of spun copper, his wide barrel swelling slowly and relaxing as he breathed. Warm sorrel velvet, vein-netted, on yielding steel! His head was held proudly up, and the purple pupils of his melting brown eyes seemed to be staring straight into the white hot sun of noon.

An emperor of a horse; a regal, aureate beauty; a golden eagle who seemed poised for flight into the furnace of the orb he gazed on unblinking!

What a thoroughbred! And what a woman was speaking in the soft, rounded syllables of her charming commonwealth! A stallion at the sight of which one's throat constricts; a woman at whose feet one could in silence hark enthralled; and a State whose gallantry and beauty and history are fit background and frame for such a pair!

"Blood lines," Miss Daingerfield mused, heedless of the mellow spirituals sung by darkies in distant stables. "Blood lines are strange things. You think you've put your finger on the answer—and the answer isn't there. Let me tell you, first, something about the blood in Man o' War, and how you find you know nothing about blood lines just as you think you know all.

"Every thoroughbred goes back to three English horses—Matchem, foaled in 1748; Herod, in 1758; and Eclipse, in 1764. The last was born during the eclipse of that year; is said to have run a mile in one minute, which is improbable; and was found, after he died, to have a heart that weighed thirteen pounds. Vast courage resided there.

"Beyond those three extraordinary sires we know little. The English racing stock probably came from Spain, and before that from the horses of the Arabs and the Barbs. But we know that every fine running horse that ever lived is related to those three.

"One of their greatest get was Plenipotentiary, foaled in 1831; Melbourne, in 1834, was another. Breeders doff their hats when they utter those names! Man o' War goes to Plenipotentiary by fourteen lines, and is a direct descendant of Melbourne. Every drop of his blood came from all three of the imperial stallions. He has the speed of Eclipse, the staying pow-

ers of Matchem, whose long races are a tradition; and the heroic heart of Herod.

"Here are some more horses from whose loins and wombs has come the greatest horse of all time—the one out there in the paddock: Fair Play, Hastings, Spendthrift (an American stud from which he gets his size), Australian, West Australian, Fairy Gold, Bend Or, Doncaster, Dame Masham, Hermit, Lady Masham, the immortal Lexington, Thormanby, Rock Sand, Sainfoin, St. Albans, Sanda, Roquebrune, St. Simon, Hermit, Merry Token, Broomielaw, Mizpah, Macgregor, Underhand, and Necklace.

American Flag, son of Man o' War, winning the Belmont Stakes in 1925.

"Fair Play, Man o' War's sire, also fathered Mad Hatter, Ladkin, My Play, Bracadale, Display, Chance Play, Stromboli, Flare, and Eulogy.

"Mahubah, his dam, produced Dazzler and Brilliant. Her father, Rock Sand, won the Triple Crown, which means he won the 2,000 Guineas, the English Derby, and the St. Leger. Among Rock Sand's get are Tracery, Friar Rock, Trap Rock, and the mothers of Epinard, Hourless, Dunlin, and Broomspun.

"Merry Token, Man o' War's grandmother, foaled Sand Mole, Anna Token, and Merry Trask. She was the daughter of Merry Hampton, a Derby winner and second in the St. Leger, and was celebrated for her courage and stamina.

"MIZPAH, Merry Token's mother, was a noted winner and dam, producing Water Tower, Watchful, and the great Tanzmeister, who begot Cherryola. Mizpah's sire was the immortal Macgregor, whose blood is world-famous for staying power. Her grandsire was Underhand, which produced Miss Mansfield, twenty wins; Bargee, twenty; and M. de Paris, fifteen.

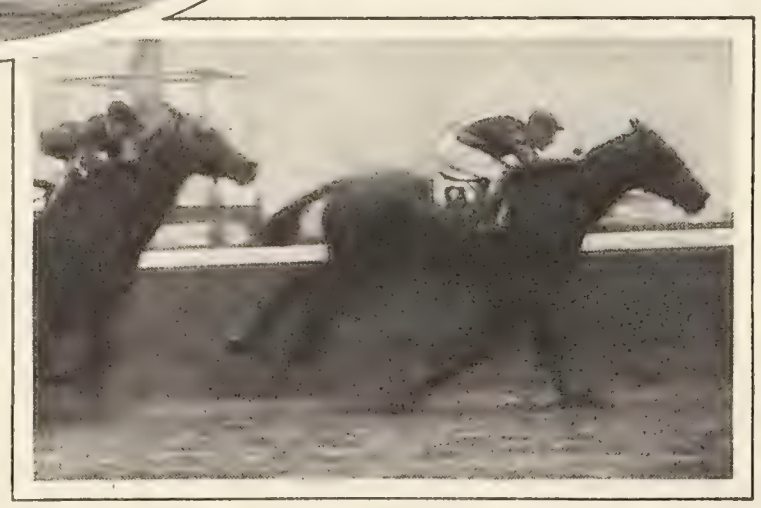
"I haven't tried to tell you all the great horses related to Man o' War, nor about their races. But all of these, and all others from which he comes, go back to the deathless trio—Matchem, Herod, and Eclipse.

"My father was a firm exponent of the American stallion and the English mare for producing a truly great horse. On this point every renowned breeder in the world disagreed with him. The English horse, they held, had the blood lines, and to introduce an American sire was to blacken the noble family.

"I agree with my father, and between us we have, I think, vindicated his thesis. Man o' War, for example, is sixteen hands three inches high and weighs 1,450 pounds. He is a big horse, and he gets it from Spendthrift.

"Colin is an outstanding proof of my father's premise. He never lost a race, and he was the son of Commando. My father also bred Cap and Bells, Celt, Ballot, and the marvelous Peter Pan.

Man o' War, like his father, Fair Play, won the Belmont in 1920.



Crusader, another Man o' War son, making the Belmont a family monopoly by his win in 1926.

"Now, you would think that, with all that matchless ancestry, each of Man o' War's full brothers, the get of Fair Play and Mahubah, would be his equal. There were four offspring besides Man o' War from that pair. One of them was of so little merit that I have forgotten its name; the others were My Play, Playfellow, and Masda. Well, Mr. Riddle wouldn't trade one of Man o' War's worn-out plates for all three of them!

"You'd think that, to produce an even greater horse than the one out there in the paddock, you'd merely have to get a greater mare than Mahubah and mate her with Man o' War.

"It isn't so simple as that. Greatness is a divine gift. Equine families, like human ones, are never consistent; and you might cross a stallion and a mare with all the warrant of the pedigree book, and produce a dud where you were justified in expecting a star.

"Napoleons, Lincolns, and Man o' Wars appear only when and where the gods will. All we can do is take a look at a mare, and if we like her, and the tables show she ought to be the right mate for Man o' War, breed them and pray for luck.

"IF a woman's intuition gives me an advantage over some breeders, it is because I am bold enough to heed that secret inner voice when I hear it. That is, I play my hunches.

"Why is it two sisters will impress you differently—one you cordially dislike and the other you immediately esteem—although you may not have met or spoken to either?

"So it is with mares. I might know that the greatest performer in the world is being brought out here, say, from the Argentine. Yet, the moment I look at her, something about her walk, or her conformation, or some point about one of her remote ancestors, tells me that nothing of the first magnitude will emerge from a union with Man o' War.

"I might see a mare in a pasture as I pass on a train, and something about the way she would lift her head to watch us would tell me there was a fit mate for the monarch. Possibly, when I left the train, returned, and became acquainted with her and her pedigree, I would change my mind. But that is part of the uncertainty and the fascination of this game of breeding. You might buy one mare you completely indorse, lose her by death, and send for her blood sister, only to take an instant and violent dislike to her.

"I am always eager to get hold of a mare with Domino's blood in her. Every classic winner in America is related to that noble black stallion. And yet, that will be a gamble.

"Domino was a striking specimen of an overpowering line, and so is Man o' War. Possibly those two dominating strains will not nick. All Mr. Riddle can do is to get the best-bred mares he can

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You Can Have Beauty of Figure Without "Reducing"

WOMEN are awakening to the dangers of too-severe diet and exercise. In their efforts to attain the "boyish" figure, many have injured health. Leading physicians are uniting in a scientific investigation of this menace.

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[MAN O' WAR AND HIS DYNASTY
Continued from Page Thirty-five]

buy, keep them in perfect health and contentment, cross them with his horse, and trust to fate.

"What we strive for is not greatness in blood lines that will clash, but great lines that will blend. That is the secret of truly great breeding. Obviously, it is something that you cannot put into a formula, but have to 'sense.' We can never know whether they will blend until years have gone by. Unhappily, life is short and we haven't much time for the great experiment.

"There are three mares in England, one in France, and two in this country, any one of which Mr. Riddle would give his entire fortune to own, just to mate her with the wonder horse. I am convinced that those six mares would produce colts even greater than Man o' War, such are their blood lines, their condition of health and their age, the impression they make on me, and the performance of their progeny by sires inferior to Man o' War.

"Of course, other breeders are as astute as I, and they know we want these mares, their knowledge and hunches telling them that Man o' War is the ideal sire for those particular blood lines.

"I don't know whether we'll be able to get them for ourselves. I know Mr. Riddle probably lies awake at night trying to devise some scheme to possess them; for Mr. Riddle is one of the few genuine sportsmen of the turf, and Man o' War is dearer to him than life. Naturally, he would leave nothing undone to obtain the perfect mare for his perfect horse."

Sighing, as she thought of the six great mares, just as Keats may have sighed as he racked his soul for the one word he wanted to make his verse immortal, Miss Daingerfield arose and we left the little office.

IN our stroll toward the great stables we were joined by John Buckner, fifty-four-year-old colored head stud groom in personal charge of Man o' War. An ambulatory encyclopedia of racing statistics and breeding data, Buckner has attended famous stallions for forty years.

We went on to see the yearlings. There are ten fillies and one colt from Man o' War that are now being sent to Mr. Riddle's Maryland farm for breaking and training.

As we looked over the little beauties, Miss Daingerfield explained that a baffling germ called the bloodworm is playing havoc with the breeders around Lexington. It attacks only colts, fillies being immune. And there is no cure for it. It has an effect similar to acute indigestion and eventually destroys the baby colt's intestines. Neither money nor scientific effort is being spared to discover an inoculation against it.

While we looked over the pretty yearlings and watched this year's crop frolic awkwardly around the blue-grass meadow, John Buckner told of the attention he gives Man o' War. The runways between his stall and those of Golden Broom, Star Hampton, and Oceanic are hard clay and constantly irrigated with creoline, a disinfectant. The stall floors are covered with soft clean straw, and each of the horses has a paddock of about two acres, surrounded by a six-plank fence. There are runways between to keep the stallions apart.

Man o' War's daily menu consists of twelve quarts of oats, two quarts of bran, a few carrots, and sweet-timothy hay.

The main stable stands in the middle of the farm's 430 undulating acres of blue grass and great pines and shady spruce trees. There are thirty workers on the place, all colored; and just now there are forty-six brood mares, thirty yearlings, nineteen of them from the other three sires, and about twenty dogs.

The breeding season runs from the middle of February until the middle of June, and Man o' War serves about thirty or forty mares a season.

"This horse was lucky that Mr. Riddle owned him," Miss Daingerfield said. "Instead of racing him to death, he retired him at the end of his unequaled three-year-old career. Man o' War did not reach his full growth, however, until he was five years old, and he left the track with his vitality unimpaired. I think his get will show tremendous speed and stamina, and that they will be better as they grow older and as he grows older.

"YET, one knows nothing, really. The great Novelty was the son of Kingston and foaled when Kingston was twenty-seven years old. Sarazen is the son of High Time, who was just four years old. Man o' War has some splendid offspring—Crusader, Edith Cavell, Mars, American Flag, Corvette, Taps. "American Flag and Crusader, like their sire and grandsire—Fair Play—have both won the classic Belmont Stakes, making a victory for three generations of the Man o' War family. Scapa Flow, a two-year-old this season, making his first start under colors, won the U. S. Hotel stakes and $11,525 at Saratoga, July 31.

"As to racing, I think we run our young horses too frequently. The English race their thoroughbreds only four or five times a year. And our system of handicapping is terrible: Man o' War ran ten times as a two-year-old, and for seven of these races they made him carry 130 pounds against about 105 for his opponents.

"In other words, they penalize a good horse simply because he is good and to give the gamblers something to bet on. If the racing interests were interested in breeding instead of in betting, we should have a standard of thoroughbreds such as we can only dream about now."

Miss Daingerfield runs two other stud farms besides Faraway, owned by Mr. Riddle and his partner, Walter M. Jeffords.

Haylands is her own place, and on it she has Last Coin, which she owns, and Morvich, which she has under lease. She also has charge of Elsmead, property of Morton Schwartz of New York City, a breeder of fine mares.

Most of the get of Man o' War, it will be noticed, are given martial names. Mr. Riddle and his family seem to prefer labels that will be forever reminiscent of his stallion—the greatest thoroughbred the world has ever known.

THE END

MAN O' WAR'S PEDIGREE

Man o' War	Fair Play	Hastings	Spendthrift (Am)	Australian	West Australian M
					*Emilia E
				Aerolite	Lexington H
					Florine (Am) H
			*Cinderella	Blue Ruin or Tomahawk	King Tom E
					Mincemeat H
				Manna	Brown Bread E
					Tartlet E
		*Fairy Gold	Bend Or	Doncaster	Stockwell E
					Marigold E
				Rouge Rose	Thormanby H
					Ellen Horne E
			Dame Masham	Galliard	Galopin E
					Mavis H
				Pauline	Hermit E
					Lady Masham M
	Mahubah	*Rock Sand	Sainfoin	Springfield	St. Albans E
					Viridis E
				Sanda	Wenlock E
					Sandal E
			Roquebrune	St. Simon	Galopin E
					St. Angela E
				St. Marguerite	Hermit E
					Devotion E
		*Merry Token	Merry Hampton	Hampton	Lord Clifden E
					Lady Langden E
				Doll Tearsheet	Broomielaw E
					Mrs. Quickly E
			Mizpah	Macgregor	Macaroni H
					Necklace H
				Daughter of (unnamed)	Underhand H
					Cain Mare H

(Am) American
* Imported

The initials after the names in the last column on the right indicate the blood lines back to the three original thoroughbreds—Matchem (M), Eclipse (E), and Herod (H)

Performances of Man o' War's get in 1925 and 1926, Up to and including July 31, 1926

Name	Starts	First	Second	Third	Won
Crusader	18	9	4	2	$114,150
American Flag	6	4	1	0	70,850
Edith Cavell	17	6	4	0	32,165
Maid at Arms	12	5	1	2	27,655
Mars	18	4	3	5	24,000
Taps	10	3	0	4	20,650
Florence Nightingale	13	2	1	1	14,900
Scapa Flow	1	1	0	0	11,525
Dress Parade	15	4	5	2	9,550
Corvette	14	4	3	3	9,325
By Hisself	17	1	1	3	7,275
Lightship	17	2	4	1	4,850
Flagship	19	3	2	5	4,180
Medal	10	3	1	2	3,135
First Mate	19	3	2	1	2,705
Gun Boat	7	1	2	1	2,400
Siren	6	3	0	0	2,100
Swanee	10	1	1	1	1,348
War Lord	11	1	1	0	1,200
Volunteer	8	1	0	0	700
Sea Soldier	4	0	2	0	600
	252	61	38	33	$365,263

One of Man o' War's yearling fillies, War Feathers, brought $55,000 at auction.

Man o' War's American Records
(In two years he won $249,465)

1920	Track	Stake	Distance	Weight	Time
May 29	Belmont	The Withers	1 mile	118 lbs.	1:35 4/5
July 10	Aqueduct	The Dwyer	1⅛ miles	126	1:49 1/5
June 12	Belmont	The Belmont	1⅜ miles	126	*2:14 1/5
September 11	Belmont	Jockey Club	1½ miles	118	*2:28 4/5
September 4	Belmont	Lawrence Realization	1⅝ miles	126	*2:40 4/5

* Still a track record.

Died of a Broken Oil Film

If your motor dies, on a lonely road, because you run out of gas, that's one story. And you may even be able to laugh at it—a week later.

¶ *Most motors that have wheezed their last tired mile to an early grave died of a broken-oil-film.*

BUT—

. . . . if your motor dies because your oil has failed, that's another tale and a sadder one. For, there's nothing funny about a dismal trip to a repair-shop. And still less to laugh about the first of the month when you get the bill.

Yet the failure of motor-oils is so common that it is responsible for three-fourths of all engine repairs. And most motors that have wheezed their last tired mile to an early grave died of a broken-oil-film.

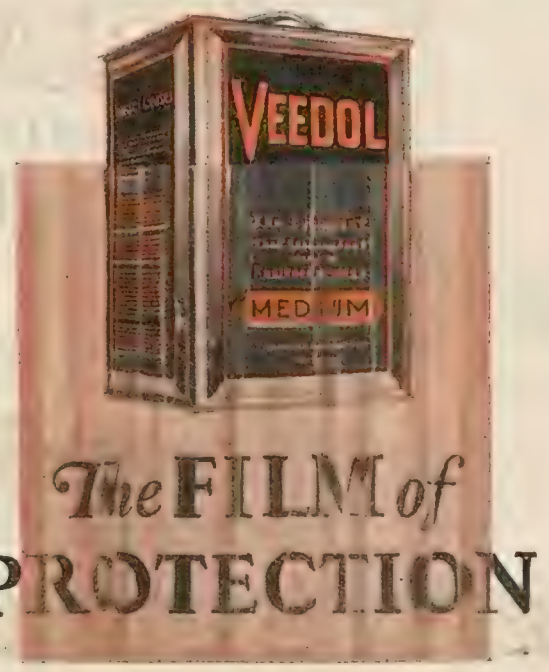
The motor oil's responsibility

A motor oil, in action, forms a thin film over the vital parts of a motor. This film penetrates between all the whirling, sliding surfaces and prevents destructive chafing of metal against metal.

But the oil-film itself is subjected to terrific punishment. It is lashed by withering heat. It is ground by relentless friction. Under that punishment the film of ordinary oil often breaks and burns.

Through the broken, shattered film hot metal chafes against hot metal. Insidious friction sets up its work of destruction. Often before you know the oil has failed, you have a burned-out bearing, a scored cylinder or a seized piston. That means big repair bills.

Because motor lubrication is a matter of oil films, Tide Water technologists spent years in studying and testing not only oils but *oil films.* Finally they perfected, in Veedol an oil which gives the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.* A fighting film which resists to the uttermost deadly heat and friction.



Hundreds of thousands of car-owners have found, in Veedol, their motor's most steadfast defender. Let the Veedol "film of protection" safeguard your motor and keep it sweet-running and free from repairs.

Wherever a dealer displays the orange and black Veedol sign, you will find the Veedol Motor Protection Guide, a chart which tells which Veedol oil your particular motor requires.

Complete Veedol Lubrication

Have your crankcase drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil today. Or, better still, let the dealer give you complete Veedol lubrication—the "film of protection" for every part of your car.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

HUNDREDS OF USES IN EVERY HOME, STORE, OFFICE,

A Saturday Afternoon's Fun with ROGERS

THE MARK OF QUALITY

BRUSHING LACQUER

IT all started when Jack Small picked up a Rogers Color Card at the office and read about this amazing new home lacquer. How it goes *right over the old finish.* How it *"Dries while you wait"*—ready for immediate use. How almost unlimited and beautiful color effects are possible.

On the way home Saturday noon he bought some Rogers Brushing Lacquer, a can of Rogers Thinner, and a good, soft brush. After a quick lunch he started. And this is what he did:

1 Lacquered the old, shabby chiffonier in the girls' room, decorating with charming transfer designs.

2 Lacquered his old, scratched-up end table. Good as new.

3 Sneaked little Betty's kiddy car away and gave it a bright, new dress.

4 Retrieved a discarded Colonial chair from the attic and transformed it with rich lacquer colors.

5 Slipped the faded chromo from an old frame and made it a thing of color and beauty.

And then he quit only because Helen had dinner on the table. He had spent a little less than four hours doing all these things. Everything was dry and ready for use—even the last piece. And Helen was literally in ecstasies.

Anyone can use this wonderful new Rogers Brushing Lacquer. There is no tedious "getting ready." It goes on with a brush, right over the old finish. DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT—in a half hour or less. There is no litter, no confusion, no drying wait. And the beautiful, glassy, porcelain-like finish is *practically indestructible.* Does not print or hold lint. Dries smoothly and free from dust.

There are literally hundreds of uses in every home, store, office, factory and in industries of all kinds.

Dealers everywhere sell Rogers Brushing Lacquer in the Oriental can. Comes in a wide range of newest colors, also white, black and clear. Be sure you get the genuine—the kind sold on a publicly advertised "MONEY-BACK" Guaranty.

DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS, *Detroit, Michigan*
Makers of Highest Grade Paints, Varnishes, Colors, Lacquers

"MONEY-BACK" GUARANTY

Try one can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer. If not MORE *than satisfied, return what is left in the can to your dealer. He is authorized to refund the entire purchase price.*

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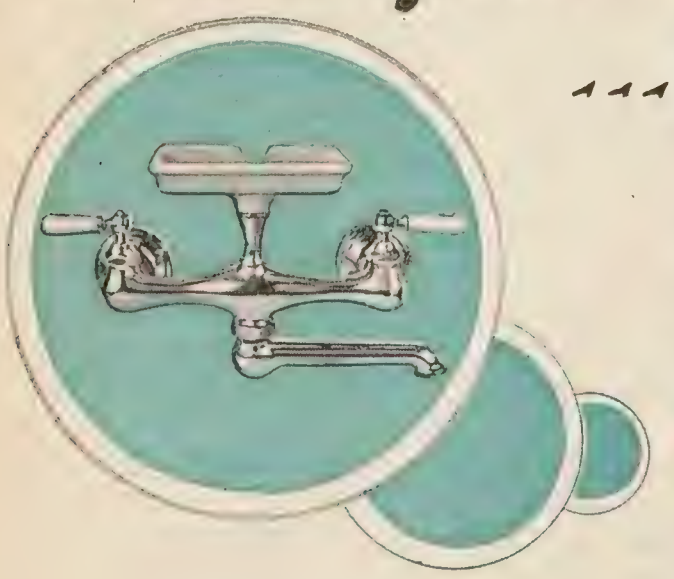
DRIES WHILE YOU WAIT

BUILDING AND IN INDUSTRIES OF ALL KINDS.

Do noisy faucets arouse you in the night?

— look to the VITAL SPOTS



Do you live in a house of leaky, gurgling faucets? Do you know the misery of being awakened every so often by a turmoil of hideous faucet groans?

Faucets that "murder" sleep are an easily avoidable nuisance. The whole trouble can be corrected within a few hours' time.

Spend no money in trying to rejuvenate worn-out faucets. You will find it cheaper in the end to replace all the old unmanageable noise-makers with modern Mueller Faucets—silent, efficient guardians of plumbing's *Vital Spots*.

Mueller Faucets are made with a real conception of the purpose of faucets. For sixty-nine years the Mueller people have given the best of their skill to making faucets ever better and better.

They look upon faucets as what they actually are — the *Vital Spots* of a plumbing system. They design and make them with a hundred thousand trouble possibilities provided for in advance.

That is why Mueller Faucets — the last word in appearance and service — perform their functions so satisfactorily, why they allow you to get out of your water pressure all that it can give.

Better hot water systems

You will find in Mueller Automatic Hot Water Control an improved system that forever supersedes the obsolete expansion tank. This better system deserves your careful consideration.

Your *merchant* plumber and Mueller Faucets are old friends. He likes to be able to use them when people want his best work. He knows he will point with pride for many years to his Mueller Faucet installations. Ask him for cost and other data on Mueller Faucets and Mueller Automatic Hot Water Control systems. He can quickly get any Mueller Product from the more than 300 Mueller jobbers that are located throughout the United States and Canada.

Consult your architect in regard to the *Vital Spots* of plumbing. He knows Mueller Faucets are dependable and will be glad to approve your desire to have them installed.

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faucets without a fault

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The WHIRLWIND

A Vivid New Serial

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"I KNOW," said her mother firmly, "that Alan Cameron is so much in love with you that he can hardly act like a sane human being."

A Desperate Wife Meets a Modern Crisis With a Piece of Ancient Strategy

IN Clay Forrester's ears New York life was pounding like a hollow drum when she met Tommy Hoyt. The very evening before he appeared, Betsy Kilgrew had swallowed poison in a night club dressing-room—all for love of a married man who preferred not to divorce his wife.

Then came Tommy, tall, blond, and refreshing. He had just spent five years in China. This New York astounded him, and he thought night clubs dumb. But he fell heavily for Clay, and a proposal burst from him. To her own amazement Clay accepted him. And to her further amazement she found herself being married to him in a solemn church with Lucille, her ever-young mother, sitting complacently in a pew between her two husbands—her former husband, who was Clay's father, and her present husband, Syd Gordon.

The honeymoon, in Paris, was embittered for Tommy by the tawdriness of Clay's set abroad. When Eric Pearson, a monocled pawer-of-women, nominated himself for the place of Clay's second husband, Tommy took his bride and steamed back to America.

Together they made a Long Island home, where they lived happily. But the old gang hunted them out, at last—descended upon them, bringing Eric Pearson and a gallon of

Together they made a Long Island home, began. One night, when all was still, Tommy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"93" Hair Tonic Brings Health And New Luster

YOU too can have thicker, glossier hair. Rub in a little *Rexall "93" Hair Tonic* three times a week. This stimulates the scalp and brings renewed life and luster to your hair. You will be astonished when you see how quickly your hair responds to this treatment.

Rexall "93" Hair Tonic is not sticky or mussy. It leaves the hair beautiful, soft and easy to comb.

For falling hair, dandruff and scalp troubles, insist on *Rexall "93" Hair Tonic.* Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your*

Rexall Drug Store

You will recognize it by this sign

Liggett's are also Rexall stores

[THE WHIRLWIND
Continued from Page Forty-one]

and Clay stood clasped in each other's arms, telling each other that they were different from the rest. Then Clay tiptoed downstairs to put out the lights. A door opened noiselessly. Eric Pearson emerged, crushed her against him, kissed her burningly on the mouth. She heard a curious sound that was not quite a laugh, and saw Tommy staring down at them, his eyes hard.

PART THREE

A LOG tumbled from the blazing pile in the fireplace, and Tommy got up to lift it back into place with the tongs. Clay watched him over the top of her book. He lifted another log to the fire, straightened up, paused at the table to make himself a highball. He sat down in the armchair and picked up the magazine he had been reading. As Clay's eyes dropped to her novel, she saw him glance casually in her direction.

The page of the book blurred before her. They reminded her—herself and Tommy—of two strangers in a doctor's waiting-room, two people apart from each other, glancing up covertly now and again, more because there was nothing else to do, than because of actual interest. Probably less interested in each other than waiting-room patients, thought Clay bitterly. She and Tommy knew so well how each looked; but so pathetically little, now, of each other's feelings.

He was reading again, head bent forward, face reposeful.

"Tommy!"

"What?"

HE was reading again, head bent forward. She looked at him earnestly, as though trying to fathom his mind.

be nice. I told you, didn't I, that I'm staying in town Saturday night? Probably come down Sunday, if it's a good day."

She put down her book and contemplated him.

He hated to have her look at him like that, as she found herself looking at him so often—curiously, searching. It was strange to her to be wondering what he was thinking; to be speculating about him; guessing. For so long his mind had been as clear to her as her own—or at least as open to discovery.

"Tommy!"

"What is it, Clay?"

She wished he wouldn't sound so patient. She'd seen other men who had that elaborate politeness toward their wives and had wondered what it meant. She knew, now.

He had lost faith.

Again she found herself staring at him, conscious, as she had been before, of how much he disliked it.

"Tommy, I'd like to have a baby."

His head came up quickly at that, and she caught her breath as she saw his eyes fixed upon her as though he were actually seeing her at last.

"Good heavens, Clay, what an idea!" But he set down his magazine and continued to look at her curiously.

HER heart was hammering. "I would, Tommy—really! I want something real. Ever since we—for about a month, my life hasn't been as real as a paper doll's. This isn't just a sudden idea—I've thought about it."

"Strikes me as being a bit arrogant," he answered. "Who are we that we should continue our line? Don't you think it's rather tough on a poor child, to bring it into the world—to lean on? I'm trying to be fair, Clay. But do you think it's such a perfect world?"

Tears rose in her eyes. "Oh, I don't *care!*" she said. "Some people are happy! It could take its chance at happiness along with the rest of us—as other babies do.

At the last minute she decided that she couldn't face a week-end alone with her mother and Sydney. If it were to be just Lucille—but her mother's husband was too much. She sat down at the telephone and called Hilda. But Hilda was going out of town, and Betsy was engaged. Mimi Chandler was still in Maine. In desperation, she called Charley Van Dyke.

"Mona's just back from Paris," he told her. "Connubial bliss and all that. I'm so surprised to discover that she hasn't divorced me every time she comes home that I'm the attentive husband for at least a week."

"Bring her," Clay invited. She'd never known Mona Van Dyke well, but what did it matter? Anything to provide someone for Lucille and Sydney to talk to.

They arrived, the four of them, on the same train, Lucille and Mona shivering as they crossed the platform before a gust of easterly wind.

"Rotten weather," she greeted them, kissing her mother. "So glad you could come, Mona. 'Lo, Charley—Syd."

What did she care for these four people who were piling into her car, waiting for her to take them to her house?

"Tommy won't be down until Sunday," she told Charley Van Dyke. "Business——"

He smiled. He knew as well as she did—and as well as Betsy and Hilda and Eric Pearson and everyone else—that it was only recently that business had kept Tommy Hoyt in New York.

IT was really too late in the season to have people down. They awoke, on Saturday morning, to a slanting rain, and nightfall brought out no stars. In a bitter way, Clay was enjoying the week-end. It amused her to see these four bored and tired people confined to one house, with no alleviating theaters or night clubs around the corner. They played bridge and talked scandal and drank cocktails. The Van Dykes cast barbed remarks at each other, and Lucille yawned in her husband's face.

Marriages—here were two of them! Her mother had evolved a fair working arrangement. She flirted where she wished, even, at times, waxing romantic, like a schoolgirl. Clay doubted if any of her affairs were serious.

Mona Van Dyke was different—her brooding eyes and petulant mouth told that. She moved about the world greedily, seeking happiness at any price, willing to pay for it with the inescapable suffering of disillusion.

"I guess Tommy isn't coming down," Clay said at noon on Sunday, when her guests sprawled about the living-room, wondering what there was left to talk about. "Syd, why don't you be the bright-eyed little lad and make some mint juleps? I'll get the mint."

She went out, bareheaded, into the rain. The damp ground exuded a fragrant smell, and she brushed her face against the wet mint leaves. This rain would keep things green a little longer.

She lifted her face to the gray sky. "I won't be like them, God!" she addressed the swollen clouds. "Why shouldn't I do everything I can to bring Tommy back?"

She had been moving in a daze, ever since she left Dr. MacPherson's office. The long ride down the island in the train had seemed like a flash, a brief moment in eternity. She had forgotten to telephone for the car, so she walked the mile from the station to the house through the crisp November sunlight, and that, too, seemed but a second in time. It was good for her to walk; Dr. MacPherson had said so.

The house looked blank and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

America's New Electric Stoves

White-Cross has pioneered and completed a manufacturing achievement that has put the finest electric cooking on an amazing new price level. Now every woman who wants modern electric cooking can have it. Unequalled value has already put these new electric stoves in almost a quarter million American homes.

Quality that Never Disappoints

WHITE CROSS Two-Burner Electric Stove $6

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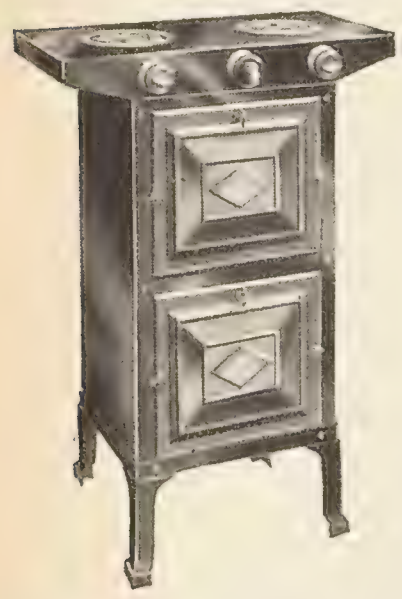

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Let your electrical or hardware dealer show you this stove. Insist upon the genuine, White-Cross—the accepted standard in over 200,000 homes. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct. Simply mail the coupon. When the package arrives, pay the postman only $6. Actually use the stove one whole week in your own home. Then, if not delighted, return it, and your money will be promptly refunded without question.

Complete Cabinet Electric Range $29.00

Only $29 . . . but money cannot buy more efficient electric cooking! Bakes, fries, roasts, boils and broils with unsurpassed speed and economy. Oven has three heats—high, medium, and low—ranging up to 400°. 34 inches high. Top is 12 inches x 22 inches with 2 burners operating independently by "on and off" switch at each burner. Oven is 12 inches x 10 inches x 11 inches. Warming closet below, same size. Finest sheet steel, double walled, asbestos lined. Elements guaranteed for one year. Triple baked enamel. This range gives you every essential feature you want, in its finest form. Electrify your cooking now! If your dealer can't supply you, order direct, on approval, for six days' trial use. See coupon below.

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☐ Send me No. 100, 2-burner stove. When the stove arrives, I will pay postman $6 ($7 West of Rockies). If not delighted after six days' use. I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

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[THE WHIRLWIND Continued from Page Forty-three]

stupid with the curtains taken down. On days like this, she hated the thought of leaving it. But the apartment she had taken in the city would be attractive, and now that all her life was to be so different——

"Mr. Hoyt has been home, ma'am," Anna greeted her, in the hall. "He said to give you this."

Clay looked up with dreamy, preoccupied eyes. "Oh. Thank you, Anna."

She took the letter incuriously and walked into the dismantled living-room and sat down. Strange, how happy she felt! Ever since the doctor had smiled and nodded his head to her inquiry, she had had this feeling—exalted, complete. Here, at last, was definite truth. She and Tommy were to have a child!

SHE drew a deep breath. He might be angry, at first, but that didn't matter. Nothing mattered, now, except the one fact. Her eyes shone excitedly. Think of having a *fact* in one's life after all these weeks of senseless nothing!

She smiled as she opened Tommy's letter. What could he have come down for, today? He hadn't known, of course, that she was in New York. She pulled out the sheet of paper and bent over it.

> DEAR CLAY: Sorry to have missed you. There's trouble at the London office and I'm sailing this afternoon. Probably stay over there some time—the branch has been needing reorganization, and under the circumstances, I may as well do it. We are only making each other unhappy by being together. This pretense we've been carrying on is pretty awful after what we started with. I hate to do this without seeing you, but perhaps it is better. You'll be moving to New York right away and can swing back into the old life as though I'd never existed. I am sorry, Clay.
>
> TOMMY.

Clay sat perfectly still, holding the letter in her hand.

"As though I'd never existed!"

Why had he existed, anyway? Why had she? And now—now she was to bring another life into existence, willfully, arrogantly.

Tommy had been right. It was a wicked, a criminal thing to do! She'd pretended to herself that she wanted a child to fill the place in her life that Tommy's withdrawal had left empty. Some reason for going on living. Now, with Tommy actually, physically gone from her, she knew that wasn't true. She'd hoped it would bring them together again!

She was alone now—worse than alone. Before her stretched months of desperate, lonely waiting. She clenched her hands, staring at the bare wall opposite, in anguish.

To think that she had once had the audacity, the supreme impudence, to drag someone back from death into life! She remembered Betsy's cry—"Do you think I want to live forever?" And now she was dragging another being into life, life that she knew was bitter and without reason! Who did she think she was, anyway? God?

In the drawer of that little table in the corner there had been a revolver. Tommy had had it in China. Only a few weeks ago he had taken it to the shore and had sat shooting at targets floating on pieces of wood, in the blue water. Of course, it might not be there, now . . .

It was cold against her fingers. Cold steel—she'd heard about that. If one were going to die, this was a better way. Betsy's attempt had been so futile. But with a bullet—Clay turned the revolver over in her hand.

"Well, little fool," she said to herself, in a shaking voice, "what are you waiting for? Do *you* want to live forever?"

She looked at the revolver again. Such a little thing it was, to carry one on such a long journey—from life into death! Well . . .

"I really don't think I'd do that, if I were you!"

She jumped to her feet and hid the gun behind her skirt with a guilty, frightened swiftness. Her cheeks turned scarlet. She felt as though some stranger had come upon her in her bath.

"Who are you?" She stared angrily at the man who stood in the doorway, looking at her with grave gray eyes.

"You look," he returned, "exactly like a seven-year-old child who has been caught stealing jam!" He came toward her, reached out, and took the gun from her cold little hand. "Which," he added solemnly, "is no way for a grown woman to look when she's about to commit suicide! Or weren't you?"

"I can't see," she answered, in a voice that shook, now, as much from indignation as from emotion, "that it is any business of yours what I was doing!"

THE man threw back his head and laughed at her. He was a tall man, broad shouldered, like Tommy, but bigger and shaggier. His hair, like Tommy's, was blond, but patches of gray made it seem even fairer. It curled riotously over his head. His homespun suit was fuzzy and loose on his big frame. Looking at her and laughing, he seemed like a great, amiable bear.

"I beg your pardon," he said in a deep but somehow gentle voice. "I forgot that we had not been introduced. You're Mrs. Hoyt, I believe?"

"What of it?" she asked defiantly.

"Child!" He slipped the gun into his hip pocket as casually as though it were a flask—or as though it were his property! "I'm Alan Cameron. You may have heard Tommy speak of me."

She bowed her head angrily. "You're in the firm," she said.

"But, even so, I don't see what you're doing here!"

"Rescuing a small girl from a dragon, apparently."

He smiled again, and his smile made her feel uncomfortably ridiculous.

"I put Tommy on his boat this afternoon. He seemed to be in—well, some doubt about the advisability of leaving. So I thought I'd better run down here and see what you thought about it. I've seen."

Her heart leaped. "Hasn't he gone?"

Alan Cameron nodded. "Yes, he's gone. He's probably in a state of profound intoxication, somewhere beyond the three-mile limit."

"What do you mean by coming into my house and interfering like this?" she raged, while tears streamed over her cheeks. "How do you dare? What business of yours is it? I'm old enough to know what I want to do with my life! You—" She darted forward and tried to pull the gun from his pocket; one of his hands closed about her wrists and held her firmly.

"There, now!" She had collapsed against him, sobbing like a child. He looked about for a moment at the dismantled room. "I think I'll take you right back to New York with me and sit you down in the front row of a musical comedy," he said.

"M-musical c-comedy!" she sobbed. "I tell you, I don't want to *live* any more!"

"I know." He patted her gently, soothingly. Then: "Do you want to go upstairs and wash your face before we start?" he asked her. "Is there a servant here? I'll tell her that I'm taking you with me."

SHE looked up at him, her head heavy on her neck, drooping.

"She's in the kitchen."

He supported her, for a moment, with his arm. "All right?"

"Yes."

Her feet were like lead as she climbed the stairs to her room. When she returned, he was standing before the empty fireplace, and there were a glass and a decanter on the table.

"I asked Anna for this," he explained. "Here!"

Docilely she took the glass he offered her, drank the whisky, and shivered. "I suppose I ought to tell you——" she began, but he stopped her.

"Don't tell me anything, now. You're going to have plenty of time to tell me things. We'll drive into town and have dinner at some nice, quiet place. Then we'll go to a show. After that, we'll see how you feel."

She smiled faintly.

"Good girl! First time I've ever seen you smile!" He held out her coat, turning her about as though she were, indeed, a child. "I told the maid that you might not be down for a few days. Everything is quite all right."

"Quite all right," Clay repeated. The air, when Alan Cameron held open the door for her, was crisp and cool. She pulled the collar of her fur coat about her ears, and smiled at him. "*Quite* all right," she said.

CLAY was sitting in the living-room of her apartment, waiting for Alan. Outside, snow was falling through the dusk, blurring the windows that faced Central Park, but within, a fire was glowing and Alan's red roses flamed in a great blue bowl.

The doorbell rang, and she jumped up, her eyes glowing. She heard Anna's steps through the hall.

"Hello, Clay!"

Her face fell. "Oh, it's you, Lucille."

Her mother laughed. "Only me! Anna, take my coat and hang it where it will dry." She dropped an armful of parcels to the table. "Wait until you see what I've bought, Clay Hoyt!" She broke the string, and held up a small bonnet of frailest material. "Isn't that ducky? It's that Florentine work."

"Oh, Lucille!" Clay's face lighted with pleasure. "Now, honestly!" She took it from her mother's hands. "I suppose you realize that unless I have triplets, I'll have to change the poor child's clothes every ten minutes if you keep on buying like this! Alan came home yesterday, with—believe it or not

She jumped to her feet, hid the gun behind her skirt, and stared angrily at the man who stood in the doorway.

—a white Teddy bear the size of an elephant!"

Lucille Gordon's eyebrows went up until they disappeared beneath the fringe of auburn hair. "Er—did you say 'came home,' Clay?"

Clay laughed. "I did, didn't I? Well, it's practically the same thing! He dines here 'most every night. And the things he buys! Anyone would think it was his child!"

Lucille grimaced. "As a matter of fact," she said dryly, "it wouldn't surprise me if some people did!"

"Mother!" Only when she was deeply moved did Clay call her that. She blushed as she sat down on the edge of the couch. "Why—how perfectly absurd! Why—Alan——"

"Has hardly been seen away from your side since Tommy left you—to put it bluntly," retorted Lucille.

"But——"

"That's precisely what I came to talk about. Clay, hasn't it ever occurred to you that people might be talking?"

Clay pouted. "I think that's funny, coming from *you!* I suppose, now that I think of it, that some people would. Some people always do. It honestly never occurred to me. Certainly *you* know——"

"I know," said her mother firmly, "that Alan Cameron is so much in love with you that he can hardly act like a sane human being!"

"*Mother!*" Clay's face was a mixture of amusement and surprise. "He's no such thing! Why, Alan—Alan—I don't know what I'd have done, without him! But as for being in love with me—why, he's old enough to——"

"How old is he, Clay?"

"Thirty-six. But——"

"Thirty-six! Just trembling on the brink of the grave isn't he? Clay, even if you are younger than anything else out of the nursery, do try to use your head!"

Clay got up and walked to the window, her head whirling. Alan—in love with her! Why, her mother was crazy! He treated her as though she were a tiny girl, cajoling, wheedling, spoiling her.

"Have you told Tommy yet—about the baby?"

SHE bit her lips. "No, I haven't! I don't see why I should. It's *my* baby! It——"

"It's his, too, isn't it? Or isn't it?"

"Of course it is! Why, mother, I never in all my life ——" She put her hand to her forehead and pushed back the short locks perplexedly. "You're wrong, darling—honestly you are! Tommy didn't want me to have a baby, and——"

"Have you heard from Tommy lately?"

"Got a letter today. He hasn't any idea when he'll be back. Says he's working hard and hopes I'm well. Wants me to write once in a while." She paused. "It's hard to write to him, somehow," she said slowly. "I guess I'm afraid. I don't know what he's going to say when he finds out—" She looked up at the ring of the bell. "There's Alan, now!"

Lucille Gordon sat watching, as her daughter advanced to greet Alan Cameron.

"Hello, child! Fine weather for Eskimos!" He leaned over and kissed the top of her head. "Oh, hello, there, Mrs. Gordon!"

Lucille gave him her hand languidly.

He sat down in the armchair and stretched his legs toward the fireplace. "Lord, I'm tired! Frightfully busy day, Clay—that's why I didn't telephone you. How've you been?"

Clay stood, her hands resting on the table, looking at him. "All right!" Why—her mother was insane! Alan was no more in love with her than she with him! And she was in love with Tommy! Of course he was with her most of the time, but that was natural enough. A club was a beastly place to spend one's evenings!

"I've got to be getting along." Lucille rose, smiling. "And what's more, my dear, I don't take back a word I said!" She kissed her daughter, looked at Alan, laughed, and went out into the hall.

"What did your mother mean, Clay?" he asked, when the outer door had closed. "Come on over by the fire."

She moved toward him slowly.

"What's the matter?" He watched her for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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641 Clinton Street Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Write for this attractive folder giving details of the Carryola Models.

[THE WHIRLWIND Continued from Page Forty-five]

a moment, then got up and stood, resting his hands on her shoulders. "Are you upset about something, dear? Heard from Tommy?"

"That isn't it. I——" She looked away from him in confusion.

"Clay!"

Her eyes, when they met his, held a different light from any he had ever seen there. Self-conscious; no longer open and clear like a child's.

"*Clay!*"

She heard him draw a deep breath, watched something creep into his own gray eyes that had never been there before. Uncertainly her mouth twisted into a smile.

"Don't look at me like that!" he commanded, and turned away from her abruptly. She was silent, watching him, and he turned back, caught her shoulders in his grasp, and held them tightly. "Good God, Clay!" He pushed her away from him, and dropped down into the armchair, burying his face in his hands. "Clay, I love you more than anything in this world!" he said. His voice, emerging between his fingers, was husky. "I'd give my whole life for the end of your little finger! I—oh, why did I tell you, Clay?"

She stood where he had left her, watching his face.

"I didn't mean to tell you! I was going to wait. Clay, you can't love Tommy! Not when I love you so much. I want you, Clay—want you for my own. I want to take care of you and cherish you and—Clay?"

"I never knew." She sat down in the other chair and they stared at each other through the firelight. "Oh, Alan! I—I don't know!"

He leaned toward her eagerly. "Of course you loved Tommy, darling," he told her. "I know that. But you're older now, and you've gone through such hell. I love you so much!"

"I never thought of you—this way," she whispered.

HE took her hands. "Think of me now, then, Clay! Please, dearest! Won't you write to Tommy? Or let me? He could get a divorce over there—go to Paris. And we could be married before—before July!"

"Before I have Tommy's child?" Her voice was steady. "Oh, Alan, I tell you I've never thought about it! I—I'm so fond of you! But I'm so fond of him, too——"

"Darling! You——"

Anna came quietly to the door. "Dinner, Mrs. Hoyt."

"Thank you, Anna." She rose and he caught her hands again.

"Clay, darling, I'll do anything you say! You know that! But ——"

She shook her head slowly. "I'm all confused," she said. "I don't know at all. But—we have to wait until after July. I *know* that, Alan!"

He looked down into her face for a long moment. Then he released her hands and bowed his head slowly.

"I'd wait a hundred years, Clay!" he told her.

NO one but Alan, Clay told herself, could have been so wonderful. Not a word, through what remained of the winter, through the long spring, that might disturb her. Not the suggestion, ever, of any criticism of Tommy, or of her own handling of the situation. If he was pleading his own cause at all, it was only by being himself, by showing, day after day, what a fine friend, what a glorious comrade he could be.

And now it was all at an end!

Clay lay quietly, in the cool hospital bed, looking out through the window at the park, waiting. Somewhere in another room that funny little object that was her son and Tommy's was waiting, too. And for what? Her thoughts moved sluggishly; the sheets were so cool, and she was so comfortable and at peace.

"Mr. Cameron has come," the nurse told her. "He can stay half an hour, today."

Clay smiled.

She was still smiling when Alan came into the room, his arms laden with flowers.

The nurse took them, moved about crisply in her crackling uniform.

Alan sat down beside the bed.

"Well, child?"

Her hand reached out for his. "Dear Alan!" she looked passed him dreamily. "Alan, did you cable Tommy?"

He nodded, and reached, almost reluctantly, into his pocket. "I have his answer."

She took it from him and tore it open. The words stood out before her eyes, like letters on an electric sign.

"Clay——?"

She handed it to him gently.

RETURNING NEW YORK AT ONCE. TOMMY.

They were silent, Clay motionless between the sheets, Alan like a statue in the chair beside her bed.

"Well—" He put the cable beside her, lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it gently. "I can wait a little longer, Clay!"

She looked from the cable to Alan Cameron.

"Wait—" she whispered. The vagueness faded from her brown eyes, and she smiled. "How lovely your flowers are, Alan! Do you want to see the baby?"

To the modern father in the young jazz set, just what does his baby mean? For a startling picture of old standards smashed and discarded, see next week's installment.

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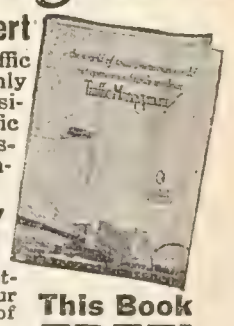

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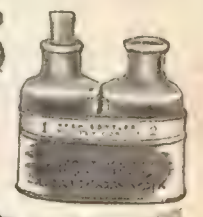

Takes Out Blots and stains

The Kind that will Remove OLD Writing and Blots

SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

Why Our Immigration LAW Is NECESSARY

Drawing by W. FLETCHER-WHITE

We have closed the front door, only to leave the back door open.

America Needs to Control Its Supply of Skilled Workers

By JAMES J. DAVIS
U. S. SECRETARY OF LABOR

Henry Miller photo

Secretary Davis.

AMERICA was discovered, settled, and made by people who came from Europe. We all need to call that fact to mind now and then. Undoubtedly, thought of that fact was reflected in the nation's attitude toward immigration. Now, after a century and a half, the descendants of the immigrants have felt driven to change their policies toward immigration.

Why? For two main reasons.

Of America's population of 110,000,000 people, 37,000,000 are foreign born or of foreign-born or mixed parentage. In the hundred years from 1820 to 1920, 34,000,000 immigrants came here. Many more than half of these—roughly, 19,000,000—have come during the last generation.

Tourists have come home to us with accounts of having seen posters in European towns picturing the immigrant newly arrived in New York with his earthly belongings in a bandanna, and of the same immigrant five years later riding down Fifth Avenue in his limousine and taking the plaudits of the crowd with a wave of his diamond-incrusted fingers. Many a European believed, or was made to believe, that city streets in America were literally paved with gold.

The war stopped immigration. No country would let an able-bodied man get out of the ranks and come to America. Thus immigration ceased to be a problem for the time. Immediately after the war it arose again, more acute than ever.

We celebrated peace in a short burst of prosperity; then the cost of the war began to be felt. Industry came to a standstill.

In 1921, Senator Medill McCormick of Illinois first called attention to the seriousness of the situation by requesting a statement of the employment situation. It was then found that more than 5,000,000 American workers were out of jobs. From this information also resulted President Harding's Unemployment Conference of 1921.

At that, America was better off than the rest of the world. The other countries were literally shot to pieces and their unemployed turned their eyes to more fortunate America. Once the war was over and shipping was resumed, it appeared that immigration to the United States would break all records—with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

His feet gave out ~he just couldn't walk another step

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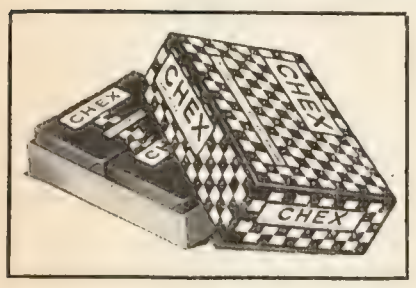

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[WHY OUR IMMIGRATION LAW IS NECESSARY
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

5,000,000 Americans out of work.

If the jobless of the world had piled in here, a million or more a year, as they threatened to do, to compete with jobless Americans, bread lines and soup kitchens would have sprung up everywhere.

What would have happened to American wages? What would have become of the American standard of living?

SOMETHING had to be done.

The first restrictive immigration law was written on our statute books in 1921, under the eye of the President, and with the approval of public opinion as expressed in Congress.

By that emergency measure the annual tide of immigration was cut to nearly a third of its former peak total. The American worker was saved from a competition that would have ruined him. The country itself was saved from a mass of raw population that it might never have found possible to digest.

The restrictive law not only served to stabilize conditions here, but, by informing the world that their immigrants would not be received here, it served notice to the people of European nations that they had best buckle down to the task of working out a salvation of their own economic condition.

Keystone photo

Immigrants in pen at Ellis Island awaiting their fate.

Now, to the economic reason that prompted the restrictive law in the first place, the social reason had been added to keep it in force. Congress has determined to let in aliens only as fast as the country can absorb them and make them good Americans.

To those who come as immigrants the right to live here is a prize to be won by those who are able to do so. To that end, Congress has put up tests or examinations that they must pass.

Limitation began with the Chinese and barred coolie labor absolutely; but merchants and traders still are admitted freely by treaty; their children born here are American citizens.

In California an economic situation had drawn many Orientals. The State needed them for its prompt development. But immediately the social question arose. It led to riots. Chinamen were stoned in San Francisco. In 1862 California's Governor called for State regulation, only to have the law held unconstitutional by the State Supreme Court. Regulation by treaty was tried. To cut short the story of a long struggle, Congress passed the Chinese Exclusion Law in 1882.

The law is enforced to the best of our ability; yet a few contrive to evade it. Recently, in a round-up in New York City, 253 Chinese, here illegally, were caught and deported. Doubtless other cities hide many others.

Colonies of Orientals, running into many thousands, are reported to be in Cuba and Mexico, waiting to be smuggled into our country. But occasional evasion has not hurt the success of the law. To learn how successful it has been, you have only to think what would have happened if Oriental labor, able to live on next to nothing, had been freely admitted here for the past fifty years.

One effect of the Immigration Act has been to give the country a total immigration representing more nearly a balance between racial groups.

For example, last year Germany sent us 45,760. From Great Britain and North Ireland we got 28,382, divided thus—13,897 from England, 12,378 from Scotland, 1,210 from North Ireland, and 897 from Wales. For years Ireland had enriched this country with some of its best stock; then came a lapse. Now the Irish Free Statesent us last year 27,112.

Here are some other figures: Sweden, 8,963; Norway, 6,118; Poland, 4,873; France, 3,481; Denmark, 2,523; Italy, 2,262; Russia, 2,141; Switzerland, 1,869; the Netherlands, 1,500. All other countries sent us considerably fewer than a thousand each.

Before restriction, in 1921, 25.7 per cent of our immigrants came from northern and eastern Europe. Last year 75.7 per cent came from northern and western Europe, and 10.8 per cent from southern and eastern Europe.

Whether this is best, the country must decide. But already the country is aroused over another aspect of immigration. In 1924 Mexico sent here 89,336. In 1925 immigration from Mexico again exceeded that from any European country except Germany.

IN shaping the restrictive law we exempted natives of our neighbors on this continent—Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and South America. The quota does not apply to them, and a cry has gone up that we have closed the front door to the United States, only to leave the back door open.

The complaint is that, instead of getting the workers of Europe, who more or less share our standards of living, we are encouraging labor from Mexico and farther south.

Formerly this type of labor crossed and recrossed the border for seasonal work on the farms. Now it is staying here, and in the Southwest Mexican residents are presenting a social as well as an economic problem. In handling this we should not forget our

former experience in Chinese immigration.

The Commissioner General of Immigration informs me that in April of this year 5,000 Mexicans were admitted into the United States, at which rate 60,000 would be admitted this year. Last year 32,964 of this race lawfully crossed the line.

The land borders of the United States are long and hard to patrol, but the immigration service now has a border patrol of 500 picked men, who will soon rival the famed Northwest Mounted Police, if they do not do that already. Having barred the front gates, we guard the back ones.

The law obliges every prospective immigrant from Mexico and Canada to pay a fee of ten dollars for his visa from an American consul. In addition he must pay a head tax of eight dollars. No doubt this gives an impetus to "bootleg" immigration. To save that eighteen dollars, many an immigrant might try to sneak across the line. There is no effective penalty for a Mexican who evades the immigration laws.

Since restriction first came in, in 1921, the law has been vastly improved; and ultimately, I feel sure, it will have to be further improved so as to extend the quota provisions to the countries of this hemisphere. It seems to me the only way fair to all countries. It will also tend to eliminate the growing social problem arising out of disproportionate immigration from Mexico.

ONE improvement to the law I am able to report with the greatest satisfaction. As pointed out, restriction had to come quickly to save jobless American workers. Experience promptly opened up a defect. The law not only reduced the number who could come here, but made possible more careful examination of those to be admitted.

Under previous laws, many an immigrant paid his all for a ticket to America, only to be turned back when he got here because he was inadmissible. Last summer our Government arranged for the sensible experiment of examining immigrants, you might say, "in their own home town." Before he had sunk his money in a ticket the immigrant would thus know with reasonable certainty whether he could enter here.

Delicate negotiations were necessary to bring this about, as other countries might think it an invasion of their sovereignty to have American officials examine, on their own territory, their own nationals. Finally Great Britain and the Irish Free State agreed to try the experiment. For nine months or more, the British or Irish applicant has gone before an American consul in his own country for examination such as he formerly received at Ellis Island. The consul tests him as to educational requirements, and officers of the public health service pass upon his mental and physical conditions.

Within sixty days, on the average, the successful applicant, with his visa, has landed at an American port. Here he is given a checking over, lest, between receiving the visa and landing, any barring ill or other circumstance shall have occurred.

What is the result? The number of British and Irish immigrants rejected at our home ports has been reduced to next to nothing. The British and Irish governments are entirely satisfied. Holland and Belgium are now also co-operating, Poland, Germany, and Denmark have asked to have the system extended to their nationals. In the long run we hope it will be extended so as to cover nearly every country from which immigrants come to us.

Now to sum up. The law aims to limit the number of aliens, and I believe in the future this limitation will be on a purely selective basis which will naturally distribute and adjust itself where needed here. The vast majority of our immigrants come in the prime of life—from sixteen to forty-four years of age. The reunion of families is a significant feature of the new order. Fathers, mothers, and other relatives to the number of 224,324 came to join relatives on this side in 1925. Only 41,734 without family connections gave up homes abroad.

All brought more than their health. Our inspectors counted $22,000,000 in the hands of incoming immigrants.

"THE law not only reduced the number who could come here, but made possible more careful examination of those to be admitted."

YOU must remember that every year a good many aliens leave America and go back home. Last year 92,728 did so. That left the net increase in our alien population for 1925 at 201,586. Before restriction it used to run pretty close to a million a year.

Where do they go when they get here? Last year nearly every State and Territory got a share. Some States got larger shares—New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, Texas, California, and Illinois receiving 60 per cent. New York alone got 26 per cent, or 68,263.

What do they do? A few were professional people and highly skilled mechanics, but by far the most were workers at trades, 113,811 common laborers, carpenters, masons, bricklayers, and the like. The American housewife had 26,924 more servants to pick from. Our farms had 29,897 more farmers and farm laborers.

Another side to the story is the number of workers who go back home. Parts of the story are startling. Few farmers and farm laborers left the United States, but last year nearly 50,000 laborers returned, with the result that our net increase in this class of labor was about 15,000. How does industry become so increasingly prosperous on shorter rations of unskilled labor? The answer, I believe, may be found in the increasing use of labor-saving machinery. This is becoming particularly true where only brawn is required, as is illustrated in the use of conveyors, concrete-mixers, road-building machinery, etc.

One feature of the admission and return of unskilled labor should be particularly considered. Nearly half of the common labor that enters the United States comes from Mexico; yet, of all the common laborers who went back home last year, only 1,427 were Mexicans. Common labor from Mexico thus appears to be taking a definite place in American industry, and apparently is displacing that from other countries.

BY far the largest percentage of skilled labor comes from Germany; but, regardless of race or country, the skilled and professional arrivals for 1925 was most encouraging. We received last year 1,306 electricians, 1,813 engineers, 1,815 teachers, 13,637 clerks and accountants, 5,548 carpenters and joiners, 2,241 miners, 2,840 mechanics, 2,022 machinists, 1,394 stonecutters, 1,487 painters and glaziers, 1,575 locksmiths, 1,437 dressmakers, 1,037 blacksmiths, 1,317 iron and steel workers, and 1,394 tailors.

Therefore, the quality of immigration under restriction is fairly satisfactory.

We now have not only a restricted immigration, but a partially selective immigration. It is selective, that is, in that we admit only those who are physically, mentally, and morally fit. But I think we ought to exercise the principle of selection to a further extent to meet the country's varying needs.

I believe that when we are short of a supply of a particular kind of labor, skilled or unskilled, we ought to give preference within the quotas to that kind of labor—common labor, or mechanics, or domestics, or whatever the call may be.

I do not believe we particularly need 13,000 immigrant clerks and accountants a year so much as some other labor that will work with its hands. We ought to be able to regulate the inflow of additional labor of any class, so as not to swell the ranks of the unemployed of that class.

This could be done. It would merely require amending the law to permit the Secretary of Labor to issue preference immigration certificates. The quota law would still be effective to regulate the number of immigrants, but, in filling the quota from the number of applicants, an applicant skilled in a needed occupation might at that time be given preference over an applicant who was in a trade overcrowded.

Hearings or investigations would show the exact number of such workers needed.

It matters little of what race our immigrants may be, as long as they fit into our political, social, and economic life, and are all alike in being brawny, brainy, healthy specimens, skilled at something, and filled with the intention to work, and not to work us.

Congress has not forbidden aliens to come to America. It has simply decided to provide, first, for America's needs, and to protect its citizens and institutions of the future. American citizenship has been made a prize to be striven for—to be earned and won.

THE END

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Then get busy! Clip out the coupon. Look at the cover of this issue, read Chapter XI of For the Love o' Lil on this page, and WRITE THAT TITLE right into the coupon!

Get that coupon into the mails on the way to us and—who knows?—maybe it will turn into a bit of crinkly paper worth $500 to you.

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THIS TITLE WON $1,000

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The Winner: HUGH D. FRASER

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Mr. Fraser is twenty-one years old and unmarried. He is a sign-painter and his ambition to study art stimulated his interest in Leslie Thrasher's cover illustrations. "Some day I may draw a sequel to Mr. Thrasher's cover," he says. At any rate, he is going to use his $1,000 prize toward that end. "Lil and Sandy," he added, "are just like my boy and girl pals. That's why I like 'em."

For the Love o' Lil!

CHAPTER XI

OF THE FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

By LESLIE THRASHER

IT was shortly after 10 P. M. when R. E. (Pop) Morse returned home and discovered his daughter, Lil, being kissed by her beau, Sandy, in the swing.

"Now, that's something I won't stand!" Mr. Morse proclaimed to Mrs. Morse at breakfast the following day. "Why, you'd think he paid our rent! Every time I come home, I see him moonin' around. It was bad enough while he behaved himself. But I want him—you!—Lil!!—everybody!!!—to understand that this has got to stop!!! I won't have my daughter kissed on the porch at midnight by any young whippersnapper of a——"

What else Mr. Morse intended to say will remain forever unknown, for Lil had entered the dining-room.

"Pleasant morning, father," she remarked. "I understand you never necked mother until——"

Mr. Morse's descending fist made the dishes jump.

"You and your mother go to visit Aunt Em tomorrow!" he proclaimed.

Poor Sandy! He was not to see Lil for some time. And poor Pop! Little did he reckon that his fit of temper was to cost him so much. For Ma Morse took both Lil and her young brother, Junior, to visit Aunt Em. And just about that time Dwight, Lil's older brother, went away to the seashore for ten days.

So Pop kept house for himself.

(To be continued next week)

RULES

1 On the front cover of LIBERTY this week is a picture without a title. This picture is a part of LIBERTY's new cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling the picture-story of an American family. The public is invited to suggest a title for this picture.

2 Eight cash prizes will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$500
2d Prize	250
3d Prize	100
4th Prize	50
5th to 8th prizes ($25 each)	100
Total	$1,000

3 This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of LIBERTY and their families.

4 Each entry must contain the following:
a. A title suggestion in ten words or less.
b. A letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

5 Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. The accompanying coupon may be used or separate sheets of paper. If separate sheets are used, the coupon number should be written on each one.

6 All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City, and must be in this office by midnight, September 4, 1926. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in LIBERTY as soon thereafter as possible.

7 Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8 Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of LIBERTY and their decision will be final. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise, and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

"Covers"—LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York City

No. 11

My title for the LIBERTY cover for August 28 is:

.....

Write title here and send with it a letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

PRIZE-WINNERS
in Liberty's $25,000
PATRIOTIC GAME of STATES

Father of Six Children Wins First Award—$5,000

John A. Lethert of St. Paul, winner of $5,000 First Prize in LIBERTY'S contest, with his five sons; left to right—Richard, 14; Wilfred, 15; Carl, 18; Herbert, 21; John, 24.

IN this issue LIBERTY begins printing the prize-winners in the recently concluded Patriotic Game of States. Besides the First Prize-winner, the list gives the names of eighty winners of $25 prizes and 420 of the winners of the $10 prizes. Next week the name of the Second Prize-winner and the names of the pupils and teachers who won prizes will be printed.

John A. Lethert, whose business is at 402 North Exchange Street, St. Paul, grabbed a copy of LIBERTY from one of his six children in their home at 804 Aurora Avenue. The five boys—count 'em—and the daughter—who counts more than all the others—yelled, "Let Dad do it!" They had discovered LIBERTY'S Patriotic Game of States.

Thereupon Mr. Lethert got busy, scorning the assistance of his sons and daughter, and ignoring jests.

His solution won the first prize over more than 112,000 contestants in the game; and the five thousand dollars will help complete the education of his children.

Where the Lethert clan lives—804 Aurora Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mrs. Lethert and her daughter, a beneficiary of the Prize Award.

Mr. Lethert was born at Shakopee, Minnesota, March 16, 1874, the oldest of twelve brothers and sisters. When he was three, the family moved to Jordan in the same State. The father's health broke, and when John was eleven he and his family rented land, raised vegetables, and sold them. His father, still ill, established a bookbindery and when John was not in the garden he helped him.

In 1894, when things were going well at home, John moved to St. Paul and got a job with the H. L. Collins Company at $6.50 a week. Five years later he married Miss Clementina Sausen, and "even then wages weren't much higher."

Five boys and a girl were born. "They kept the family purse pretty flat," John admits. "But we determined they should have an education—and they're getting it. This prize will help complete the job of preparing the boys and the girl for helping toward a better America and a better Minnesota."

In 1904 Mr. Lethert organized the Western Badge and Novelty Company. "Must have had a novelty mind," he declares. "When we

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Rare Bargain!

HENSOLDT GERMAN BINOCULAR

FREE TRIAL!

HENSOLDT and MARESCHAL Prism Binoculars. MARESCHAL made by French Company famous since 1852. HENSOLDT made by M. HENSOLDT & SONS; Wetzlar, Germany. These Binoculars are used by leading Military and Naval forces of the world! 8-Power Magnification; superb lenses; brilliant illumination; exquisite definition. Wide field of vision; individual eye-strength and width adjustments. Leather Case, neck and shoulder straps. List price $42. Our price (while limited quantity lasts) $23.50

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CONQUER DISTANCE! See Miles away! Observe people, ships, game, scenes, sports OFF in the distance! Bring them right to your feet! Open NEW Worlds—glorious vistas! Double the Thrill of Dashing Sports! An all-year round pleasure giving investment. *Indispensable for hunting, hiking, motoring, yachting, races, games, shut-ins, observation, bird and nature study, etc.*

Yours for 10 DAYS' FREE Examination!

Our Plan is Different! *Send NO Money now! Pay NOTHING on delivery. ENJOY Binoculars for 10 Days' Trial Absolutely FREE!*

If pleased, pay on Budget Plan: $5.00 MONTHLY

or, if you wish to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct $1.75 and send Check or Money Order for $21.75 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise return them. Order NOW! Limited Quantity. $21.75

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SEAVER - WILLIAMS CO.
365 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Largest Retailers of Binoculars in America

Gentlemen:—Send me the 8-POWER BINOCULARS for 10 days' FREE Trial on the above plan. ☐ Hensoldt ☐ Mareschal. *Check preference.*

Name_____

Address_____

Clip and mail this Adv. NOW. Please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect the information. THANK YOU. Lib. 8-28-26

If someone said to you—

"Let's Go Into Business"

I'll put up all the money, furnish the factory and equipment; buy a $1,000,000 stock; advertise for you; take care of your orders and guarantee your profits; all you have to do is sell—

What would your answer be?

This is exactly the opportunity we offer you. We put our immense shops, force of 800 workmen, and tremendous stock of merchandise at your disposal. We advertise for you, teach you, train you, co-operate with you. We give you an elaborate selling equipment that fairly talks. We authorize you to take orders and collect a deposit, which you put in your pocket as your profit. After that the responsibility is ours. We fill the orders, ship them direct to your customers, collect the money due us, and absolutely guarantee perfect satisfaction. There is no chance for you to lose a single penny. This is the kind of partnership we offer you, if you are honest, industrious, willing to work hard for success, and have a clean record. If you have selling experience, so much the better; but it isn't necessary. If you are interested and think you are the man we want, sign and send the coupon. Address Dept. 569.

GOODWEAR Chicago Inc.

Send This Coupon for Facts!

GOODWEAR Chicago, Inc.,
West Adams St. at Peoria, Chicago. Dept. 569
Gentlemen: Please send me the facts about your proposition. I am willing to work hard for success if the opportunity you offer is all you claim for it.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

were kids we cut police badges out of cabbage leaves and made night sticks out of strings of onions—about all the toys we had."

He started the company in a room so small he couldn't get fat until the business expanded. He has now built it up into a prosperous enterprise.

He is still a Jordanite, a Minnesota booster—and a Democrat. "There are other Democrats in the State," he admits. "Sometimes I wonder where they are, but they're here.

"Had a lot of pleasure out of the game," he says. "'I enjoyed the work and forgot about the prizes, I was so interested. Best part of it is getting the laugh on the kids. Brushed up a lot on my geography. Had almost as much fun as if I had gone traveling. I'm mighty proud of winning that prize—and the whole Lethert tribe thanks you."

Winners of $10 Prizes

PENNSYLVANIA

R. E. Birkmaier, Anna L. Bisel, Elizabeth Zinn, Mary C. Morley, Esther Mae Gulliver, Edith E. Cooke, Charles S. Gotwals, Martin I. Costello, Harvey M. Hobbs, Katherine Lowensen, Martin W. Trout, Mrs. W. W. Maar, Minnie Hellerman, Dora Moskowitz, Rae W. Dawson, Ruth Tybeskey, Helen L. Harkins, Edward Rodisch, Harry E. Weiner, Joshua H. Davis, Alfred Segelbaum, Virginia R. Rowley, Mary Maher, F. T. Hill, Hazel W. Graves, Earl Billingsley, Carl Ripa, Albert R. Graser, Mrs. Paul Campbell, H. Walton Ashton, Helen McAndrews, Genevieve C. Phreind, George A. Kellner, Harry W. Seaber, Harold C. Kehl, Edward F. Gebelein—All of Philadelphia.

J. J. Swanton, Josephine W. Prichard, Louise C. Jordan, S. C. Edwards, Ruth K. Fink, Martha A. Gross, Albert Leopold Lange, Olive E. Mitchell, Marion M. Nettleton, George E. Swan, Leila E. Kier, John Schlegel, Harry P. Anderson, Mrs. Effie O. Means, Charles A. Colombel, Marie A. Palmer, Mary Marsh, Alice En Dean, John O. Hilliard, F. N. Delauan, Esther E. Mattson, Frank P. Patterson, Jr.—All of Pittsburgh.

John Ward, North Braddock; Emily K. Brauchle, Bethlehem; Walter C. Kopp, Dubois; Kathryn H. Richards, Shillington; George H. Laudenslager, Allentown; William A. Loudon, Altoona; A. E. Middleton, Emlenton; Bert Johnson, McKeesport; Mrs. Miriam Williams, Hazleton; Joseph Anthony Keeney, Chester; Emily M. Parker, Ardmore; Milton S. Jacobowitz, Rankin; A. LeRoy Mill, Reading; Joel A. Levy, Reading; Willard L. Witherow, Brookville; Harold Nifong, Harrisburg; Laura Elliott, Pottstown; T. R. Davis, Punxsutawney; Frank Ognibene, Greensburg; Bessie H. Babour, Bellevue; Thomas C. Bagg, Solebury; R. A. Walsh, Carbondale; A. C. Dell, Ridley Park; Jane Coad, West Pittston; Lucy M. Toms, Wilkinsburg; Mrs. E. N. Vance, Bridgeville; Charles H. Stoudt, Pottsville; Elvira Huttinger, Millvale; Otis M. Wise, Erie; Mrs. R. O. Erdman, Allentown; J. C. Bateson, State College; Edward H. Wert, Harrisburg; Ben L. Mink, Glenolden.

MICHIGAN

Marion W. Crawford, M. R. Kennedy, Mrs. Anna Belle Hart, Mrs. C. R. Bell, Katherine Leiber, Arthur F. Sheppard, Dennis C. Taylor, Ethel M. Phinney, Mary Ann Jones, Ford H. Whelden, C. A. Eldredge, Jules G. Fabian, Leo M. Streich, Ray H. Coughlin, Ida M. Rudolph, Otto H. S. Koch, Ruby A. Behning, Louis E. Gamble, Mrs. Dallas W. Dale, Claire L. Shiller, Daniel F. Sheehan, George E. Ellis, Edward W. Ehrlich, Geneva Buchanan, Florence M. Graham, Mrs. J. K. Lewis, Alma A. Prehn, F. H. Goodrich—All of Detroit.

Jacob Arens, Hudsonville; Emma Pugh, Grand Junction; Metta Jensen, Highland Park; John P. Dodd, Marshall; Mrs. Linnie M. Cook, Northville; Agnes H. Orrison, Houghton; Natalie M. Elwood, Hancock; Verner E. Dahlin, Ironwood; Leah P. Seymour, Royal Oak; P. H. Bresnahan, Menominee; Geraldine Truscott, St. Joseph; Louella Stump, Sodus; Jennie W. Holloway, Highland Park; R. P. Wheelock, Battle Creek; Mrs. A. W. Oppenlander, Lansing; Frank J. Nelson, Bay City; Frank Jackson, Grand Rapids; John Nye, Grand Rapids; Mrs. Rose M. Campbell, Kalamazoo; Mrs. Joseph E. Kennedy, Battle Creek; Maude MacMichael, Traverse City; Frances B. Tudeno, Owosso; Mrs. Irving Cribb, Grand Ledge; Donald Hugh Miles, Dowagiac; Loren B. Miller, Menominee; Gertrude I. Murray, Ypsilanti; Arthur B. Hodson, Ann Arbor; Charles A. Ihrkey, Jackson.

VIRGINIA

Robert L. Turner, Richmond; Mrs. W. H. Cooper, Petersburg; James D. Smith, Norfolk; Jos. S. Potts, Jr., Richmond; Augustus H. Miller, Jr., Petersburg; Mary Elizabeth Old, Norfolk; Martha Meade, Lynchburg; Mrs. Anne C. Rice, East Radford; Mrs. Henrietta S. Greene, Culpeper; Louise P. Price, Charlottesville; Mrs. Stella J. Wetherill, Staunton; R. M. Conwell, Richmond; Mrs. W. A. Street, Palmyra; Alfred J. Walker, Norfolk; Mrs. S. J. Trimmer, Richmond.

MAINE

Huldah R. Smith, Bangor; Mrs. Ethel H. Gibbs, Benton Station; Agnes Merrill, Canton; Louis M. Jameson, Bangor; Elizabeth Weeks, Lewiston; Maude Howard, Farmington.

Winners of $25 Prizes

Caroline H. Allen, Richmond, Va.; **Albert Arber**, Camden, N. J.; **Dr. Chas. F. Bassett**, Chicago, Ill.; **John G. Blanch**, Denver, Colo.; **Kenneth Bleckley**, Greenville, S. C.; **William J. Burke, Jr.**, Detroit, Mich.; **Vera Burton**, Seattle, Wash.; **Leslie G. Canody**, Chicago, Ill.; **Ivan Caraway**, Gallatin, Mo.; **Robert J. Carr**, Vermilion, S. D.; **Marjorie Childers**, Aurora, Ind.; **Chester W. Clement**, Everett, Mass.; **J. C. Collins**, Atlanta, Ga.; **Walter M. Cook**, Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Ruth Crane**, Chicago, Ill.; **Pierre Danco**, New York, N. Y.; **Gladys K. Donegan**, New York, N. Y.; **Louis Du Bois**, Dayton, O.; **Mrs. Bertrand Elliott**, Albuquerque, N. M.; **George Erickson**, Little Rock, Ark.; **James Farris**, Atlanta, Ga.; **Harper J. Ferguson**, Newark, O.; **Louise A. Flynn**, Portsmouth, Va.; **F. B. Geitz**, Grand Rapids, Mich.; **Amy Gillespie**, Garden City, Kan.; **Joseph Glasser**, Cleveland, O.; **Joe C. Graddy, Jr.**, Lexington, Mo.; **Mary de B. Graves**, Chapel Hill, N. C.; **Mrs. J. F. Haines**, Indianapolis, Ind.; **William C. Hamilton**, Owensboro, Ky.; **Walter D. Helfer**, Pittsburgh, Pa.; **Cyril T. Heller**, Upper Darby, Pa.; **William A. Henning**, Worcester, Mass.; **E. A. Hill**, Sewickley, Pa.; **Richard Hunter**, Geneva, Ill.; **Mrs. Arthur Joanes**, Ottawa, Ont., Can.; **Elmer H. Johnson**, Billings, Mont.; **Mrs. Estelle Kahler**, New Orleans, La.; **Corinne Keefe**, Albany, N. Y.; **Sam J. Kendrick**, Tampa, Fla.; **Mrs. Clyde Kohn**, Red Wing, Minn.; **S. Lambert Layfield**, Winnipeg, Can.; **Helen Lear**, New Orleans, La.; **Norbert Lenz**, East Cleveland, O.; **Jeannette LeSaulnier**, Indianapolis, Ind.; **Herman B. Libby**, Portland, Me.; **Earl Light**, Arapahoe, Neb.; **Walter E. Lufkin**, Spokane, Wash.; **J. Benjamin Mabry**, San Antonio, Tex.; **Millan MacMartin**, New York City, N. Y.; **Robert H. Mason**, Portland, Ore.; **Ethel T. McClain**, Watertown, S. D.; **Ellen McDonald**, Washington, D. C.; **J. F. McQuire**, Wadsworth, O.; **William J. Mitchell**, Dorchester, Mass.; **J. Burt Mohr**, Bellefontaine, O.; **Mrs. F. B. Morgan**, Westfield, N. J.; **Chas. A. Mulcahy**, Hollis, L. I.; **Bernard J. Muller-Thym**, Kansas City, Mo.; **Joseph C. Murphy**, Detroit, Mich.; **William C. Myers**, Francesville, Ind.; **Gene O. Naquin**, Beaumont, Tex.; **Jane E. O'Brien**, Liberty, N. Y.; **Bettylane Resnik**, Los Angeles, Cal.; **Robert Robertson**, Represa, Cal.; **Daniel Ross**, Chicago, Ill.; **Evans M. Rust**, Roachdale, Ind.; **J. Pauline Scott**, Bartlesville, Okla.; **Chas. Bailey Smith**, Boise, Ida.; **Dorothy Sturm**, Memphis, Tenn.; **Mrs. Garret Thew**, Westport, Conn.; **George E. Traendly**, San Francisco, Cal.; **Walter S. Tripp**, Sioux City, Ia.; **Jack Waring, Jr.**, Houston, Tex.; **Frank S. Warren**, Honolulu, Hawaii; **Herman A. Weil**, Allentown, Pa.; **George Wetherald**, Providence, R. I.; **John Alden Whited**, Cincinnati, O.; **James Williamson**, Flint, Mich.; **Tommy Wilson**, Camp Dix, N. J.

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SOUTH CAROLINA

Walter G. Thorne, Columbia; Coretta C. Thorne, Columbia.

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Ethel May Clarke, Cobourg, Ont.; Irene Archambault, Montreal, Que.; Georgiana Kennedy, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Major Wm. P. Garrety, Prescott, Ont.; Hartwell Johnson, Winnipeg, Man.; William M. Thorburn, Walkerville, Ont.; Ernest H. Mutton, Quebec; Charles Hesketh, Fernie, B. C.; Mrs. A. L. Mercer, Sydney, N. S.; Murray N. Larsen, Winnipeg, Man.; Isabelle Theobald, Lethbridge, Alta.

HAWAII

Seldon K. Chillingworth, Honolulu; Hariette W. Paul, Honolulu; R. C. Robins, Honolulu; Bryan S. Halter, Schofield Barracks; William N. L. Ho, Pearl Harbor.

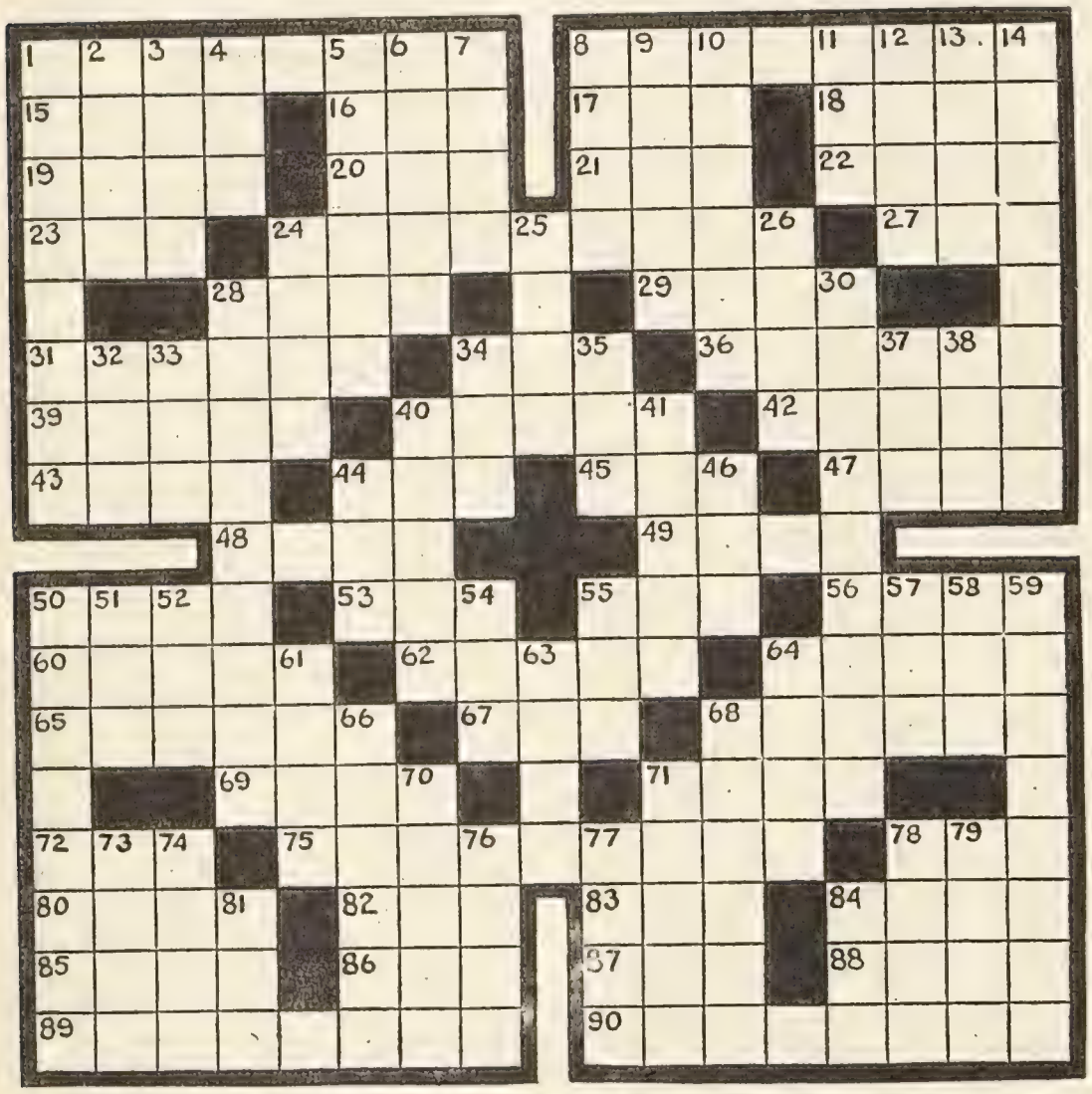
Another group of winners will be announced in LIBERTY next week.

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 82

By JAMES W. WHITE

HAVE you cross-word enthusiasts ever thought of making a second game from a puzzle? Write each word of an answered puzzle on a separate slip of paper and change the slips around until you have made a story, supplying your own prepositions and articles.

Some of our very ambitious readers have complained that our puzzles are too easy! Did you ever? So we have decided this week not to give even a smidge of information. The solution is entirely up to you and your faithful servant, Noah Webster.

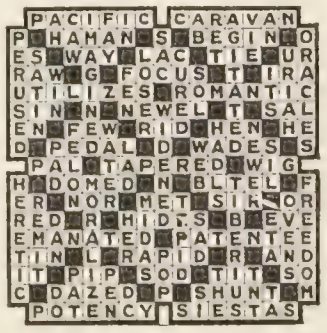


HORIZONTAL

1 One who is opposed to war
8 Addressed
15 A preposition
16 Billow
17 The low of a cow
18 A river in France
19 A gaseous element in the air
20 An authoritative rule
21 A bird of prey
22 Movable part of a table top
23 Noun suffix denoting one who practices a given art
24 A clergyman's house
27 To entreat
28 Iniquities
29 Lustful
31 Verily
34 A ballad
36 Fastened by passing through a hole or around something
39 An article of food
40 Large bundles
42 Concreted earthy matter
43 Trees
44 A container
45 Speak
47 A jug
48 From a great distance
49 To carry upon the person
50 An article of food
53 A Japanese coin
55 To fell
56 A heavenly body
60 Fragrant root of a flower
62 Possessing savor or flavor
64 A musical instrument
65 Criminal burning (plural)
67 A kind of potato
68 Season
69 Midday
71 To quote
72 A dessert
75 Fraternal
78 Rather than
80 Deduction from gross weight to determine the net
82 Spawn
83 To arrange for drying
84 A masculine proper name
85 A large lake
86 A compass point
87 Noun suffix used to form the name of a beverage
88 An important European capital
89 Alarmed
90 A mounted man

VERTICAL

1 Involving punishment
2 Tailless monkeys
3 Bird of the rail family
4 A tavern
5 Waterlocked land
6 Burns
7 Dresses and prepares the skins of certain animals
8 A word of ratification
9 Skeletons of various sea animals
10 A kind of eel
11 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
12 Bonds
13 The elder son of Isaac
14 Protector
24 Piebald
25 Ellipse
26 Female sheep
28 A cause of excited interest
30 To have a fixed intention
32 Nothing
33 The mother of a quadruped
34 To linger
35 An assent
37 An oath
38 A point of the compass
40 Denudes
41 Cut with a toothed implement
44 The laurel tree
46 A cone-bearing tree
50 People of an ancient race mentioned in Gen. xix. 37
51 To mistake
52 Measures of area
54 A negative vote
55 A pronoun
57 A cereal grain
58 A pronoun
59 Ancient Scandinavians
61 One who affects an unjustified social standing
63 Road
64 Compassion
66 A yellowish or reddish brown color
68 More savage
70 Loop with a running knot
71 A creed
73 A vehicle
74 A silkworm
76 Placed on a small mound, as a ball in golf
77 A settlement in Greenland
78 Another name for No. 13 vertical
79 An incarnation of Vishnu in Hindu mythology
81 Ever
84 Exist



Answer to Puzzle No. 81

boys - earn your own spending money

Otis Foster of Iowa, is one of the many Liberty boys who are earning money every week.

Send the coupon at once for full details. We will show you how to make money the very first day, working in spare time, right in your own neighborhood. No money, no experience needed. Thousands of boys, all over the country, now have a steady income every week, selling LIBERTY MAGAZINE. Let us tell you just who they are, where they are, and how happy you'll be when you join them. Every boy can now be independent and have his own money to buy the things he wants. Besides earning a regular weekly income, every boy can also get wonderful Free Prizes such as bicycles, radios, all kinds of sporting equipment, musical instruments and many other things boys can use. We will send our big catalog of Free Prizes to you along with full instructions. Send the coupon today.

MAIL TODAY

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, Boy Sales Division
247 Park Ave., New York City

Please tell me how I can join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Are you Old?

—or old fashioned?

IF you are really old, if your face is lined with wrinkles, you can afford to ignore the whisperings of your friends and "his" wondering look when those first gray hairs appear. Women everywhere have found Brownatone the perfect preparation for tinting gray, faded or bleached hair to any shade. They know it to be absolutely harmless, as guaranteed.

Bring Permanent Beauty to Your Hair

Merely brush Brownatone through those gray strands and Presto! The exact maidenly color is restored—not by a coating or dye, but by actual permeation of the hair itself. Not affected by marcelling or shampooing.

Mail Coupon for Test Bottle

At drug and toilet counters everywhere. 50c and $1.50. Two colors (see coupon). Send 10c for test bottle.

Mail This Coupon

The Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. K-5, Covington, Ky., U.S.A.
(*Canada Address*: Windsor, Ont.)
Enclosed is 10c for test bottle of Brownatone.
( ) Blonde to Med. Brown.
( ) Dark Brown to Jet Black.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

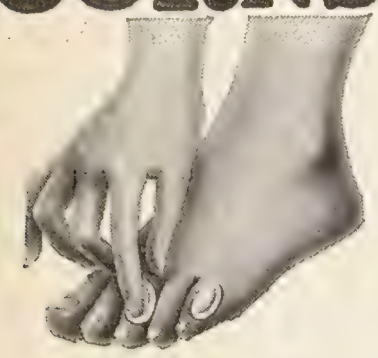
BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

Gone!

pain stops in one minute

CORNS



In *one minute* you forget you ever had a corn—so quick is the relief that Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads give. They stop the *cause*—pressing or rubbing of shoes. By this safe, sure method, a new corn can't come where the old one was.

You risk no infection from paring your own corns, no danger from liquid preparations. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. Get a box today at your druggist's or shoe dealer's—35c. Mail coupon below for free sample.

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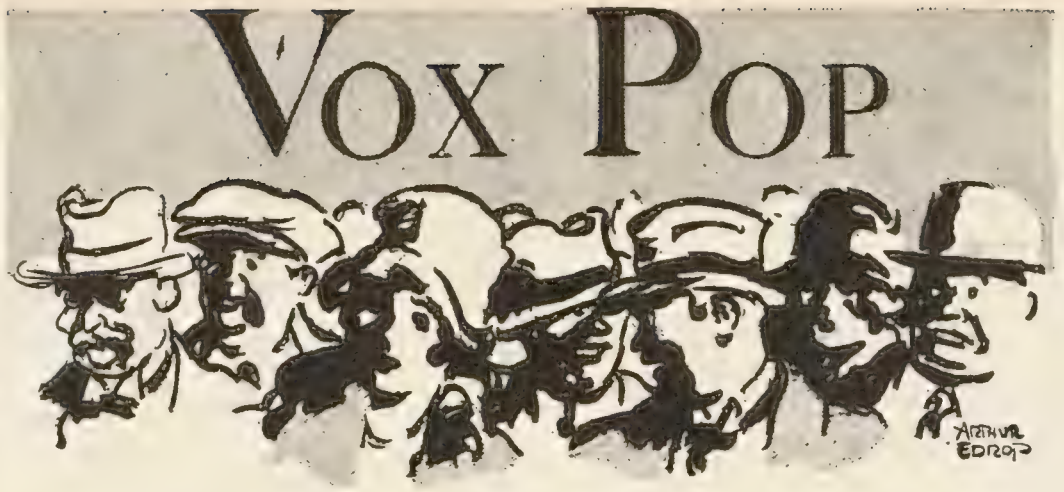

Hinton or Alcock?

EDITOR, LIBERTY: In your article Outguessing Death, in LIBERTY for July 24, you state that Walter Hinton was the first air pilot to fly over the Atlantic. You or Hinton conveniently forgot that two Britishers, Brown and Alcock, flew from Newfoundland to Ireland—2,700 miles—long before Hinton flew from island to island with half the American navy waiting to catch him if he fell—longest lap about 1,200 miles. Mind you, Brown and Alcock had no escort. If they had fallen they would have been drowned, but that is the stuff that Britishers are made of.—*William J. White, Moneton, N. B., Canada.*

[Editor's Note: Walter Hinton, piloting the U. S. naval seaplane NC-4, flew across the Atlantic about a month before Alcock and Brown. Hinton flew from Trepassey Bay, Newfoundland, via the Azores, to Lisbon, Portugal, on May 16-27, 1919. Alcock, a British pilot, and Brown, his American observer, in a British biplane, made the first non-stop transatlantic flight by airplane from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Clifden, Ireland. The date of this flight was June 14-15, 1919.]

Kind Words for College Profs

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I have a kick to make. The writer of your editorial in the July 17 issue, entitled The Inferiority Complex of the College Prof seems to know as little about the people he criticizes as the most horrible examples of the latter do about conditions in the sporting world.

Please get this straight—the appointment to so responsible a position as a full-fledged professorship at even a moderately high-class college or univesity comes only to a man who has already "made good." The string of degrees after his name signifies, in most cases, far more than the cramming of "old lectures." Could he throw aside his traditional modesty, the prof would uncover a past full of extraordinary activity, physical and mental.—*Cyrus G. Dunkle, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Wants More About Boxers

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Several of your articles on great boxers have been much enjoyed and may I suggest two others for future consideration? The most picturesque figure in boxing was the late Luther McCarty, brilliant, colorful, adventurous. The other was none other than our old friend Battling Nelson.—*Wallace Smith, Kingsburg, Calif.*

A Protest

EDITOR, LIBERTY: In The Machine-Gunning of McSwiggin, I am amazed to discover that you aim to identify me with certain alleged disreputable elements in Chicago, prompted and inspired no doubt by the fact that one of my brothers was unfortunate enough to have become involved in difficulties which even he was honorably acquitted of by two Chicago juries.

I believe that the campaign of calumny and persecution directed against me these past several years should, in all justice, cease once for all.—*Dave Miller, Chicago.*

Jews as College Outcasts

EDITOR, LIBERTY: In his article Is the Jew a College Outcast? Mr. Norman Hall wrote a very interesting account of the hostility of our colleges toward the Jews.

Many of our big business men are Jews and graduated from college with high marks.

We have been told that the aim of colleges is to impart higher education. Jew or non-Jew—what is the difference? We are all white people, Americans, and are supposed to have civilized ideas. Have we, or are we just pretending to have?—*Alvin Block, Chicago.*

Panning the Boss

EDITOR, LIBERTY: In regard to the chief character in Fullerton's Business Stage Fright, I think one of the blots on our boasted civilization is the boss who will not give a just reward to a valued employee until it is almost blackjacked out of him. And, by the way, does it not ever strike you that asking for a raise from most *bosses* is like *begging?* Perhaps that is why a good man hates to do it. Is there, then, no remedy whatsoever? Are bosses still very primitive indeed, selfish, and shall we say, somewhat unintelligent?—*Harry Van Kirk, Elizabeth, N. J.*

Suggests a Henson Fund

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Having just finished the Lin Bonner story of Matthew A. Henson, who beat Peary to the North Pole, I am greatly impressed with the modesty, loyalty, and self-effacement of this unrecognized and heroic representative of a race so often denied a square deal.

If you feel like taking the lead, I shall be glad to subscribe $100 to a fund to provide a nest egg for Henson when he shall have reached the retirement age.—*E. J. Stackpole, Harrisburg, Pa.*

Corinne Griffith as Queen

EDITOR, LIBERTY: In regard to Mrs. Florence Ralston's criticism of LIBERTY for calling Corinne Griffith the "most beautiful woman in the world," I am aware of the fact that her beauty speaks for itself and that it needs no defense. I only want to say that each of us possess our ideas of beauty, and that Corinne Griffith certainly has a majority vote.—*Mrs. J. D. Crawford, Dallas, Tex.*

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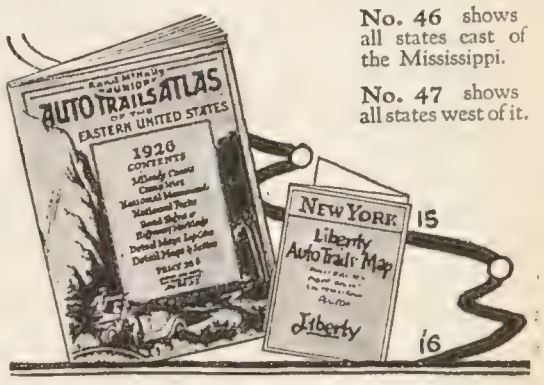

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A Bullet for a Badger

The Deep Woods Challenge a Furry Father

Pictures by
PAUL BRANSOM

A Short Story by
KENNETH GILBERT

THUNDERING waters, which had been raised almost instantly when the cloudburst struck the river soon after sundown, were cutting a new channel through the brown hills. On down the canyons, following each twist and turn of the depressions, had the yellow flood gone. At the crest of it a tangled mass of debris—broken trees and uprooted sagebrush—which would finally lodge in some narrow gulch while the force of the freshet expended itself, to rejoin the parent stream miles distant.

For half an hour now the flood had poured through the break in the river bank. The storm had passed, and the sky was practically washed clear of rain clouds, while a gibbous moon stared down. From the lower valleys householders had fled to higher ground and safety, but back in the hills, when the heavens emptied, real havoc had occurred.

A pair of coyotes ran anxiously along the edge of the seething waters, stopping now and then to stare at the boiling, broken surface. In one fell instant, crushing sorrow had smitten them. During the height of the storm, they had returned to their den; or, rather, as close as they could get to the spot where the den had been, for it was now under ten feet of water. There had been three coyote pups in that secret home, but what had become of them only the river could tell.

With the intelligence of their kind, the pair understood the need of catching up with the crest of the flood, if they were to find trace of the lost pups. They took a last brief survey of the stream and, whirling, raced on down the valley. For a full five miles they ran without stopping. Then, in the depths of a rocky "draw," the mother, planting her slim forelegs in front of her suddenly, drew up, with a joyful yap of recognition. But the next instant, her pleased expression turned to one of angry distrust, and a low snarl of warning bubbled in her throat.

In midstream, clinging in terror to the bole of an uprooted mountain pine, were the three pups, bedraggled but safe. With them stood Minniskum.

He was not more than two feet in length, from the tip of his sharp, upturned nose to the end of his spadelike tail; a very flat-bodied little animal, all grizzled fur, which, wet, in the moonlight seemed silvery. His head was wide at the base, and his quizzical face was streaked with black and white, while there were traces of dark fur bands along each side of his body.

Facing toward the distracted parent coyotes on shore, his jaws were parted now as he muttered defiance, displaying at least six of his thirty-eight very good fighting teeth. Minniskum, as the Indians have called the badger, is at all times courageous; and at this moment he was prepared to battle the world, if need be, to escape from a perilous predicament.

Yet it was not alone the thought of self-preservation that had aroused him. Even as the flood had severed home ties of the coyote family, so had it changed the course of affairs for Minniskum. He, too, had been away from his den when the cloudburst struck, and just what had happened to his mate and her six kits in the crooked tunnel near the cotton-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Gliding on a steep volplane earthward, the owl struck.

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JIM TULLY, whose work recently appeared in five different magazines in the same month, one of them *Liberty*, says: "I recall writing my first short story . . . it was a tale of the ring called 'Battle Galore,' and Clayton Hamilton gave me advice on how to 'build it up.' . . . I am certain that the Palmer Course would have saved me years of labor."

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[A BULLET FOR A BADGER
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

wood he had no means of knowing, yet he feared the worst.

In the midst of the sudden downpour, he had started homeward, but from the hills above the steady roll of what seemed like thunder had swept down, engulfing him. By the veriest chance, swimming for his life, he had managed to crawl out upon this tree.

It was the first time that he had ever been forced to swim, yet instinct impelled him to move all four legs as though he were running; his thick fur buoyed him up, and, somewhat to his surprise, he kept on the surface. That the same piece of flotsam was occupied by the coyote pups was unimportant. His immediate concern was to escape danger and retrace his steps to the winding shaft he had driven through the loose sand back into the hillside.

THE homing call came to him strongly, and something like an invisible little compass in his brain pointed the way. Back to his mate and the kits, even though he had to battle his way every step, and face all dangers Fate could marshal against him.

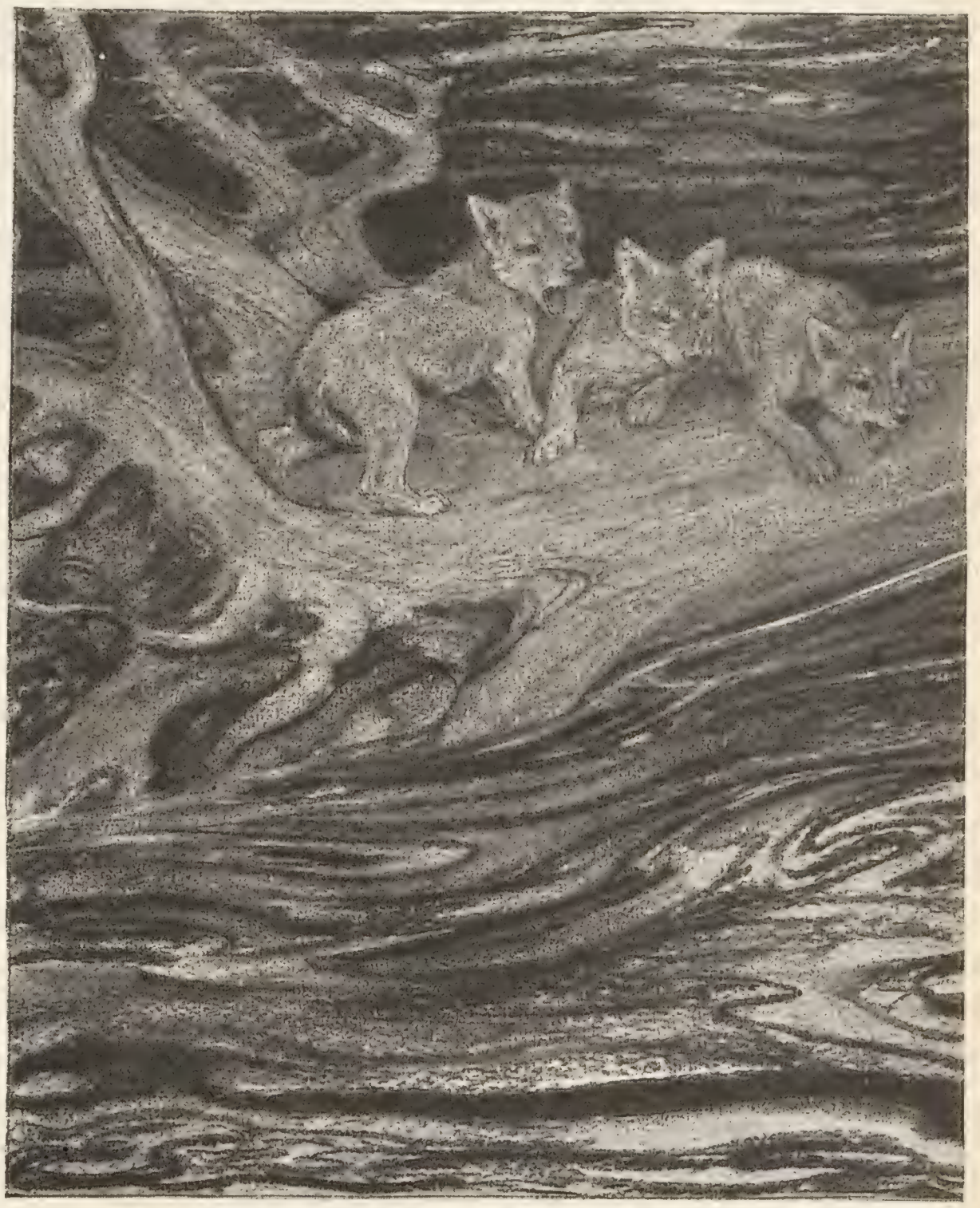
A crisis was nearing swiftly. The drifting tree, moving at remarkable speed under the pull of the onrushing torrent, was swinging in close to a flat-topped boulder, along whose edge the water flowed. Already the coyote pair, shrewdly grasping the situation, were waiting on the rock, realizing that it was a point where a rescue might be effected. The pups, too, sensing what was about to take place, whined eagerly. Determination showed in Minniskum's eyes. His muscles tensed, as the floating tree, turning slowly end for end, neared the rock.

But it chanced that the end on which the coyote pups were huddled was to come nearest the boulder, leaving Minniskum almost in midstream. The pups cried shrilly as they sought to bring their courage to the leaping point. Within a yard of the rock came the rooted end of the tree.

The father, frantically seeking to aid them, was leaning out over the water as far as he dared, hoping to seize one in the grip of his teeth.

But the mother, wits sharpened almost unbelievably by the plight of her children, surpassed him for cunning. Hunkered down on the rock, she thrust her plumy tail toward them, and twisted her head over one shoulder, as she silently urged them to seize this improvised life line.

Terror of the deep was great in the hearts of the pups, and their precious moment with its hope of rescue was passing. It was Minniskum, suddenly coming to life, who unconsciously saved them. Galvanized into activity by the sight of the rock sanctuary so near him, he gave a chirring yelp, and charged the length of the log, shoreward.



The pups cried shrilly as they sought to bring their courage

A more poignant fear than that of water seized the pups. They took but one swift glimpse of the grizzled demon shuttling toward them, and then they leaped.

TWO landed safely on the rock; the third fell short and into the water, with a bleat of fright, but the next instant he was caught by the nape of the neck in the strong jaws of his father, and pulled clear. It was at this moment that Minniskum, launching his flat body in an arrowy flight, landed squarely among the furry, struggling bodies.

No dog could have faced those raging coyote parents at that moment, and lived. But then, Minniskum was no dog. He was half the size of an ordinary mongrel, yet he could, if called upon, whip four such dogs with ease; wherefore, with his long, punishing jaws, his thickly furred body, and his powerful forepaws, equipped for digging, he stood in no awe of coyotes.

For a fraction of a second after he landed, however, there was a blurred picture of furry bodies revolving, pin-wheel fashion, with amazing rapidity; shrill, staccato yappings and purring growls, and then Minniskum, one of the best-intentioned of animals and concerned only with fighting when it meant life or death, or in defense of his rights, was free. The fangs of the coyotes had clicked harmlessly through the long hairs of his rough coat, and he had not paused to wreak vengeance on the distracted pair who had set upon him.

Nor did they pursue the attack. Shaken by the experience, the coyotes contented themselves with a joyful reunion, while Minniskum went on chirring excitedly to himself.

He did not stop until he had gone fully 300 yards, and it was established beyond question that the hateful river could not overtake him. Then he climbed to the summit of a little knoll, to take stock of his surroundings. His brain compass still told of the direction where lay the spot he had called home.

The night was beautiful. The desert country, with its rolling hills, magenta-hued rocks, and sagebrush—the latter like filagreed silver in the strong flood glare of the moon—appeared as though in the breathless grip of

some magic spell. The air, fresh and wholesome for the drenching the earth had received, held a peculiar, winey fragrance, and it was very still and silent, save for the dwindling rumble of the freshet as it rolled its course down a distant valley.

Minniskum sat on haunches, facing the moon, and slowly waved his forepaws back and forth in rhythmic fashion. It was his way of indicating vast good humor with himself. He was sitting thus, in one of those rare moments which the student of nature seldom sees, when a shadow flicked across the face of the moon, and was gone.

Minniskum gave heed to nothing but the performance of his rites, until a young desert owl came floating across the sandy waste on hushed pinions, alert for a movement on earth that would reveal the presence of a sage rat or other night-prowling little animal.

The wide-winged hunter's eyes were not of the keenest, either in daylight or dark, although nature had given him ears that were marvelous microphones, catching the slightest sounds. But Minniskum's waving paws drew the bird's attention. Gliding on a steep volplane earthward, he struck.

Accurate though his aim usually was, his clashing talons closed on empty air. There was a spitting snarl as strong teeth clamped together through the thick feathers of his padded thigh. The next instant, under a powerful impulse of his wings, the owl was gone, too disturbed and shaken to resume hunting until he had flown a mile from the place.

As for Minniskum, the effrontery of the attack sent him into a furious rage, and he hurled after the vanishing owl a snarling expletive. Jarred out of his briefly poetic mood and muttering in ill-humor, he dropped to four feet and began working through the sagebrush, back into the higher hills where his den had been. Not until he had gained another knoll, fully half a mile away, did his normal poise return, and the angrily erected hairs along his spine flattened themselves complacently once more.

He did not know how much farther he would have to travel, save that it was a great distance indeed for one with such short legs; a weary pilgrimage with unknown dangers ahead, but he had come victor in two clashes since escaping the river, and he had vast assurance in himself. Yet Fate, having caught him outside his home territory, had not finished with him.

to the leaping point. The father was leaning out over the water, hoping to seize one in his teeth.

VERY close to earth he held his head, relying upon the ground telegraph to warn him of the approach of possible danger. To his quick ears came a soft pat-pat on the rain-packed sand nearly a minute before the maker of the sound, a yearling fox, dusty gray as the region he haunted, trotted into view. There was an eager, businesslike briskness about the newcomer which hinted of hunger.

As a matter of fact, he had matched wits with a jack rabbit, a few minutes before, and the long-legged jumper, who had been lured far from his burrow by the charm of the moonlit night, had put the fox's craft to shame.

At sight of the odd little animal blocking his path, the fox stopped short, eyes bright with anticipation. He was an alien in this spot, and back in the hills where he belonged, no badgers were to be found; consequently he saw in Minniskum no more than an easily garnered meal. He leaped in, quick as light.

It was a rash move indeed. Between foxes and badgers there has been war since the beginning of things, and Minniskum was no novice in the harsh game of give-and-take. The fox outweighed him, but there the comparison ended.

Left alone, Minniskum would have been glad to go his way, unharmed and unharming, but he came of a fighting breed that has long been martyr to the cruel sport of badger-baiting, and that has always acquitted itself with honor. Therefore, he merely flattened on the ground, and flinched a little as the fox struck at his throat. Then happened what was to the fox an astonishing thing.

THE gray stranger's fangs had locked in Minniskum's throat, but could not puncture the tough skin. The next instant the alligator jaws of the badger had clamped down on the fox's left foreleg, and then Minniskum was literally all over his attacker at once.

There was a furious squall from the disheartened fox as the thirty-eight fighting teeth found grip in a dozen places, and truculence went out of his heart in a rush. Snapping, snarling, fighting for his life, the fox clashed at the rigid, grizzled body, yet Minniskum possessed the uncanny faculty of seeming to turn within his own loose skin. The thick, iron-gray fur of the badger protected him like armor, while the fox had the sudden impression that he was being torn limb from limb.

A brief minute it lasted, and then the battlers broke apart. Or, rather, Minniskum let go, as though satisfied that the fox had been punished enough. With a wild spring, the fox broke clear, fleeing as best he could, the fear of death upon him.

Silently Minniskum watched him go.

The old boar-badger was weary with his adventurings. Fate had wrested him from a home life he had loved; set him adrift on a turbulent flood, tested his mettle; and by reason of a stout heart and determination he had won through, and was nearly back to where he had started when the cloudburst had struck soon after dark. Yet he had come a long way, and although victor in his battles that night, he was not unscathed. The sharp teeth of the vanquished fox had cut the tender pads of his feet—his most vulnerable point—and his travels had aggravated the soreness of the wounds.

The east was already salmon-fleshed with dawn, and he was not quite sure where he was, save that it must be near home. An impulse, which he made no attempt to fathom, but obeyed blindly, had forced him back.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[A BULLET FOR A BADGER Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

Here among the high hills he had been born, and he belonged here with his mate and little ones; but hope that he would ever see them again was almost gone. Nevertheless, he would find the place where the den had been.

But he found a trail which interested him mightily, and he was working it out among the sagebrush clumps when the ground telegraph spoke to him of something approaching.

Minniskum at that moment was in a valley just below where the flood had torn its way through the river bank and roared on down its destructive course. The freshet waters had largely subsided, yet the river was following the new channel. He came to the edge of it and stopped, desirous of going ahead, but fearing the water.

Ten feet from shore were a number of cottonwoods, survivors of the stand that had long been a familiar landmark to him. None of these trees stood upright now. They sagged downstream, and many of them were uprooted and gone. But at last he understood what it meant—that the tunnel which had been his home was out there somewhere beneath the muddy current.

Dimly it came to him that he was alone; that his mate and kits were gone.

It was at this instant that he heard the steady thumpety-thump which told him as plainly as words that a heavy-bodied animal was coming along the stream edge toward him. Minniskum had heard those same sounds before, and knew that they were made by a horse. A horse sometimes meant Man, too, and Man was to be regarded with dread. With alacrity, he moved away.

Still the hoofbeats persisted, grew louder, and he understood that the horse was coming directly toward him on a quick lope. Unable to decide which way to go, Minniskum at last compromised by standing still, raising himself on his forefeet, and voicing defiance. If his tunnel had been available, he would have vanished; but now there was no chance to escape, and he would not meet death cravenly.

It so happened that he reared himself, singing his battle song, almost beneath the horse's feet. It startled the mount so that with a snort of fright he sprang aside and tried to bolt, despite the sharp command of the rider. Yet he took but one jump when his left foreleg sank deeply in the earth, and the rider, skillful though he was, went plunging through the air, to alight profanely in a clump of brush. But he quickly disentangled himself, and caught the head of the frantic animal with one leg in a badger hole.

Minniskum let go. With a wild spring the fox broke clear, the fear of death upon him.

The horse was pulled free, and stood still at last, leg apparently unhurt. The man swung back into the saddle, muttering anathema against badgers, when he caught sight of Minniskum standing there, still making a brave show of fight. Very coolly, the man drew his six-shooter, and took aim at the white-streaked head of the boar-badger, lifted defiantly.

"DIG holes for my horse to step in, will yuh?" he threatened, finger on the trigger. But before he could shoot, a curious thing happened.

With a whistle of alarm, the horse shied violently, as the hole from which he had just been extricated began to disgorge badgers, chirring their displeasure.

First came an old one, apparently a mother, for after her followed six young kits. The mother was plainly angered at this desecration of her home, for she stared upward at the man, and hissed truculently, the youngsters seeking to emulate her. Plainly she was trying to warn him that the burrow was shallow at best, and, but for a miracle, the horse's hoof, when it broke through, might have crushed her babies. She was defying him to try it again.

But it was the actions of the first badger he had seen, Minniskum himself, which claimed the man's attention then. Unmindful of the threatening attitude of the rider, the boar-badger ran forward, making an odd, clucking note of recognition, which was instantly answered by the others. They swarmed about him, nosing him delightedly, while perhaps he told of his strange wanderings that night, and the mother, doubtless, recounted in turn how she and the babies had been up on the hillside, looking for food, when that terrifying wall of water had gone past, obliterating everything. And how she had discovered this old burrow, which, with a little digging, would do nicely for their new home. Forgotten was man and horse, forgotten was all danger in the face of this joyous reunion. The youngsters were rolling about in sheer ecstasy, while the parents, more dignified, touched noses in decorum. It was his mate's trail down by the stream that had interested Minniskum.

Up on the horse, the man sat watching them in wonder. Somehow, he felt himself very much outside this circle, for they paid no attention to him. He grinned as he discovered that he had thrust his six-shooter back in its holster.

"Mates," he decided softly. "'Twould be a downright shame to kill 'em when they're as happy as that." He turned the horse away, and went riding on down the valley to see what damage had been done by the cloudburst.

Nor did Minniskum and his regained family observe the man go. One by one they had vanished down the mouth of the tunnel, just as the rising sun of a new day in their lives bathed the eastern peaks with pale gold.

THE END

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Swim to Build Chest

Since my last baby was born, six years ago, I have been very thin. I am thirty-two years old. What physical-culture work can I do to develop my chest?
MRS. DOROTHY S., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

You need weight added to your entire figure, undoubtedly. The quickest and easiest way to develop the chest is to follow the rules for general weight gaining. The physical-culture work that promotes the quickest and healthiest chest development is swimming. In addition, you need to observe longer hours of rest and sleep. Take life less strenuously. Eat three full meals a day, even though it seems like forced feeding. Eat foods that produce fat. Meat, eggs, milk, butter, bacon, bread, potatoes, and sugar will make fat. Eat fruit and vegetables daily. Drink milk or cocoa or chocolate instead of tea and coffee. Cook cereals in milk and use heavy cream thereon. Take olive oil straight or use it plentifully in salad dressings.

Wrinkled Brows

I am only nineteen, yet have tiny wrinkles around my eyes and upon my forehead, also between the eyes. Is there something I might do to remove them?
K. M., Kansas City.

The wrinkles between the eyebrows suggest eyestrain or a careless habit of wrinkling the forehead when reading. If it is eyestrain, you would be aware of it from easy tiring of the eyes or irritation, in which event glasses would be the wise measure of relief. If the wrinkles are caused by scowling, will power is all we have to offer in the way of remedy. Again, it may be that you are not getting to bed early enough. Insufficient sleep will produce those lines in a short time.

For Shapely Nails

How can I get a nice oval to my nails? And which is better, liquid or powder polish?
BERTHA D., Raleigh, N. C.

By training the nails daily with an orange stick wound at one end with absorbent cotton and dipped in olive oil, vaseline, or cuticle cream, you can eventually get the desired shape to the nail. Make a daily job of this, working the cuticle away from the nail. Each time you dry your hands push the cuticle back. In a few weeks you will be surprised at the result. The use of liquid or powdered nail polish is purely a matter of personal taste.

Beautiful Hands

Housework is the most discouraging job in the world if you have any pride in your hands, which I have. I used to get so many compliments on mine before marriage, but they are not nice any more. What can a poor but willing worker do to keep her hands presentable?
Mrs. B. J., Trenton, N. J.

She can keep a good liquid hand cream easily within reach and refer to it several times a day. Every time the hands are washed after the dishes are done or any other work around the house is done, use the hand lotion. Olive oil, by the way, is a good one. Glycerine and lemon juice is another lotion that helps correct the damage done by rough work.

Eating for Beauty

At a lecture the other night I learned that good skin and a healthy appearance are acquired through good nutrition more than anything else. As the mother of three girls in their teens I would like to know more about the kinds of food they should eat to be beautiful.
MOTHER, Savannah, Ga.

Eat less of the staple, refined foods and more of the protective foods. The protective foods are milk and leafy vegetables, which make up deficiencies of the meat, bread, potato, and sugar diets commonly eaten. Have the girls take the equivalent of a quart of milk daily, some as a beverage, and some in the creamed soups, creamed vegetables, custards, etc. Once a day a liberal serving of greens. Twice a day, salads. The raw foods used in salads are invaluable.

LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne, has 48 pages of practical advice for every woman interested in looking her best. Use the coupon to order one today. It costs only 10c.

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Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a Shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores.

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SQUARING the circle of the cape is a Patou device, and hanging the cape half on and half off the coat. It is of crepe and lace.

Paris Creates *Advance* STYLES *behind locked* Doors

By

BETTINA BEDWELL

WHAT Parisians call the "foreign season" is on, and hotels are jammed with professional and private persons whose paramount passion in Paris is clothes. Yet concerning oneself with Paris clothes in the month of August is discouraging business—except for those wary professional gentlemen and ladies who are pouring into the French capital on every boat train.

For the racing season is over, and society has departed—that is, the society that influences fashions. The salons of the couturiers are deserted gardens where the withered blossoms of the spring mode hang disconsolately on racks for tourists to come in and buy at a trifle.

But away back in the rear of these salons, behind guarded doors, at the end of bare passageways in sharp contrast to the gorgeously carpeted and draped salons, there is hectic activity. New fashions are being born—autumn styles. For the big openings are a scant two weeks away.

Sometimes new ideas, novel ideas, leak out ahead of time. And it is of three new ideas, these subtle changes, that are being worked behind the locked portals of Paris that I am going to speak. For I have trod the uncarpeted passageways and looked behind the closed doors. Observe well the photographs on this page. These are known as mid-season fashions. They are created in summer; but usually no mere private client gets a look at them before fall.

The suit pictured here is from Jenny, that brave and youthful couturiere who "held out" during the grim years of the war, whose genuine creative genius has just earned for her the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

This model is created in checked woolen in greige and beaver, with a long hip jacket perfectly straight in line and faced with a beige woolen that forms its revers and collar. The sleeves, with their little cut-out tabs above the wrist in back, are new notes. Also the skirt. The beaver velvet vestee with its leather applique and embroidery and its surplice closing, is another significant item of this charming suit.

THE gorgeous evening dress and shawl manteau at right is another Jenny creation that is going to be one of the big stars of the fall shows. This evening ensemble has a "precious" color scheme—gold and silver. The gown is made of chiffon with a semi-fitted casaque of paillette embroidery in gold and silver.

The unique girdle, formed of triangles of paillettes joined by jeweled clasps that also hold the drapery of the skirt, is its most distinguished feature—except the hemline, with its tricky triangles of metal lace, its inner hem of the same lace, and its silver-bordered panels.

Another photograph (at left) is of an ensemble from Lucien Lelong, also a mid-season model. It is made of a new satin in pearl gray, a satin with a ribbed motif. Lelong is also a recipient of the coveted Legion of Honor decoration, and he is one of the most influential of the younger couturiers of Paris.

This ensemble shows the grace and subtlety of the Lelong genre. The frock is very simple, with a straight bodice. It has an unusual curved girdle line, set high, and terminating in a circular movement on the right side of the skirt, which is otherwise straight.

LELONG creates an ensemble of gray satin with gray fox trimming. The tucked girdle line and collar are unusual.

JENNY checks up the tailored suit, drops the girdle line to the knees, and adds a velvet vest for the final word in chic.

The coat, which has a tucked, curved girdle line like the waist, is luxuriously trimmed with dark gray fox fur, forming collar, cuffs, and the hemline band of the coat.

The model shown in the upper left-hand corner is from Jean Patou, and shows that putting up a good front is not the only important thing in fashion. Patou's inspiration in making a cape into a square instead of some version of the circle, and in hanging it half off the coat, have invested this model with a great deal of importance. It is made of Patou's own special and private silk—crepe de fleur—and it is of very soft bois du rose, lace and everything.

The coat is quite straight, with a lace-trimmed collar and revers and loose sleeves. The Patou capeline is a straw that shows which way the wind blows.

AN original lamé and chiffon shawl, a spangled casaque, and a draped skirt with transparent hemline, by Jenny

And nothing to cry over

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Carnation Caramel Custard

2 cups Carnation Milk diluted with 2 cups hot water; ½ cup sugar; ½ tsp. salt; 5 eggs; 1 tsp. vanilla. Caramelize sugar and add to scalded diluted milk. Let remain in double boiler till sugar dissolves. Add this mixture to slightly beaten eggs; add salt and vanilla. Pour into buttered custard cups. Set in deep pan of hot water. Bake in 225° F. oven. This serves eight.

"My Hundred Favorite Recipes"—Write for this unusual little recipe book by Mrs. Mary Blake. It is free

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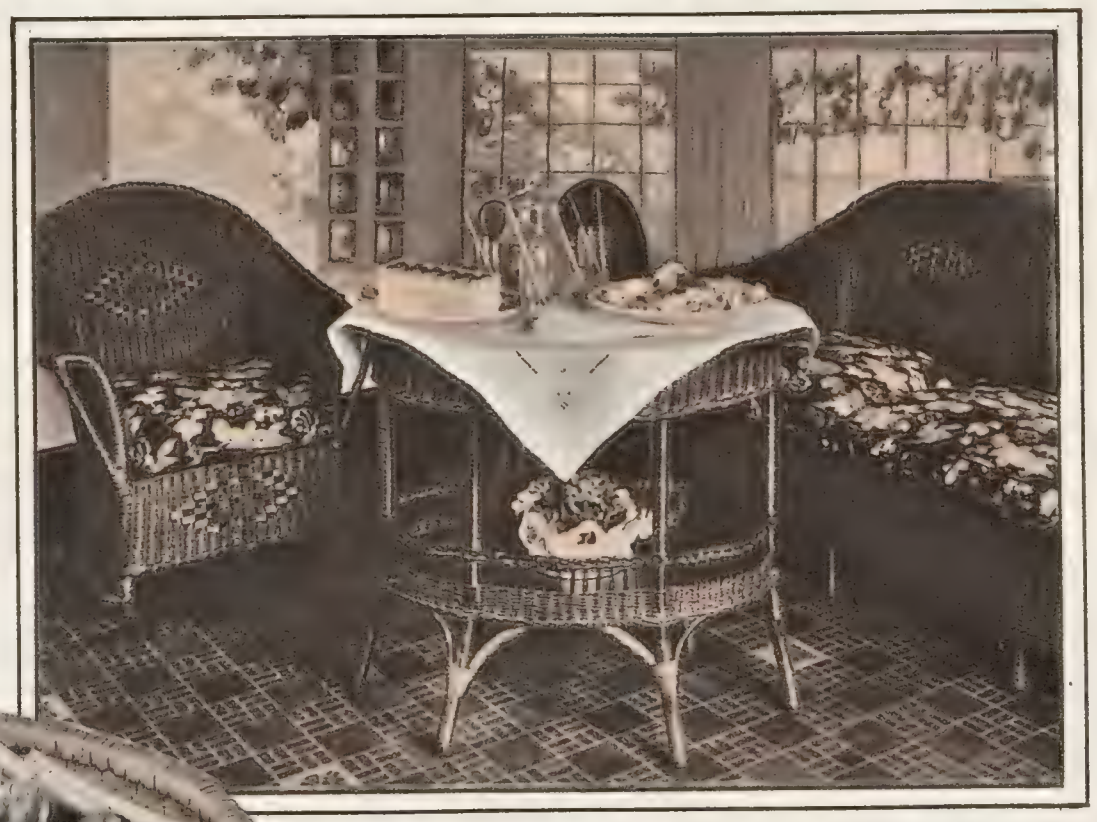
Refreshing Recipes for a Porch Party

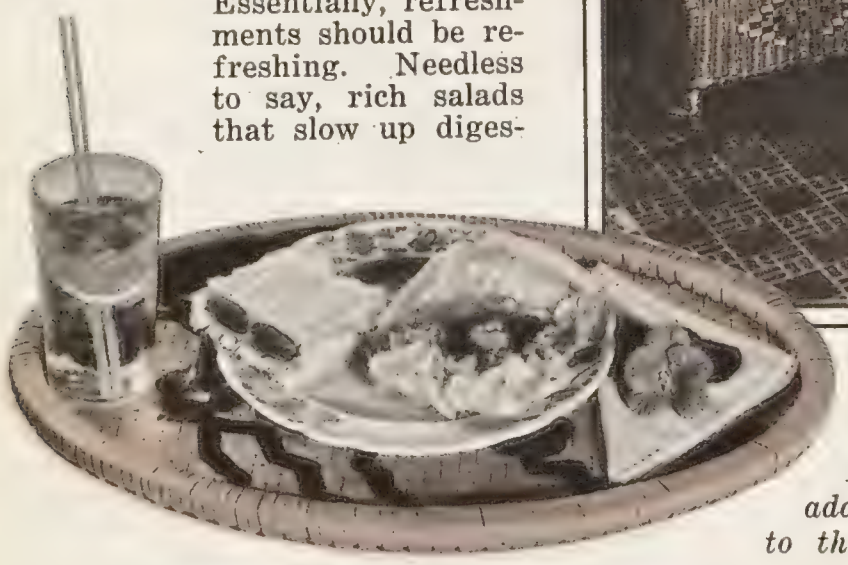
By ETHEL SOMERS

IT'S the last week of vacation. Plans for the schoolward and workward journeys are materializing formidably, and friendly vacation companionships are about to be interrupted. 'Tis then that cozy chintzed porches gayly beckon farewell festivities. Perhaps nothing could be more appropriate or ultra smart than a Farewell Porch Party.

Today the best caterers are reducing the number of courses, even for elaborate occasions. Essentially, refreshments should be refreshing. Needless to say, rich salads that slow up digestion spoil the vivacity and spirit of the ideal porch party.



The tiniest of tables can be arranged to serve this simple menu.



Individual trays add a special touch to the lap luncheon.

Herewith is suggested a variable porch party menu, informally delightful in make-up and service.

PORCH PARTY MENU

Surprise Sandwich Loaf
Ginger-Ale Salad with Shrimp Border
Grapefruit French Dressing
Savory Punch

Loganberry Punch

1 cup loganberry juice	½ cup sugar
½ cup pineapple juice	2 lemons, juice only
	1 quart water

BOIL the sugar for three minutes or until dissolved in two cups of the water. Add the remainder of the water and fruit juice. Ice, and just before serving add one pint of charged water if a biting beverage is desired.

Plain Fruit Punch

(Service for Six)

¾ cup sugar	1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
2 cups boiling water	Grated rind of one-half orange
2 cups cold water	1 cup orange juice
½ cup lemon juice	

COOK the sugar and boiling water together for three minutes or until the sugar is completely dissolved. Add the other ingredients after cooling. Serve well iced.

Savory Punch. Add one quart of hot tea (English breakfast is best) to the Plain Fruit Punch and one-half cup of finely cut maraschino cherries. This is equally delightful hot or cold.

Ginger-Ale Jelly

1 package of prepared lemon jelly
or
1 recipe Lemon Jelly from Liberty's 100 Standard Recipes, omitting one cup of the water called for in the recipe.
1 cup ginger ale

PREPARE the lemon jelly, adding one cup of hot water in place of the two called for on the package. Stir until the gelatin is completely dissolved. Add the cold ginger ale and pour into wet molds to stiffen. When hardened, dip quickly in and out of hot water and unmold on to chilled crisp lettuce.

Surprise Sandwich Loaf

1 loaf bread (sandwich preferred)	½ cup mayonnaise
⅓ cup butter, creamed	Pecans for decorating
4 packages cream cheese	Any desired filling (variation)

REMOVE all the crust from a whole loaf of fresh bread. Slice the bread lengthwise into four sections, buttering and spreading each slice with butter and the desired filling before it is cut, for convenience. Put the loaf together like a layer cake, leaving the bread plain on top and bottom. Wrap in a damp cloth, put a weight on top, and place in a cold place for one hour or more. Soften the cream cheese and work in mayonnaise enough to form a smooth spreading mixture. Frost the outside of the loaf with the cheese mixture, decorating it for elaborate effects with a pastry tube and nut meats. Place on a long platter and garnish with nasturtium leaves.

Fillings

Cream cheese softened with mayonnaise, chopped pecans added.
Cream cheese softened with mayonnaise, shredded pimentos added.
Cream cheese softened with mayonnaise, chopped or sieved hard-cooked egg added.
Cream cheese softened with mayonnaise, piccalilli added.
Cream cheese softened with mayonnaise, chopped nasturtium stems added.
Cream cheese softened with mayonnaise, chopped stuffed olives added.
Cream cheese softened with mayonnaise, chopped peanuts added.

Porch Party Salad. Place a mold of Ginger-Ale Jelly on a cleaned, crisp lettuce leaf. Garnish the top with a selected piece of the border mixture (see below) and pile a border garnish of the minced salad around the edge. Dress with Grapefruit French Dressing and chill.

Border Salad Mixtures

Shrimp

1½ cups shrimp	3 tablespoons lemon juice
1½ tablespoons olive oil	3 drops of tabasco sauce

Apple

½ cup chopped apple, finely cut	¼ cup shredded nut meats
½ cup minced celery	¼ cup Pineapple Dressing

Celery

1½ cups shredded celery	¼ cup pecans, shredded
	¼ cup mayonnaise

MINCE the fish, vegetable, or fruit finely, reserving a few whole portions to serve later as a garnish. Add the nuts if used and when well blended add the salad dressing or seasonings and mix well. Chill.

Grapefruit French Dressing

1 teaspoon salt	1½ tablespoons ginger ale
¼ teaspoon pepper	½ tablespoon lemon juice
6 tablespoons salad oil	Few grains Cayenne pepper
1½ tablespoons grapefruit juice	

PUT all the ingredients together in a bottle. Cork tightly and shake well just before using.

Boiled Pineapple Dressing

3 eggs	2 tablespoons flour
1 cup pineapple juice	1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper	¼ cup sugar
1/16 teaspoon celery salt	1 tablespoon butter

MIX the dry ingredients thoroughly. Add the well beaten eggs and then the liquid. Mix well. Stir and cook over hot water until thickened (fifteen minutes). Add the butter and cool before using.

Mayonnaise Dressing. See 100 Standard Recipes, page 33, Recipe 48.

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8-28-26

Mantrap

From a Brooklyn Back Yard Comes Clara Bow, Whose Kiss Is as Peppery as Her Hair

A Movie Review by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

CLARA BOW is the one authentic Cinderella in America's city of Cinderellas. Four years ago she was a student at Public School No. 9 in Brooklyn. Her mother, who has since died, was an invalid. Her father was employed in a small Coney Island restaurant.

She lacked the luxuries possessed by most of the other girls of her class. A new dress was a cosmic event in her life.

Then Clara won a magazine fame-and-fortune contest. Other girls have won contests and nothing more has been heard of them. We know of only three winners who have gone onward: Mary Philbin, Mary Astor, and Miss Bow.

* * *

At first Miss Bow had a difficult time. Movie magnates do not pursue contest winners. In fact, they rate them with correspondence-school graduates of scenario-writing.

Elmer Clifton was casting Down to the Sea in Ships and he was looking for an inexpensive cast. This whaling picture was backed by a syndicate of New Bedford, Massachusetts, residents, actual descendants of the old-time whalers, and Clifton had to think twice about his players' salaries.

Down to the Sea achieved two things. It is the only independently financed picture that ever paid a dividend to its backers and it brought Miss Bow to light. Possibly you remember her as the little stowaway.

Miss Bow became a promising somebody overnight. She appeared in several films, including Black Oxen and Babbitt, and then was launched in a series of pictures with such hectic titles as Wine, Poisoned Paradise, and Parisian Love. She played in Ernst Lubitsch's Kiss Me Again. She was in The Ancient Mariner when it was manufactured recently as an astonishing modern love story with a maritime flashback full of bathing girls.

Then Miss Bow had a stroke of luck. The producer with whom she had signed, B. P. Schulberg, became an executive with Famous Players, that organization taking over his contracts. Thus the Brooklyn schoolgirl became an important cog in this huge organization. From playing in lurid melodrama she became a big name in one of the two biggest film companies.

* * *

Miss Bow has reacted just as Cinderella would have reacted to Hollywood. She still has her naive honesty, but she also has bobbed hair of an amazing vermilion tint. Nobody has ever heard her comment upon the art of the cinema, but she is emphatic in her liking for chewing gum, chop suey, and dancing.

At the school in Brooklyn they still remember Clara as the girl who could do a hundred in twelve seconds flat. She uses a snappy roadster now.

Only recently Miss Bow burst into the newspapers when an ex-collegian attempted to commit suicide because of her. At the court hearing after his recovery, it was testified the youth had been kissed so strenuously by our Cinderella that his lips were sore for two days afterward. We cite this as an example of her vitality.

Miss Bow is reported engaged every week or so, as befits a young lady in quest of her Prince Charming. What would you? She is just twenty-one, she gets seventeen hundred dollars a week, and every day the postmen totter to her bungalow door with hundreds of letters from admiring schoolgirls to whom a new dress is an event. Probably the original Cinderella would have collapsed under this avalanche of good fortune.

* * *

Miss Bow is now appearing in Mantrap, adapted from Sinclair Lewis' current satire of the great open places of the North. Lewis wrote of a triangle: a soft and irresolute New Yorker, a hardy trapper, and his wife, a manicure from Minneapolis presiding over a cabin in the wilderness.

Miss Bow plays this flirtative little animal from the cuticle parlors of Minneapolis vividly and incisively without regard for camera or morals—and she makes the picture really interesting. Lewis' novel was far from impressive between covers, but it has suffered few bruises in its transition to the screen. Ernest Torrence would not have been our choice for the trapper, *Joe Easter*, but he does well, nevertheless. But Mantrap is all Clara Bow.

* * *

Clara Bow seems to us to resemble Lenore Ulric. She has stood her collision with Hollywood better than many of the studio flappers. She moves unworried along the golden cinema boulevards. The other girls have their responsibilities to the public. Clara hasn't even the conventional movie mamma.

We doubt if Clara is a member of the organization of the Hollywood flapper elect, Our Club.

How a little Brooklyn girl with no more background than a kitten can act so shrewdly—and such directorial authorities as Ernst Lubitsch and Herbert Brenon swear to that—presents one of those problems eternally raised by the so-called art of the silver sheet. Ask us how they shoot those scenes through glass or how that big cathedral is just a two-foot miniature, but don't ask us to explain Miss Bow.

MANTRAP

Directed by Victor Fleming A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Joe Easter.....*Ernest Torrence*
Alverna.....*Clara Bow*
Ralph Prescott.....*Percy Marmont*
E. Wesson Woodbury.....*Eugene Pallette*
Curly Evans.....*Tom Kennedy*
Mrs. McGavvity.....*Josephine Crowell*
Mr. McGavvity.....*William Orlamond*
Mrs. Barker.....*Miss Du Pont*

Starring in Mantrap, Clara Bow is vivid and incisive.

A youth testified that his lips hurt for two days after Clara kissed him.

Have you heard that—

Thomas Meighan has taken up golf? . . . Glorifying the American Girl, the much heralded Famous Players-Ziegfeld film, is off indefinitely? . . . The film is figured to cost a million, with Ziegfeld beauties drawing thirty-five dollars a day for their studio work? . . . Gloria Swanson bought an original Russian story for early production? . . . Richard Dix has started work on The Quarterback with Esther Ralston as leading woman? . . . George Walsh completed The Kick-Off? . . . Lya de Putti has been added to the cast of The Duke of Ladies? . . . Ben Lyon, Ian Keith, Lois Wilson, and Mary Brian are already in the cast? . . . H. B. Warner is to play *Christ* in Cecil de Mille's The King of Kings? . . . Ramon Novarro is to do Old Heidelberg as a special, probably with John Robertson directing? . . . Hallam Cooley leaves the Fox forces and Allan Forrest is now playing *Warren* to Kathryn Perry's *Helen* in the series, The Married Life of Helen and Warren?

Next week, You Never Know Women, starring Florence Vidor, will be reviewed.

Putting the Roof on the House

By Charles G. Fraser

Construction planned to prevent interference between craftsmen.

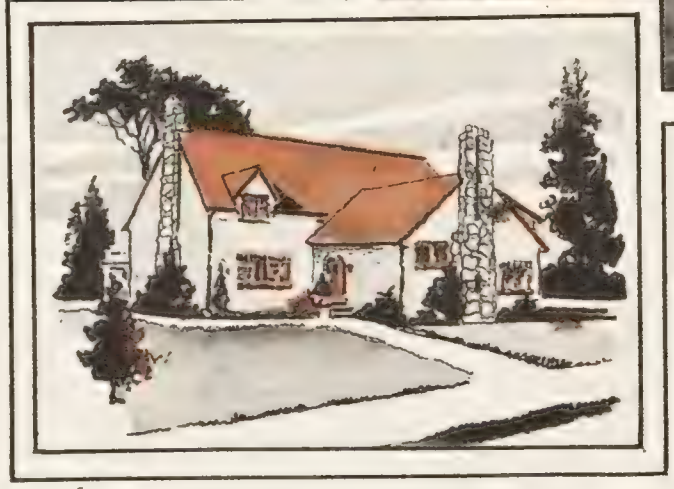
With brick work well forward and roof of one wing in place.

OWN YOUR HOME

A Series that Tells How, When, and Why

SPOKANE HOUSE—THIRD REPORT

PROGRESS during the last month on the Spokane house has been so rapid that one needs the services of a motion-picture camera and a sixty-foot measuring reel to interpret the story properly. After six weeks of blasting, gouging, and concrete-pouring, it was a great relief to George and Johanna Visk when the workmen reached the stage of more stately, less substantial materials.



Sketch of the finished Spokane house.

The framework shot upward overnight, it seemed, and the house over which they have dreamed and for which they have saved during the last twelve years began to show some of the aspects of reality. Now, with the finishing touches a month away, they are in a fever of restlessness to move in and get started on what they consider the beginning of real life. That is the satisfying feeling of one's own home—built, owned, and occupied by just US.

George and Johanna have a daily rendezvous with their home at dusk. They wander through its skeleton rooms and as night descends and the lights of the city begin to twinkle across the broad expanse of valley and plain to the north, they again are recaptured by all the old charm that riveted their hopes to this lovely site on Overbluff Road. The years of striving and the patient drill that one may realize full expectations now seem but a happy routine, a part of life.

Three important alterations from the original plans have been made in the interior of the dwelling. Two—the plan by which the entrance hall was enlarged, and the surrender of windows beside the living-room fireplace in favor of bookshelves—were described in previous articles. The third expedient, adopted to economize space, resulted when it was found the master bedchamber on the upper floor did not permit what Mrs. Visk considered ample accommodation for beds.

The north wall of this room has a wide door opening on a balcony, and an equally broad casement window. It was determined to eliminate the closet space between this and the adjoining bedroom, a matter of three feet. Two wardrobe closets are to be built at the west end of the room, flanking the fireplace. The difference in cost, as Mr. Visk found, to his surprise, was but twelve dollars.

These wardrobe closets will extend into the room, beyond the opening of the fireplace, about one foot. The result is a recessed fireplace, but the mantel is to be built in semicircular fashion. The closets, which extend to the ceiling, will be fronted with mirrored doors and contain compartments for hats and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

shoes as well as clothing. The doors, swinging outward, provide a complete view of one's figure.

The treatment of the fireplace in the bedroom is unique, but the effect is far more pleasing than was expected. Besides providing ample closet room it gives the big master bedroom the air of comfort and coziness of the old colonial fireplaces, with the chimney-seat effect. In the climate of Spokane, where the fireplace is in use far more frequently than the furnace, this bedroom arrangement is excellent, and the additional expense is so small as to be negligible.

A WARDROBE cupboard is to be provided for the bedroom left without a closet. This is the room of George, Jr., ten years old this month, and now scanning the premises with a view to proper radio reception and ample facilities for the construction of Indian-proof forts and airplane landing fields.

The great American furnace question, with which the Visks were struggling at the end of last month on account of the variety of advice as to the correct size for their establishment, was settled by selection of a twenty-seven-inch firebox. With it came a guarantee that if it failed to heat to the satisfaction of the purchaser it would be removed by the agent. It was agreed the stacks carrying the warm air should be installed, one to each register, with no branch lines. Two registers are to be placed in the living-room and two in the kitchen. The natural force driving the heat through the stacks is to be augmented by an electrically propelled fan, assuring even distribution and almost instant action.

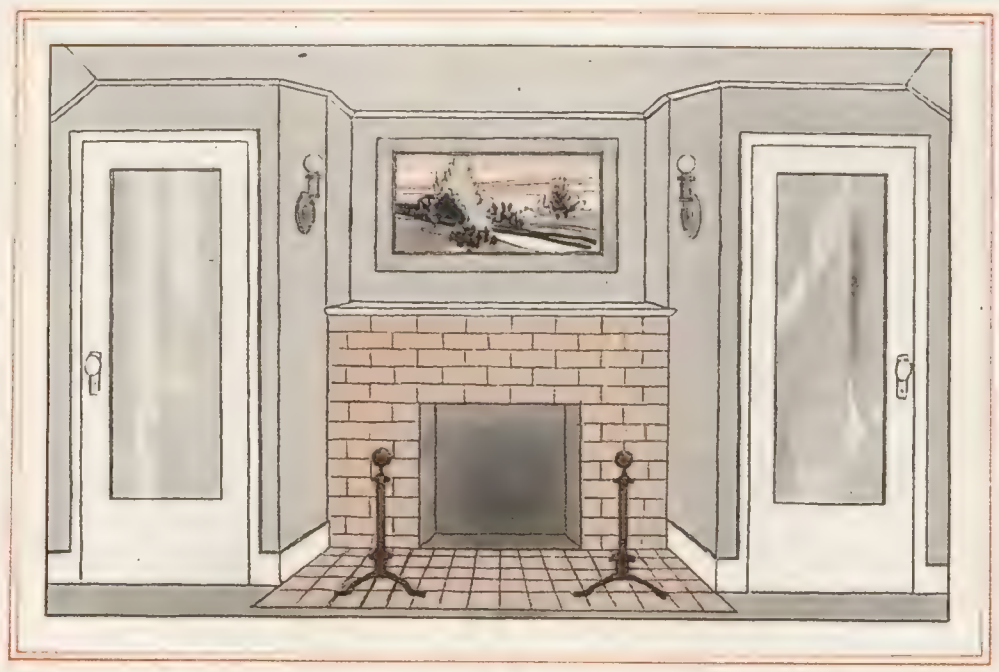
Mr. Visk and the architect had concluded that sixty-eight electric outlets should supply the requirements of a seven-room house. When the time arrived for bids on the electrical work, Mrs. Visk was assigned to go over the situation with the contractors. The number of necessary outlets grew during this inspection from sixty-eight to 104.

"That makes an average of nearly fifteen to a room," was Mr. Visk's comment, and he set out for the scene of operations to disclose what a mere man could do toward "straightening things out." And so he decided that 104 outlets were none too many, and surprised he had not noticed the situation more quickly. The regular price for outlets, which includes the extension of two wires to the surface of an inner wall by the use of tubes and knobs to carry the wires through and along the rafters, is $1.25. Mr. Visk, by application of his system of bids, secured a price of ninety cents an outlet.

The placing of the outlets was the particular work of Mrs. Visk. She knows what every housewife knows: that the number of outlets means little unless they are placed so that lamps are in the right place beside chairs, beds, and dressing tables; unless the lights in the kitchen are placed so that they light the sink, the ice box, the stove, and the cabinet. So she superintended the placing of the outlets to see that short leads of wire would bring the lights where they were most needed.

Decision to purchase tile roofing served to indicate to the Visks how one thing calls for another in house construction. The tile is heavy, although beautiful and durable. To insure against its crashing basementward, it was decided to strengthen the rafters and the ceiling joists of the second floor. Instead of the customary two by fours, the architect went to two by sixes, adding somewhat to the total outlay for lumber.

This roof is to have an artistic feature. Beginning with a dark tile that corresponds closely to the brick in the walls, the color scheme shades off to a warm buff at the ridge-



Two clothes closets, one on each side of the bedroom fireplace.

pole. It is believed the roof will add to the substantial appearance of the exterior. The brick will cover the outer walls completely, clear to the topmost gable, as the Visks are united in the opinion that a side wall one-half or three-fourths brick and the rest shingles or stucco is not only displeasing to the eye but a poor makeshift.

SINCE virtually every home is insured against fire loss, Mr. Visk had an idea it might be possible to defend his investment as it progressed. Inquiry revealed this could be cared for and he has added to his insurance policy as the work moved forward. When he completes paying out a thousand dollars, the insurance agent is notified and another thousand is tacked on the policy.

Another precaution Mr. Visk has found valuable was the acquisition of a six-foot folding rule. This is insurance against absentmindedness on the part of workmen. Through exercise of this telltale instrument he discovered the south window opening from the breakfast nook had been placed three inches too high. In fact, as it was not a low aperture to begin with, Mrs. Visk would have been unable to sit at her breakfast table and obtain a view of the yard. The outcome was an alteration, believe it or not, by the carpenters at their own expense. Similar slight defections, unintentional but equally annoying, have been found from time to time by means of the six-foot folding rule.

The basement floor now is undergoing the pouring of concrete. When completed, the partitions, dividing it into fuel, laundry, fruit, and furnace rooms, will be installed. The house then will be ready for the last phase of construction—the plastering. The walls of the basement partitions must be measured as well as the upper floors, that contractors may bid. The actual work will begin immediately.

Following the plasterers the carpenters will re-enter for the finishing woodwork and the house will be ready for interior decoration.

THE Visks, having spent twelve years planning their home, now see their dreams materializing, and, by keeping in steady contact with the contractors and builders, are able to make small alterations in the plans without adding much to the expense. They have adopted the policy of non-interference, and yet their evening visits to the scene of building are productive of good results.

Each evening they inspect the work done, study it in view of the plans and specifications, and make certain that their plans are being carried out as they are drawn. They have already been able to check several mistakes in which the workers did not quite grasp the idea of architect and owner, and by consulting with their architect have included space saving and money saving—and, better from Mrs. Visk's standpoint, step saving.

The Visk home foundation is practically carved out of rock, on the hillside on Overbluff, but no pains have been spared to insure a dry basement, big drains being located at the lowest point of the basement and connected with the outlets to the sewers.

The interior finish work on the house will proceed rapidly, since the usual long wait for thorough drying of plaster has been obviated largely by the use of patent materials which require less time.

The outside work and the trim will be completed within a few days after this is written and the plasterers already are at work inside. In the climate of Spokane at this time of year rapid construction is possible. The inside trim is ready for the carpenters and the Visks expect to be in their new home during the early weeks of September.

The Visks have encountered more difficulties in construction, especially during the excavation and early stages of operations, than the other LIBERTY home-builders have done; but, due to the careful planning and study of details of the specifications, they have solved their problems with the minimum of delay.

The careful inspection of each detail of the building by both Mr. and Mrs. Visk is an object lesson to other home-builders. They have lost a little time in making certain that materials and workmanship were right—and have saved much that might have been lost in correcting mistakes after they were made, but they are satisfied with the results.

[SEE NEXT PAGE]

Bronxville

LIBERTY Homes
COMPLETED

Don't miss the Final Installments on the Four Famous Houses

Kansas City

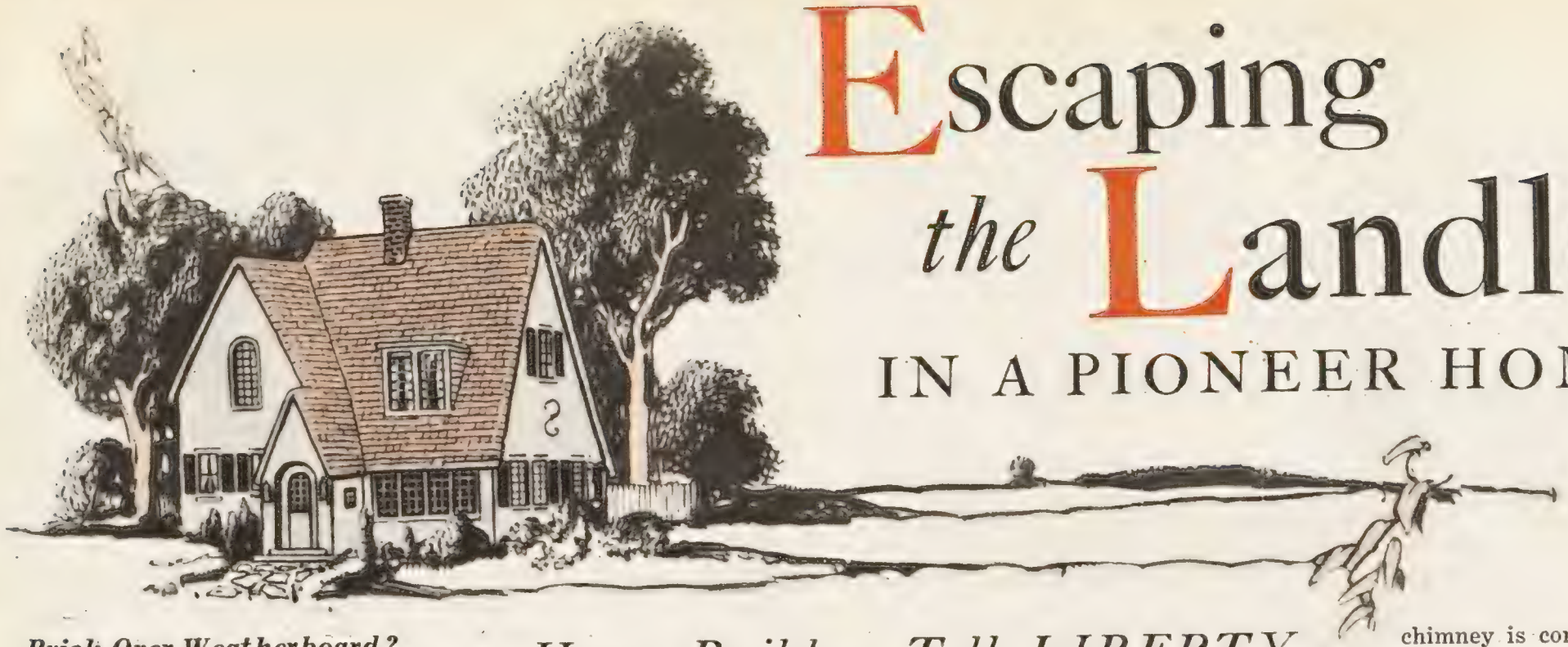
BEGINNING next week, the four LIBERTY homes, described step by step in these articles, will be shown in their final stage of completion. Starting with the Jefferson home in Bronxville, N. Y., LIBERTY will publish the concluding chapters on each house, giving complete lists of materials and costs.

Milwaukee

LIBERTY has a surprise coming—a new feature in home-making to follow the home-building series. The announcement will be made in an early issue.

WATCH FOR IT!

Spokane



Escaping *the* Landlord IN A PIONEER HOME

Home-Builders Tell LIBERTY Their Troubles and Receive Advice

Brick Over Weatherboard?

EDITOR, Home Page: Our frame bungalow was built ten years ago and has required painting every few years. Even so, it never looks as nice as the newer stucco and brick houses along our street. The house is well built, conveniently located, and is on a lot containing two magnificent oak trees—in fact, much too attractive in many ways to give up simply for a more stylish house elsewhere. The solid weatherboard balustrade around the large front porch is not pretty and sags dejectedly. The straight block pillars supporting the porch roof are shapeless and ugly.

Would it be feasible to have stucco or brick applied right on top of the weatherboard and to have stone or brick pillars in place of those of wood? I have heard that this is practicable, but have never had any first-hand knowledge of its being done. The house and lot are now worth about $6,500.

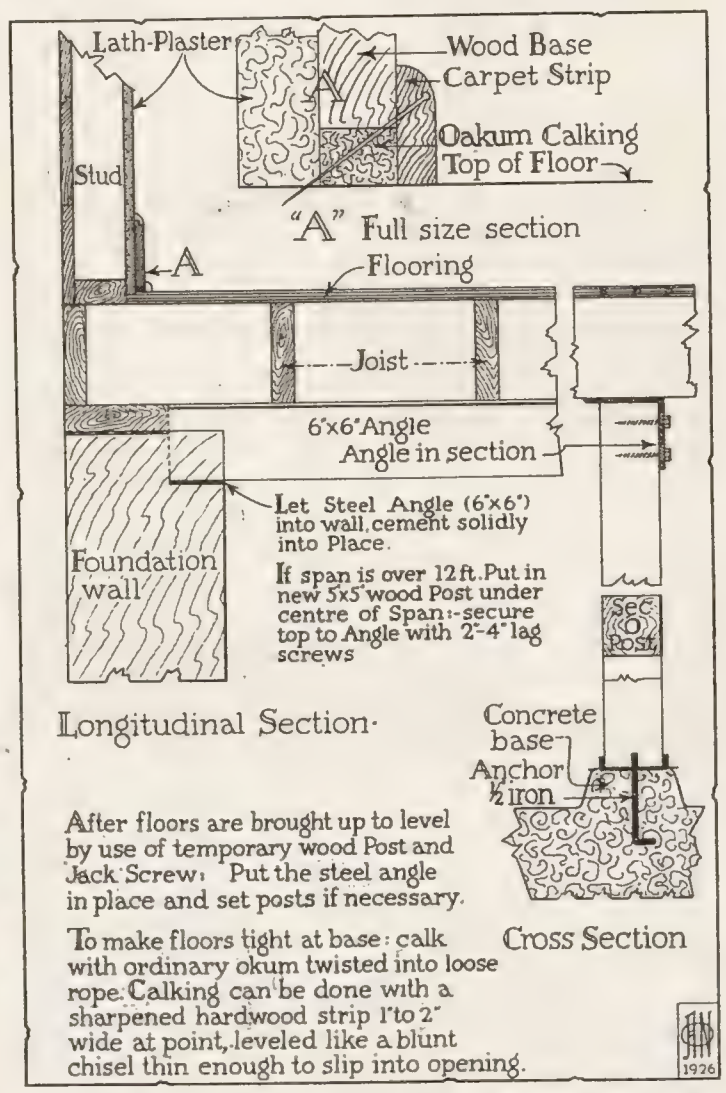
MRS. CLEVELAND S. SMITH,
Memphis, Tenn.

Stucco may be satisfactorily applied over weatherboard, first nailing to the board surface wire of metal lath to which the stucco plaster will bond. Brick veneer also would probably be practical. Stone pillars would likely be architecturally best with stucco exterior; brick pillars with brick veneer. Any reliable local mason-contractor could estimate the cost for either exterior finish.

When Floors Settle

EDITOR, Home Page: L. S. Minor states he is having trouble with settling floors, leaving gap between floor and base. Inclosed drawing shows how the trouble may be remedied. In building small wood houses I use the base shown, keep the base for three-eighths to one-half inch from floor, and calk space with oakum, then cover with carpet strip fitted tight to floor, thus assuring a permanently tight-fitting base. If there is any settling, the oakum will expand and keep the space filled. Where white or enamel finish is used, the carpet strip should be stained walnut or mahogany. The method may be used in old houses as well as in new ones.

A. N. OVIATT, Cleveland, Ohio.



How to close gaps caused by the settling of floors

They Began with a Shed

EDITOR, Home Page: Sickness and high rents swept away our little savings. We took a walk one Sunday. Lots, unimproved save for water, were selling for $450. They were 50 by 120. We could pay $20 down, $10 a month.

Next day we went to a lumber dealer and bought $200 worth of material, payable at $25 a month. A carpenter agreed to build our shack for $40. We were paying $45 a month for a wretched apartment and were to be forced out because of children.

We paid $20 on the lot and received a contract, paid $25 to the lumber company, and borrowed $40 to pay the carpenter. It took the carpenter and his helper two days to build the shack—12 by 24, a slant-roofed shed, pine floor, four casement windows, a glass-framed front door—but home.

Our beds were framed springs from a second-hand store, hinged to the walls and screwed to folding legs. When not in use they were folded back against the walls, and concealed behind curtains hanging from shelves. We papered the walls, stained and oiled the floors, made colorful rag rugs, and with gay cretonne curtains made it bright and homelike.

We swallowed our pride, and made the adventure a lark. Old friends stuck with us and we made new and worth-while ones. Pioneers we played at being, with oil lamps in our sinkless, bathless home, but the money was not going into the landlord's pocket.

Our next step was to plan a real home. There was a strike, idleness; contractors were not working. We ordered $600 worth of cement and lumber. In two weeks we had made progress and could ask for a loan. We contracted for a house for $2,400, exclusive of painting, decorating, and finishing woodwork. We have a HOME—a large combined living- and dining-room, two bedrooms, bath, three big closets, a breakfast nook, two large screened porches, the back one some day to be glassed for a sleeping-porch. We have it almost paid for, and gas, water, electricity, and telephone have reached us.

AMY HURT,
Albuquerque, N. M.

Stucco Stained by Soot

EDITOR, Home Page: Last year we built a gray stucco house. It looked good until we began building fires in the furnace. Then, every time it rained, the water would run in long black streams down the chimney and one side of the house.

The soot mixed with the water. Now the side of the house by the chimney is completely discolored. Is there some way to remove it or prevent more from accumulating?

MRS. M. SCHMIDT, Sullivan, Mo.

It would appear that the chimney cap is faulty, or that there is no cap at all. Properly laid up, the chimney cap should prevent the soot stains you describe. Then topping the chimney cap with a chimney pot would carry the smoke and soot off from above the actual top of the chimney proper.

The Two-Family House

EDITOR, Home Page: We decided to build a five-room-and-bath bungalow on a sixty-five-foot lot in the outskirts of Detroit. Discussing plans with another young couple, they suggested a two-family house and offered to rent the other part of our home. This led to an offer to build a two-family house on a partnership basis, each contributing an equal share until the building was paid for, when we planned to offer it for sale and each build our own homes.

Aside from double usage of the same lot, would we save any money by building two cottages side by side? Would the saving be materially greater if we built one above the other as a so-called two-family flat? A. YATES BARNES.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

It is less expensive to build a double house because, building with a "party wall," as the connecting wall is called, both material and labor are saved. It costs even less to build the two-family flat, because one roof covers both living quarters, only the one foundation and basement are required, and there are other obvious savings. In either case there is the saving effected by the two families erecting one building as one job instead of two.

$25 for Letters

LIBERTY wants its readers to aid one another in home-building. The story of your experience may help others who want to build homes. To encourage this, LIBERTY invites you to tell the story of your home and how it was planned and built. For each story and helpful inquiry printed, LIBERTY will pay $25. Answers to questions will be made by the Home Builders' Service Institute, Inc. Address, Liberty Home Owners' Bureau, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

The Wreck of the Raft

Adventures of Benny, Nicky, and Greg

The Fifth of a Series of Children's Stories

By ALINE KILMER

Going bathing! Oh, what fun! They set out, laughing and kicking up their heels.

THE STORY SO FAR

Nicholas, Gregory, and Ben have gone with their family to Buttonwood for the summer. At Buttonwood are many interesting things, among them an orchard, a barn, a corncrib, a woodshed, a pigsty, a boathouse on an island, a boat, a raft, and a river.

CHAPTER XII

ONE morning, a few days after we had settled down at Buttonwood, the birds waked me up very early. A vireo on top of a pear tree near our window called and called until I got up and looked out. The children were digging in the flower-border.

Ben had the handle of a hoe. The hoe itself had been broken off and only a little hook was left at the end. Nicky had a slender spear with three little prongs. But Greg's was the most peculiar-looking of all. It was a great screw as long as your arm, with a cross-piece at the top.

That day I had to go to the city. So just after we finished clearing up the breakfast dishes I left Gran and Uncle Bunkle to look after the children.

Everything went well all morning. It was a very warm day, bright and shiny, and the boys had a wonderful time.

After lunch Uncle Bunkle went to take a nap. Gran told the boys to be quiet.

"Why can't we go in bathing, Gran?" they begged. "It's so hot!"

Gran said they might if they'd take Domar.

They set off across the moor in high spirits, dressed in their fine new bathing-suits, laughing and kicking up their heels.

Gran went up to her room and took one of her little cat-naps. When she woke she heard Uncle Bunkle moving around. It would be pleasant to have a cup of tea with him. So she went down to find him. He was outdoors.

"I can't imagine where the children are," he said.

"They've gone to the river," said Gran.

"Oh, my goodness gracious!" said Uncle Bunkle. "Did anyone tell them not to go away from the little beach? That river has a terrible current!"

Poor Gran was frightened to death.

"I didn't know anything about it! You were asleep and I knew they'd brought their bathing-suits. I've been worrying a little because I forgot to caution them again about that raft."

Uncle Bunkle and Gran forgot all about their tea and set off as hard as they could go for the island. They were both worried. The children might be drowned.

CHAPTER XIII

Gran and Uncle Bunkle walked as fast as they could go. Gran was panting because Uncle Bunkle's legs are so much longer than hers that she had hard work keeping up with him. Every now and then she would murmur: "What *shall* we do if anything has happened to them?" Uncle Bunkle didn't know.

At last they reached the top of the hill that forms the island. The whole beach and the boathouse lay before them. There was no sign of the children. And there was no sound of them, either.

Gran's face was white and Uncle Bunkle was breathing hard. Suddenly Uncle Bunkle took a long step and flung open the door of the boathouse.

There they were! All three of them, very wet and very solemn and very still, sitting in a row on the cot in the boathouse.

Goodness, how relieved Gran and Uncle Bunkle felt! They didn't spend any time thinking about how queer it was that the boys should have been so quiet. They just started right in telling them how dangerous the river was. The boys said nothing.

But while they were having their supper that night they told all about it as a secret to Gran. They told me, too, when I got home, and as that was not a secret I can tell it to you just as they told it to me. The Grig began it.

"Did you know, Muzzer, I was *almost* drowned while you were away?"

"You were?" I asked lightly, not having heard anything of it and not taking him very seriously. "How was that? Did you wade out beyond your depth?" He shook his head.

"No, I wasn't beyond my depth. The water only came up to here," and he touched his chest.

"Well, how could you nearly drown in water that didn't cover your shoulders?"

"But, you see, I was lying on my face at the bottom."

"Well, Greg!" I exclaimed impatiently, "this sounds a little too foolish! Why didn't you get up? You can drown in the bathtub if you try hard."

Greg looked pained at my stupidity.

"I couldn't!" he protested. "The river *had* me!"

Then I understood, and by degrees I got the whole story.

They had gone out on the raft, forgetting Gran's warning.

They might have been carried out to sea, but fortunately, before they had gone far the raft tipped over and they were all thrown into the river!

I couldn't find out much about what happened to Nicky and Ben. But the raft had gone over Gregory and the undertow kept him from getting on his feet again.

"But Nicky saved me!" he said proudly. "Domar didn't do a thing."

"Just went on diggin' for clams," said Nicky. Greg cast a reproachful look at Ben.

"An' *Ben* didn't do much to save me."

"Huh!" Ben grunted. "I was too busy trying to save myself!"

"Ben's a year younger than you," I reminded him. "You ought to save him." The Grig cast a funny little look, first at Ben's sturdy legs and then at his own.

"*Me* save *him?*" he asked in amazement. "I'm too skinny!"

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

The raft tipped over and they were all thrown into the river. They couldn't do a thing against the swift current.

More guests are soon to arrive to share the fun at Buttonwood. You'll hear all about them in next week's issue.

Fall Fashions Hint of GRECIAN LINES

By Mary Brush Williams

IF the Greeks had a Winged Victory, it looks as if we were going to have a winged 1926 girl. One thing is certain, and that is we shall have draperies, many of them beginning at the shoulders. Maybe we shall be asked to forget the round-shouldered, flapper slump, and take on the fine, undaunted bearing of the Winged Victory.

Perhaps, like her, we shall be taught the art of moving on before our draperies, lifting ourselves in advance of them, like a ship putting the waves back of her at sea. Physical culture teachers, such as Fannie Hurst told us about in

Photo by Bachrach

us wonder where we saw that movement before. It was in the robe of the Winged Victory and this in spite of all that youth has done to jazz the movement of the day. The present styles are a glorification of all that is modern; but now, as they reach a complete expression of it, they have to include the past.

The unsensational tailleur has been helping to spread the influence of the classic form and put its stamp on present clothes. It will take its place in the fall wardrobes, and since the waist lifts in it, as well as in the Greek model, the line will broaden. There will apparently be few laced-in or Victorian effects.

FRENCH dressmakers, while trying to keep the look of simplicity, are going to make good their threat of introducing things that are more complicated to copy. Model 5134, with the Eton jacket coming over one shoulder and down one side only, is a trick to render it difficult for the home dressmaker.

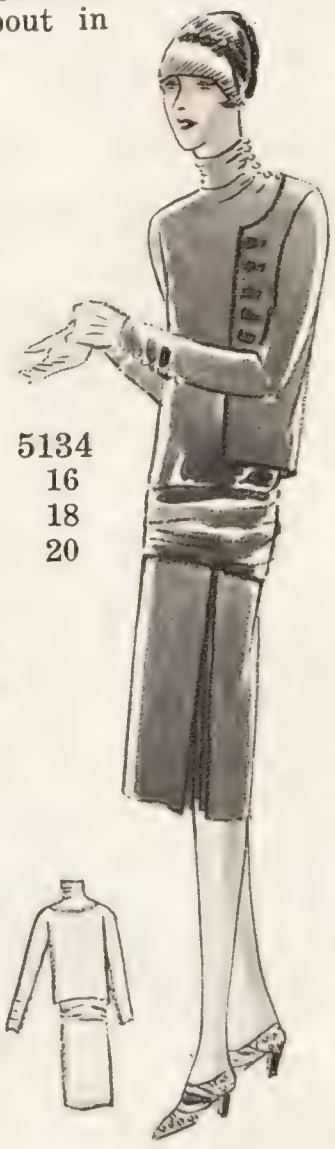
Furs are going to be used a great deal as linings for coats. This, as we all know, will make us look the reverse of slender. Edgings of fur are also to be in the mode, as in the case of the long border of caracul down the V-shaped line of the black velours coat 5135. Even more significant as a trimming is the line it takes up the forearm, outlining a cuff that does not exist.

Capes have by no means run their course. Many of them are still short, as in the summer collections; but now they have achieved the dignity of functioning on evening dresses, and when thus employed are frequently long.

The one in model 5136 is excellent for making that line down the back run straight when nature rendered it a little curved and middle-aged-looking in the human figure. This model also shows one of the very many instances of the use of lace. Here it forms a wide border for cape and tunic. All-over patterns of it are extremely popular. We have by no means seen the last of plaits; and, although they appear here but inconspicuously as a part of the underslip, they will frequently be featured on fall costumes.

Grainy, gritty materials, such as reps and coarsely woven woolens, show evidence of gaining in popularity. Unless all signs fail, there will be countless dresses in black satin. But dominating all other materials will probably be velvet. Never before have we seen such velvets as the French have been working to show us this season. They are as supple as the softest silk. We shall array ourselves in contrasting colors. Violet will combine with blue, and blue with bois de rose, and bois de rose with beige, and black will be a background and a trimming, giving emphasis to almost everything.

AT the right is a blue velvet two-piece dress, showing an unusual treatment of the bolero effect, which comes over one shoulder and down one side only.



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5136
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AN evening dress of pink crepe de Chine trimmed with wide silver lace around tunic and cape is shown at the left. The long cape on dresses is a new feature, very becoming to many figures.

TO the left is shown a coat of black velours, with a border down the length of the opening in gray caracul. This fur also edges the wrists and outlines a high cuff.

5135
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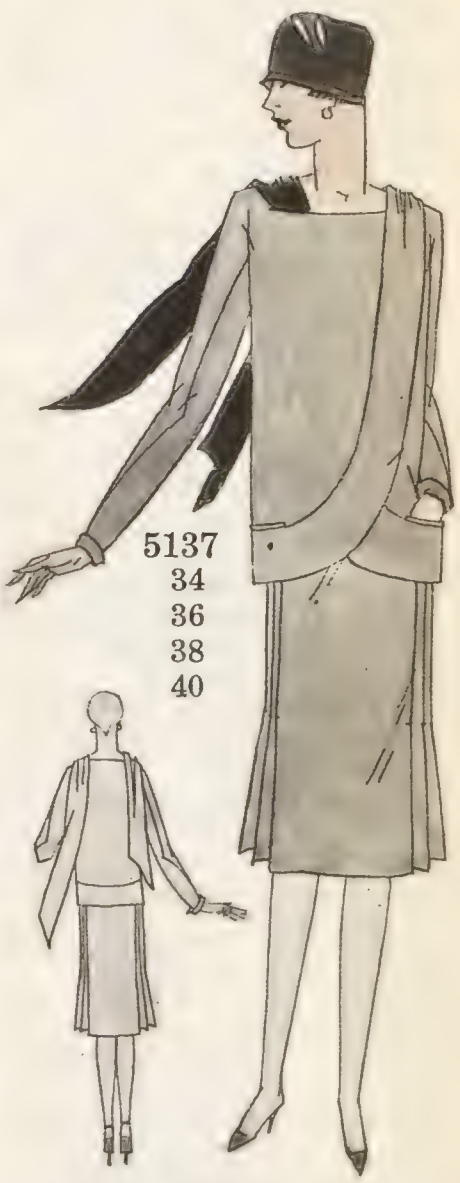

5137
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THE sports frock at the right is of dull red crepella made as if in two pieces, with a scarf effect of the material falling over each shoulder.

LIBERTY a few weeks ago, have begged us ardently to carry ourselves in that manner; and now that it is going to become fashionable to do so, their advice will probably be heeded.

Lucien Lelong, with his feeling for movement in clothes, was among the first to sponsor draperies. This present rage for movement carries a deep sense of the classic in the soft continuousness of the flowing grace. A robe will take on the long-lined, backward pushing sweep which winds give to draperies, making

SPECIAL PATTERNS

by May Manton

Order Mary Brush Williams' Designs

by marking a circle, on picture, around the number, and another circle around the size, of each pattern wanted.

Tear out and inclose entire picture with 25 cents for each number.

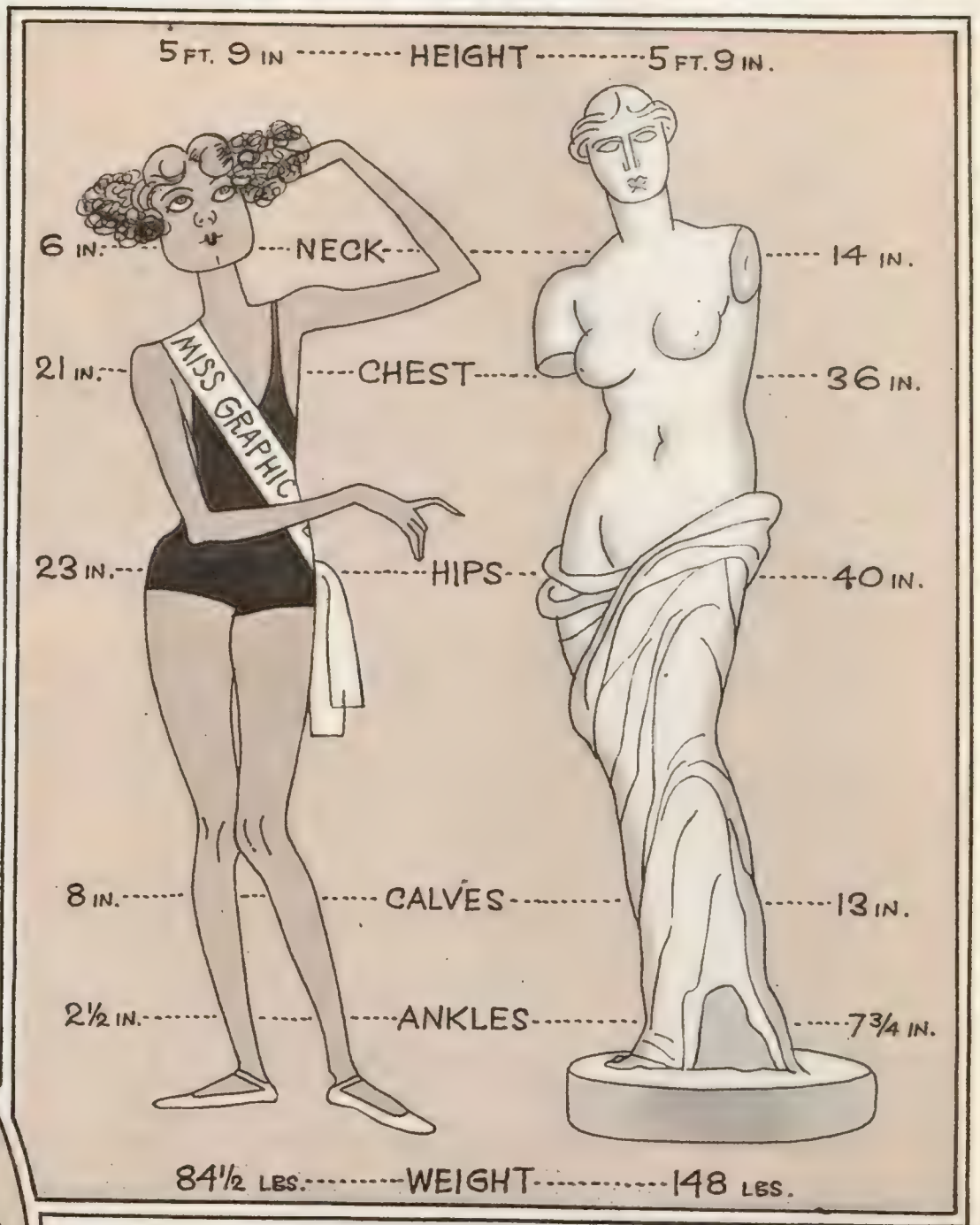
Send with your full address LIBERTY MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, P. O. Box 418, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

CHARLES G. DAWES, who was to be the first Vice-President to rip things open in the Senate and avoid the usual oblivion of the Second in Command, sends out pigeons from the Washington Monument to let the folks in Illinois know where he is.



MISS PANSY MAE BUSHEL, WINNER OF THE GRAPHIC SECTION'S GREAT MOVIE-BEAUTY CONTEST, compared with the Venus de Milo. It will be noticed that the Goddess of Love and Beauty has nothing on Miss Bushel. Miss Bushel is now hurrying eastward in her private car to reap her rich reward. She is being escorted by the entire National Guard of Missouri, and by her aged parents, whom she has not forgotten, despite the honors that are being heaped upon her.

THE FARM BLOC, as it appears in the Bureau of Standards in Washington, D. C., where it has been placed for safe keeping during the summer.

OLD-WORLD ARISTOCRACY AND NEW-WORLD DEMOCRACY meet in London. The Most Noble General-Emperor Archibald K. Lustacious of Nashville, Tennessee, head of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Royal Camels, is presented to the King of England.

SCENE IN ONE OF TOKYO'S OUTDOOR TEA HOUSES, showing the influence of Western civilization on the geisha girls of old Japan.

The BIG Fellow

The Story of James J. Jeffries, the Puncher Irresistible

Under the Arc Lights of Old Coney Fitzsimmons Hands Over a Championship

A Series by

ROBERT EDGREN

Picture by ROBERT EDGREN

© Brown Brothers

Jeffries, the cave man, as he treated the eye of Broadway.

COURAGE and confidence, plus irresistible punching power, were the outstanding characteristics of James J. Jeffries, former world's heavyweight champion.

Emerging from a boiler works and winning the Pacific Coast championship when he was twenty-one, Jeff battered his way to the universal title when he was about twenty-three.

His big success he owed to William A. Brady, because, when Brady selected him as the challenger for the title that Fitzsimmons had punched loose from James J. Corbett, Jeff was a discredited fighter, suspected of cowardice and virtually in retirement.

Everybody in the sporting world gasped when it was announced he was to fight Fitz—then settled back to wait for the slaughter. It was all of that, but Jeff did not play the role of the steer.

The Albert Davis Collection

Bob Fitzsimmons and his mighty left arm.

PART FIVE

BILLY BRADY has told me what happened just before the fight that made Jeff champion. He and Delaney were nervous, with so much at stake, but they were sure Big Jim, in spite of his stolid exterior, was more nervous still. So, at dusk, Delaney and Brady took Jeffries aside and suggested a quiet walk. They slipped down a dark side street, away from the milling mob, walked slowly along the border of Gravesend Bay, and Brady told Jim what was on his mind.

"Jim," he said, "we don't know what tricks these other fellows may pull, so we've got to beat them to it. I have a scheme and it's a winner."

Here Brady stopped and slapped Jim on the back.

"A sure winner," put in Delaney, also slapping Jim on the back.

"Jim," said Brady, "confidence makes a champion. When a fighter loses confidence he's whipped. We know you're confident, but so is Fitzsimmons. We've got to shake his confidence. Here's the scheme. You've seen Fitzsimmons fight and you know all about him, but he's never seen you except on the road that day at Carson when Fitz and Corbett met.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

THE WORLD: WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1926.

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The Timid Soul - - - - - - - - - - - By H. T. Webster

This amusing cartoon is reproduced by courtesy of the New York World.

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Stand | Mayor Walker Sells $11,900
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THE situation in Mr. Webster's cartoon is one that is common in most households where subscriptions are handed out by the soft-hearted members of the family. *Magazines to burn* is the result.

Only 1% of LIBERTY's circulation of more than 1,100,000 is sold by subscription. The rest is sold over the newsstands each week.

By next year, LIBERTY's circulation will be increased 250,000 to supply a long-felt demand.

Not more than 1% of these will be sold by subscription—all the rest, on the newsstands, for cash.

Advertisers appreciate the value of such a method of distribution. It is proved by the fact that during the first six months of this year LIBERTY printed more advertising than any other magazine of general character with the exception of the Saturday Evening Post.

ON ALL NEWSSTANDS 5c **Liberty** *A Weekly for the Whole Family* EVERY MONDAY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

"He hardly gave you a look that day. He's never seen you stripped. He thinks you're a big, soft dub. He thinks you'll be half scared to death when you get into the ring, and all he has to do is walk over and knock you out. You've got to shake his confidence just before the fight, when he won't have time to think it over and recover. Now, here's how you're going to do it."

With this, Brady outlined his plan. When they walked back, dodged the crowd, and went to Jim's quiet room, Jim turned in and slept calmly until 9 o'clock.

Brady and Delaney, Jack Jeffries and Tommy Ryan walked over to the Coney Island Athletic Club with Jeff. The crowd was inside, roaring over the preliminaries. They dodged in through a side door and hurried to the dressing-room. Jeffries stripped and stretched his great frame on a rubbing-cot, and Brady went out quietly. Time had come to develop his plan to shake the champion's confidence.

BRADY went to Fitzsimmons' dressing-room, called for Bob's manager, Martin Julian, and started an argument over the rules. Brady stood in the dark hallway. Julian came just outside the room and left the door open a few inches, so that Fitzsimmons could hear what was said. Bob stood inside the door, listening, just as Brady knew he would.

"I'm going to be in my man's corner," said Brady, "and I've got to know whether Fitz wants to fight, protect yourself at all times, or clean breaks."

"We'll settle that when we get into the ring," said Julian.

"We'll settle it now!" barked Brady. "We don't care how it's settled, but we've got to know what to expect. Damn it, let Fitz come over to Jeff's room and settle it himself!"

Before Julian could object, Fitzsimmons popped out through the doorway. The thought had flashed through his mind that this was a fine opportunity to see this young boilermaker and throw a scare into him.

Shambling along swiftly at Brady's heels, Fitz walked into Jeffries' room, and there, peering with inquisitive blue eyes, stopped suddenly, staring.

What Bob Fitzsimmons saw would make any man stare. Standing up, Jeffries was formidable enough; but stretched naked on the rubbing-cot, immense arms extended above his head, huge hairy chest bulging up like a small mountain, muscle-ridged body drawn thin, legs a network of lean muscles, he was a giant—a Hercules.

In all his experience, Fitzsimmons never had seen such a man, and Fitz was one who could appreciate strength and condition. He drew in his breath with a sharp gasp.

"I want this thing settled before we get into the ring," shrilled Brady. "I want to know whether it's clean breaks or hit in the breaks. I want——"

With an inarticulate growl, Jeffries leaped from the flat of his back to alight in the middle of the room.

"You talk too much!" he snarled. "What have you got to say about it?"

Seizing Brady by the collar, he jerked him out of the way so violently that Brady landed in a crumpled heap in the corner.

"Well, how do you want to fight?" Jeffries roared at Fitzsimmons; and, putting his big right hand against startled Bob's chest, he gave a mighty shove that sent the champion flying through the air and against the partition so hard he nearly broke through.

Fitzsimmons caught his balance, stared popeyed at Jeffries a second, and said quietly:

"Straight rules."

Then he turned and went out, Martin Julian sputtering at his heels.

Delaney softly closed and locked the door He grinned at Jim, and Jim grinned back.

"It worked," said Delaney. "You've got him beaten."

"It worked," chortled Brady; "but, Jim, you didn't have to tear my collar off. Save some of that for the fight."

That little trick may have had something to do with what followed; but probably it only showed Fitz he was in for a real fight.

The last preliminary over, the men were in the ring. Jeffries had determined to press Fitzsimmons hard from the jump. He expected to take a beating, to weather it, and win.

It was a picture, that fight under the blazing arc lights at old Coney. Fitzsimmons, tall, broad-shouldered, long-armed, thin-waisted, and narrow-hipped, moving catlike on his

The Albert Davis Collection

Jeff learning tricks from the crafty Tommy Ryan.

skinny legs, pink skin and bald head shining, blue eyes glinting as he looked for the knockout spot. And Jeffries, crouched and threatening, tremendous in bulk, yet lean and sinewy, scowling brows topped by a mass of curly black hair, eyes intent and mouth grim.

For a round they felt each other out, and Fitzsimmons showed strength in the clinches that astonished Big Jim.

"He's stronger than Sharkey," Jim thought.

In the second round Jeffries rushed Fitzsimmons and drove heavy blows into his body. Fitz clinched, and Jeffries pulled his arms loose and brushed him aside. Fitzsimmons responded with a furious rush, only to go staggering back from a heavy smash on the side of the head. Fitzsimmons stopped, scratched his ear, and laughed.

RYAN yelled at Jim from his corner: "Look out, Jim—he's bluffing!"

Fitzsimmons rushed again. He slapped at Jim's left arm, trying to knock it aside and make an opening. Suddenly Jeffries shot forward and drove his left fist out hard, at full arm's length. The blow caught Fitzsimmons fairly on the chin. Bob's legs flew up and he struck the floor flat on his back.

He leaped up and ran at Jeffries, fighting furiously and striking blows that would have dropped any other man. Jeffries was driven back to his crouching defense. This was no time to stand and slug with his opponent.

From that time on, Fitzsimmons fought as if he realized that he was up against defeat that might be averted only by throwing every resource of his pride and courage and fighting skill into the gamble. Refusing to be shaken or driven from his plan, Jeffries fought steadily. In the fourth round he met Fitzsimmons dashing in and knocked him down for five seconds with a fierce right-hand drive in the body.

After this, Freckled Bob gradually weakened, although he recuperated amazingly between rounds. He never relaxed in his fierce rushes and the savage fury of his blows, but he found every rush stopped by a crashing body blow that drove him back. In the seventh round he shifted and hit Jeffries in the pit of the stomach with just such a finishing blow as he used on Corbett at Carson. But he had a different man to bring down. Jeffries bent farther over for a moment, but never stopped fighting.

IN the tenth round Fitz threw everything he had left into a furious attack, knowing his only chance to win was to beat Jeffries down at once. He drove Jeffries clear across the ring and against the ropes. Here Jeff slipped aside just as he had slipped aside from Ryan's rushes in the last day of training. And as Fitz turned to hurl himself forward again, Jeffries straightened out his left arm and knocked Fitzsimmons flat.

Bob got up slowly this time, and looked around, dazed, then started another wild attack. Blows flailing about his ears, Jeffries pushed Fitz away and drew back his right hand to finish it. The bell rang.

The eleventh! Grinning, jaunty, Fitzsimmons went straight across the ring at Jeffries. He swung blows at the giant's jaw that might have knocked down an ox. Jeffries went under them and drove a crashing right into Bob's ribs. Staggering back on his heels, Fitz gasped for breath. His legs were quivering under him, but he went hurtling in to fight again.

Jeffries suddenly jumped away, Fitz leaping after him. Jeffries stopped and jabbed out that huge left arm, his glove chugging solidly on Bob's chin. Fitzsimmons fell forward on his face.

Siler, famous referee who had seen many championships go, stepped between to push Jeffries back. But Jim had dropped his hands and was already stepping away quietly. Fitzsimmons rolled from side to side, rolled clear over, rocked himself to his knees, pushed slowly up until he stood straight. His blue eyes, not blazing now, turned to Jeffries. He put up his hands and started forward. He would not go back, even now.

And Jeffries, standing straight, stepped in and shot a right-hand punch to Fitzsimmons' chin. Fitz went down on his face, rolled over on his back, and was counted out.

Jeffries always tells me he struck that last blow gently, knowing the fight was over and wishing only to finish it. I asked Fitz about that once. Fitz said he didn't remember the punch, but his impression on waking up was that a big tree had fallen on him.

Fitzsimmons stayed in the ring, still dazed, while the new world's champion walked out through the crowd.

Not a man in that crowd suspected that Bob Fitzsimmons would go on fighting—would knock out Tom Sharkey and Gus Ruhlin in two successive weeks a year later, and in two years would give Jim Jeffries the most terrific battering of his life before being knocked out again, and that the doughty Fitzsimmons would win another world's championship in four and a half years by defeating George Gardner in a hard fight for the light-heavyweight crown.

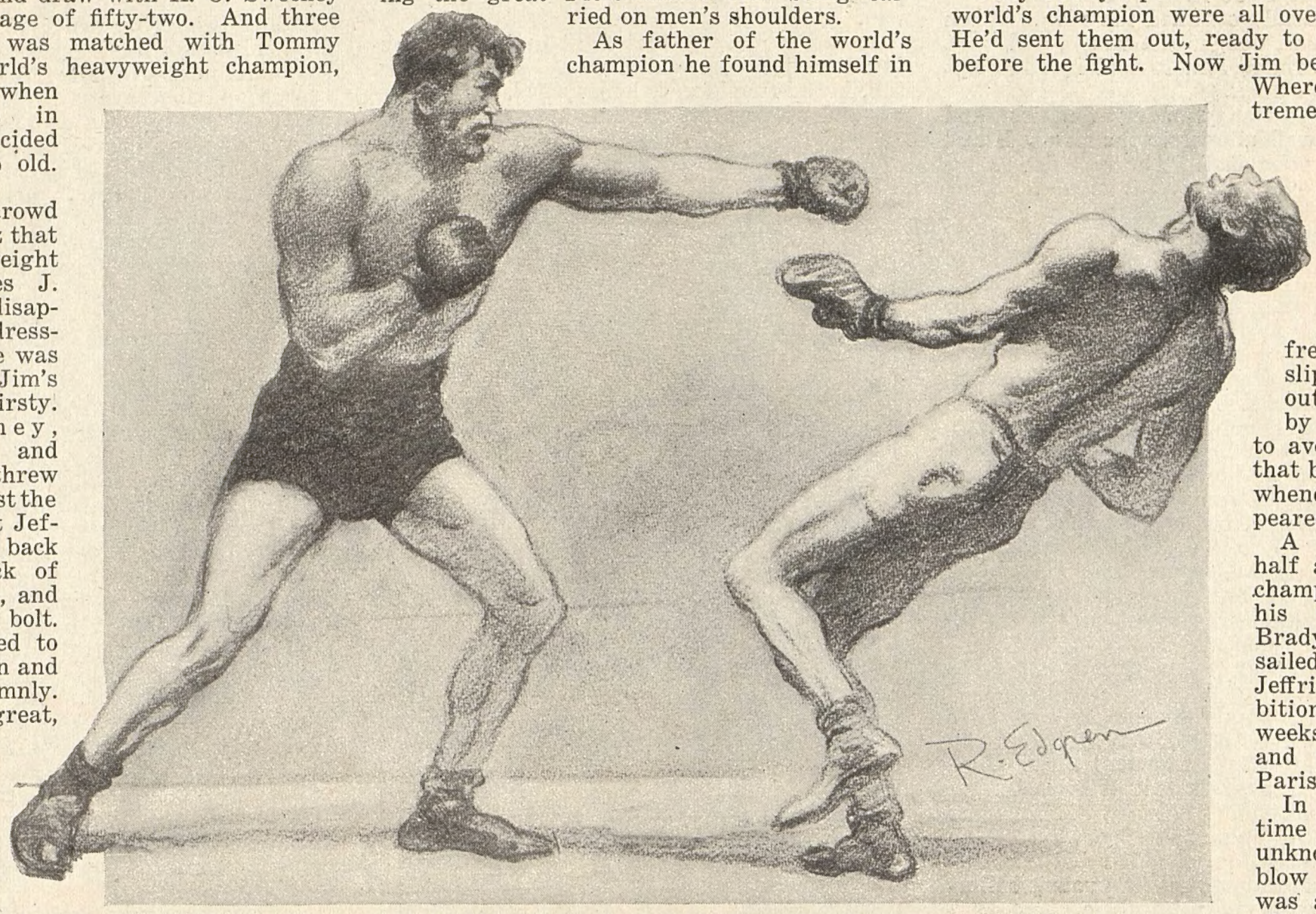
Bob Fitzsimmons was three times world's champion—middleweight, heavyweight, and light-heavyweight—and he worked at his fighting trade until he was knocked out, in 1909,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BIG FELLOW
Continued from Page Seventy-three]

by Bill Lange in Australia. It was only after that defeat that Bob Fitzsimmons reeled to the ropes, held up his hand, and announced that he was through.

Fitzsimmons was forty-seven when Lange beat him, and he had been fighting twenty-nine years. In fact, he did a little more fighting, in a six-round draw with K. O. Sweeney in 1914, at the age of fifty-two. And three years later he was matched with Tommy Burns, then world's heavyweight champion, and was annoyed when the authorities in Pennsylvania decided that he was too old.



"Jeffries drove his left fist out hard—the blow caught Fitzsimmons on the chin."

WHILE the crowd gaped at Fitz that night, Heavyweight Champion James J. Jeffries was disappearing into his dressing-room. There was just one idea in Jim's mind. He was thirsty.

Billy Delaney, brother Jack, and Tommy Ryan threw themselves against the door the moment Jeffries was in, held back the roaring pack of admirers outside, and jammed in the bolt. Then they turned to the new champion and shook hands solemnly.

"You did great, Jim," said Delaney. "Listen to 'em out there. They're yelling for you to show yourself."

"I want a drink," said Jeffries, indifferent to the roar outside, intent only on getting that drink.

Thoughtful old Billy Delaney grinned, reached under the rubbing-cot, and pulled out a bucket of ice holding a quart bottle of wine. The cork popped. We may mention the detail openly, since this was years and years before anyone thought of prohibition agents looking through keyholes.

Jeffries tilted the bottle and emptied it in one long drink. He absorbed the quart as a large sheet of blotting-paper might absorb a very small ink spot. Then he was rubbed down, dressed, and, after slipping away from the crowd, was rushed to Everard's Turkish Baths in Manhattan, where he spent a good part of the night soaking himself in cool plunges and standing under cool showers, and eating two or three meals with everything wet that had been rigidly barred while he was drying out for the fight.

Eventually Jim, feeling very much less like old Rameses in his mummy case, went to the old Vanderbilt Hotel, on a side street where the Grand Central Station now stands, to have a few hours of sleep.

When Jim woke up, Billy Delaney came in with a wine bucket full of telegrams, and one in his hand.

A champion hasn't time to go through his own mail. Sometimes it takes the manager and the whole training staff to open and read the mass of letters and telegrams received just before or after a fight. The champion sees a few dozen from personal friends. The yellow slip that Delaney handed Jim as he sat up in bed was the most important of the lot. It read:

> Am glad you won the victory you have been working for.
>
> MOTHER.

There were wires from the rest of the family, and one from Jim's father, who sent his blessing and hoped for the best.

Jim's father was almost reconciled to having a fighter in the family when he thought it over. There was sporting blood in him, inherited from a long line of sport-loving Virginians. He felt an unfamiliar stirring of pride as he pictured his son Jim flattening the great Fitzsimmons and being carried on men's shoulders.

As father of the world's champion he found himself in a totally new role. So he thought he'd drive downtown and see what people were saying about Jim. As he stepped out of his buggy and tied his horse to a hitching-post, someone recognized him, rushed up, and shook hands effusively.

Word spread up and down the streets that the father of the new champion was in town. In a minute a crowd gathered, cheering for Jim and his father, yelling for a speech.

AS the thousands packed the street and stopped all traffic, the evangelist delivered the most inspired sermon of his whole life, with Jim and clean, honest living as his theme.

He decided that Divine Providence had been wise in letting Jim win, after all.

Mr. Jeffries was beginning to think much as he thought many years later, when, one summer afternoon in Los Angeles, I took the new champion, Jack Dempsey, to call on the old champion's father. Mr. Jeffries was then at an age when his retrospect of life was calm and philosophical, for he was well past man's allotted threescore and ten—in fact, was within two or three months of his life's end.

"Mr. Jeffries," said Dempsey, "when I was a boy back in Utah I saw a poster of your son Jim in fighting-trunks and wearing the championship belt, and I thought I'd give anything to be just like him.

"That's what made me a fighter. I've often wondered if it was the right thing to do. My father studies the Bible a good deal and we've talked it over. I'd like to know your idea of it."

"My boy," said Mr. Jeffries, "you have nothing to worry about as long as you're a square and honest fighter. I'd rather have an honest prize fighter in my family than the most successful crooked lawyer or politician in America. I'm getting a little old, and, as I see it now, it doesn't make much difference what you do, as long as you keep clean, like my boy Jim."

After he won the championship Jim stayed on in New York. He couldn't walk along the street without drawing a crowd that blocked the sidewalks. If he went into a cafe, the place was filled in a few minutes, until there wasn't elbowroom.

Billy Brady's posters of Jeffries as the new world's champion were all over the country. He'd sent them out, ready to display, weeks before the fight. Now Jim began traveling. Wherever he landed, tremendous crowds were waiting to see him. His handlers had to run him through the streets in closed cabs, take him into hotels by freight elevators, slip him into and out of theaters by back doors, all to avoid the crowds that blocked the way whenever Jeffries appeared.

A month and a half after becoming champion, Jeffries, his brother Jack, Brady, and a party sailed for Europe. Jeffries boxed exhibitions for several weeks in England, and then went to Paris.

In France at that time boxing was an unknown art and a blow with the fist was a more serious offense than a knife stab. When brother Jack and Big Jim put on their nightly slugging match, Frenchmen fainted all over the house. Since there were no French boxers, Brady thought it would be a good stunt to bring over an English champion and stage something that would pass for a championship fight.

Jack Scales was chief of the English heavies at the moment. Brady cabled Scales and asked what he'd take to come to France and go four rounds with Jeffries. After two days of thinking it over cannily and estimating just how much money he could separate Brady from, Scales cabled back:

> W. A. BRADY, Continental Hotel, Paris.
> Not a penny less than nine pounds and transportation for one.
>
> JACK SCALES.

Brady ran all the way to the cable office to forward forty-five dollars and steamer fare.

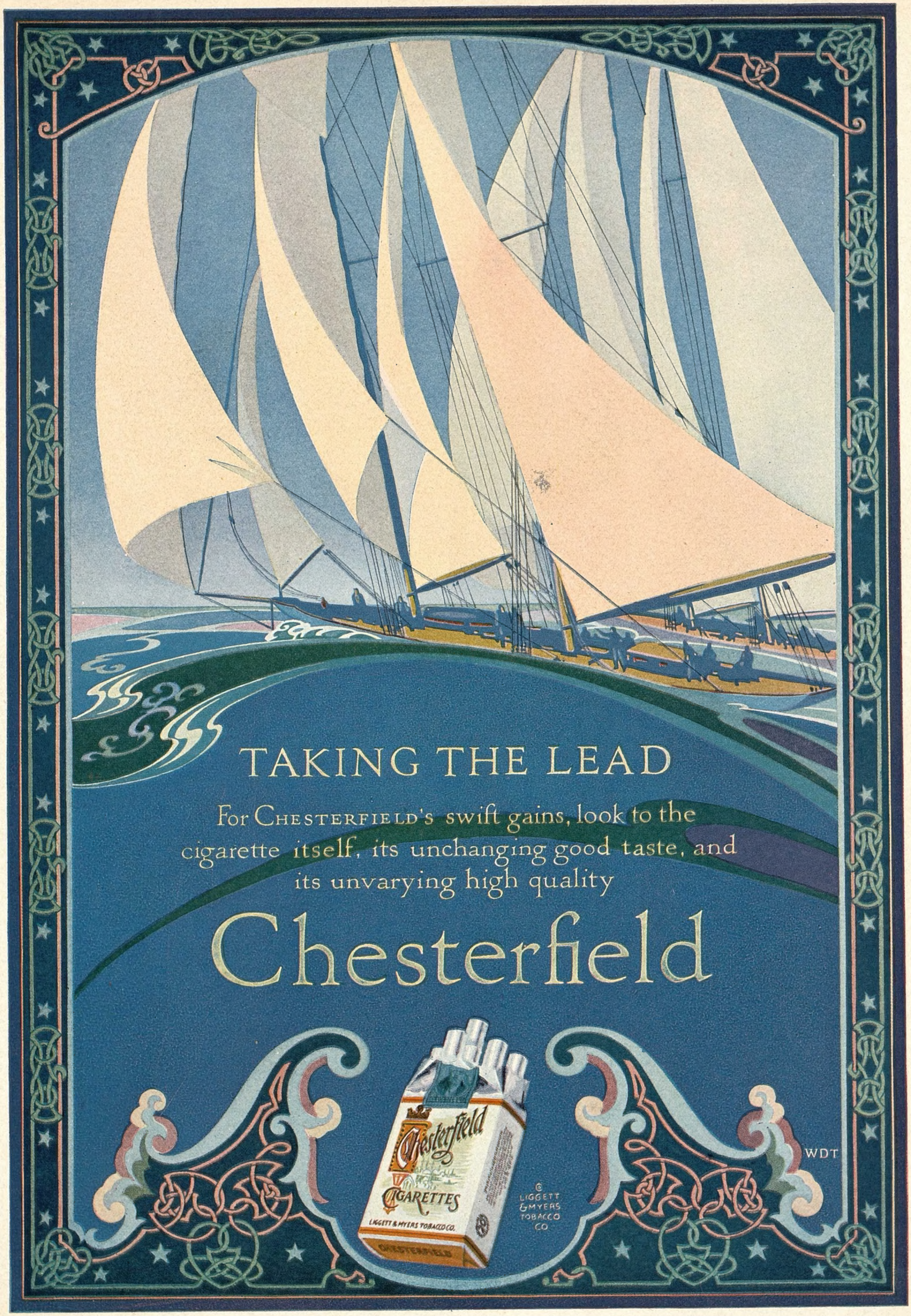
On the night of the event, Jeffries crouched over, looked his fiercest, and jabbed a long left into the English champion's body. Scales doubled up and backed away, and said indignantly:

"Hi s'y! Wot do you think this is—a bally prize fight? If you do that again I shall bally well resign."

On the way back to New York, Jeff met Sharkey's father at Queenstown and told him Tom was a grand fighting man.

"Good luck to you," said Sharkey's old man. "I hope you lick all the fighters in the world except me b'y Tom."

Much as Jeff would like to have pleased Tom's old man, it couldn't be done. Next week you find the new champion and the tar in the toughest fight of Jeff's career, and learn how both Sharkey and Corbett came within an ace of getting his title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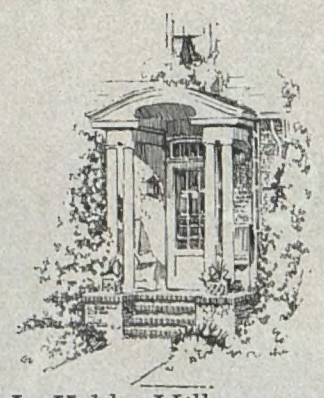

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